THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]G POST

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Winter & Spring

Elizabeth Alexander — Hugh Wiley — John N. Wheeler — A. W. Atwood
Garet Garrett — Samuel G. Blythe — Joseph Hergesheimer — Hal G. Evarts

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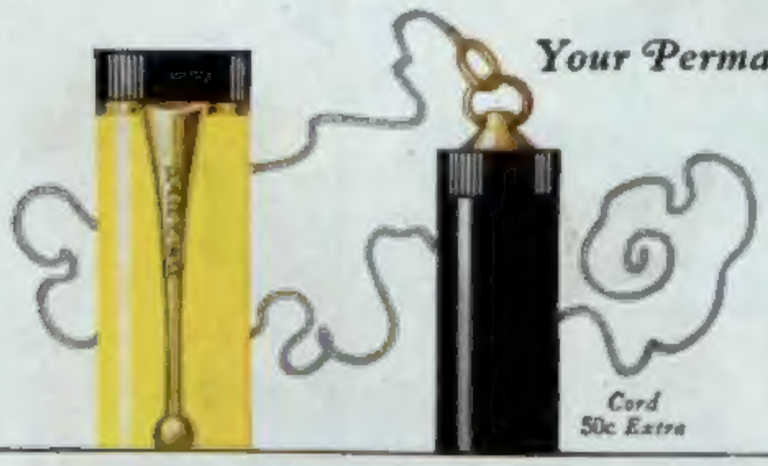

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Note also the style for the smartly dressed business man (at left). Here too each line adds to the effect. The peak lapels emphasize the wide shoulders. The pleated vest (new this season) is smartly in keeping with the coat. The trouser pleats come exactly in line with the crease. The cut is correct to the last detail.

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be sure they say nice things about you —always

WHETHER they accent a sentence with a tiny, gay gesture, or lie quiet and slim and listening—your hands say things about you.

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SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"The Question is, I Suppose," Said Valeria, "Whether I Threw Them Over or They Threw Me. I'll Tell You," She Went on Easily, While Her Friends Hung Rather Breathlessly on Her Words. "It Was a Little of Each. Sometimes I Jilted Them, Sometimes They Jilted Me"

CLOSE to the abyss of thirty, on Wednesdays she was forced to look down. Not that the frightening depths were revealed by her mirror. For there, even on Wednesdays, was first aid to vertiginous pride. She was really better-looking now, at twenty-eight and eleven-twelfths, than at unripe eighteen. She had grown up, as it were, to the long-limbed height which had seemed excessive, the almost Chinese composure which had appeared impertinent in a young girl. And as yet there were none of those tiny lines which usually mark the late twenties. Her skin was as firmly stretched as that of an excellent pear.

Well! Of course she had been careful. An eye shade always for tennis, no reading in a bad light—not much reading at all, as a matter of fact; there wasn't time for it. Never the slightest neglect of the bedtime ritual, cold cream, ice, rose water, hand lotion, lemon, two open windows, sleep in the morning. Heaps of vegetables and few cocktails, and only enough cigarettes to be in fashion. And exercise—not the dull sort for health's sake, but delightful sport; tennis, where the body exults in its own flexibility; running and leaping like the personification of a wind; riding, with its wild joy of becoming a centauress; and swimming, where it was often remarked that Valeria Grove's legs were truly marvelous. Better than Mistinguette's, some added, displaying their worldly knowledge.

Her head had the shape and her closely cut hair the polish of a brown egg. And on the eggshell smoothness of her skin were traced long, arched brows and long, Egyptian eyes. While against the hieratic stillness of her face, her mouth made a pleasing discord. Dramatic as a little red moon on a pale night sky.

She had been variously compared to the Empress Charlotte of Mexico, a Byzantine Madonna, Kuan Yuen, the Goddess of Mercy and Lynn Fontanne in Act II of The Guardsman. But—perhaps on account of her mouth—she appeared, to most men, simply as a girl who ought to be kissed out of her rather defiant composure.

Unquestionably the beauty among the debutantes of her year, but what an unfortunately historic date for a debut! 1914! "Oh, yes! Val Grove. Came out before the war, didn't she?" Undoubtedly the most popular girl in her set. And now she was its only old maid. And the lunch club met on Wednesdays.

Organized by a previous generation, the lunch club had been handed down like an heirloom. Membership in it would have been a passport to society for any newcomer to Midland. But no newcomer was ever admitted. Girls who had come out together, married within a month, or a year or two, of one another, and whose children now played together, formed a closed circle of intimacy. Valeria was the only outsider. She did not belong to the great sorority of married women. She had heard all her friends' secrets for years, but they treated her with an air of smiling mystery—the unconscious condescension of the initiated.

There was another trial for Valeria on Wednesdays. She was the only member of the lunch club who sometimes had to make her fall clothes do for spring, or vice versa. If Louise had not just returned from a shopping foray to New York, with six delectable hats and as many frocks, then Clara would be sure to speak—again—of her handmade lingerie trimmed with real lace. Clara changed her lingerie twice a day. She wore blue ribbons in the morning and orchid at night. If her maid happened to make a mistake

in the running in of these varied ribbons, there was quite an upheaval in Clara's household, and the lunch club was sure to hear about it at the next meeting. Sometimes her friends praised the little frock which a dressmaker by the day had made for Valeria. Val was clever about little frocks and little dressmakers, but she thought she detected a note of patronage in the praise, and she was happiest when her own clothes were passed by without comment. But not to be noticed is a poor sort of happiness for any woman.

One Wednesday, when Valeria was inwardly thinking of her age and the long-past-due bills for her winter clothes, and outwardly praising the decorations of Maude Carrington's new house, Alma Lane came into the drawing-room, where the rest of the lunch club were already assembled. For Alma was late, as usual. Alma was always late, but everyone was always glad to see her. There were secret cliques and private feuds among the twelve lunch-club members, who combined for and against one another in various ways, at various times, but everyone loved Alma. She was sweet, but not tiresomely sweet. She was pretty, but not pretty enough to be envied, and she was so much in love with her own husband that no one else feared for theirs. Besides, though Alma was well dressed, she was not really smart. And it is a comfort to have a feminine friend who, without being dowdy, never causes you that sharp, burning, secret pang: "Oh, why didn't I think of that hat or that frock myself?"

Alma came into the room with the ease of one who knows she is wanted, and without making any excuses for her tardiness—having accepted that fault of her own long ago, and knowing that her friends accepted it—she went straight toward Valeria, of whom she was particularly fond, and sat down on the sofa beside her.

Then laying one hand on Val's and looking around at everybody, smiling a little foolishly—a queer, soft, dazed and yet radiant and rather foolish little smile—Alma said "I have an announcement to make."

Everyone knew what that meant, of course. Announcements of that sort had come to be an old story in the club. They no longer created that little thrill of terror and wonder in each heart.

Only Val felt a sudden sharp quiver—almost a pang of dismay. Alma's third child! Suddenly she felt separated by many years from the girl who since babyhood had been her closest friend. And, curiously, she felt older than Alma, who had been married eight years. A stranger, seeing them together, would have thought Alma at least five years older. Val knew this. She knew that she looked younger than any of her friends. But that did not comfort her. It only added to her resentment.

"You make me feel positively wrinkled, Alma," she said, trying to laugh. "Three babies! Don't ever let your children call me auntie. That would stamp me as—an old maid!"

As she uttered the hateful word, that name which seemed to stick in her teeth and which she had to force out with all her will power, Valeria glanced defiantly at her friends. Were they calling her that? Old maid! Old maid! It rang in her ears like those senseless taunts with which children torment one another. Was it just as silly to mind being called an old maid? But she wasn't! She wasn't old! She was young! Why, look at Maude! She had the middle-aged spread already. Ethel's hair was getting thin. There were pale mauve shadows under Alma's lovely eyes. Clara, for all her care and massaging and wonderful maid and breakfasts in bed, had a strained, peevish droop to her mouth and a hard line was forming at the corners of her nostrils. Yet they were married and secure—secure not so much from the world's harm as from its contempt and banter. Secure in their pride. And they could call her old—an old maid. Their inquisitive, knowing, pitying, mocking glances were on her now. She hated them all.

Alma pressed her hand.

"Why haven't you been out to see Beedy and Bunny lately?" she asked in her slow gentle voice. "They're so crazy about you! Bunny thinks you are the prettiest thing alive, Val. I have to take second place. Why haven't you come out?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've been so busy."

"You haven't an earthly thing to do, and you know it! Come on now, tell Alma what's the matter. You aren't mad at me about anything, are you?"

"Oh, Alma, who could be mad at you? I—I've just had the blues, I guess, or I'm bored—or something. Heavens! I wish I did have something to do—anything! I'd like to be a laundress, with ten children. Then you'd be so busy you couldn't think."

"Why, you old lazybones, who never got up before ten o'clock in your life!"

"Yes, I did, when I worked at the Red Cross. I suppose it's vile to say it, but I was sorry when the war was over."

"If you really want something to do," said Clara, "just monogram these handkerchiefs for me."

"Or make me some of those darling chiffon flowers, like the ones you did for Louise," cried Edith greedily.

"Oh, you are just like mother!" cried Val. "Whenever I say I want something to do she offers to let me make her some chiffon flowers or run on an errand. That isn't the kind of thing I mean."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't suppose I'd really like to work. Besides, I don't know how to do anything. And yet I'm so sick of just fooling about—and parties."

"You ought to get married, Val."

It was inevitable! Valeria could never avoid it, avert it, evade it. The remark was always made, if not by one, then by another. And, as usual, the lunch club smiled at it en masse. And their glances darted slyly at Val—intensely curious, a little contemptuous, faintly envious. She hated them all!

"I haven't seen enough happy marriages to make me want to marry!" she retorted. Then she could have bitten out her tongue. For acidity was the surest sign of old maidenhood. A sharp tongue—malice—envy. She stood convicted by her own words of everything she dreaded most—the withering, sharpening, souring of her youth.

There was a sarcastic laugh from someone and a few scattered exclamations from those who had been hit by Valeria's shaft. Then Alma, the most happily married of them all, spoke gravely.

"You are quite right," she said. "Marriage can be a frightful thing, unless there is really beautiful love and understanding. I want to bring up Beedy to realize that. How much better it is never to marry at all than to marry foolishly! I'm so glad you know that."

He Had Recovered His Poise. "I'm Just Going," He Said, "So You Won't Be Bothered by My Hateful Presence'

"Yes, it is very fortunate," remarked Clara in a dry voice, "that Val is so sensible."

Valeria turned to her, brightly flushed.

"I don't think I've ever been accused of being sensible before," she said in a tone of attempted lightness, while her smile seemed to crack and stretch the skin of her burning cheeks.

"Well, all I can say is you weren't very sensible to let Bryce Greenhunter out of your clutches," remarked Maude, the plain and practical. "He was the richest beau you ever had, Val, and now he's going to marry that silly little Doris Todd."

"What? Doris Todd?"

"How do you know?"

"It hasn't been announced yet, has it?"

"Why, she's nothing but a baby!"

"When did she come out? Last winter?"

Alma and Val exchanged smiles of relief. The lunch club's attention had been diverted. Flying scraps of phrases were flung from the mêlée:

"What he can see in her!"

"Isn't that just like a man, to keep falling back into a younger set every year! Bryce is older than we are—any of us."

"Of course it's only his money!"

"No, no, I don't agree with you. Forty is just nothing—for a man. And Bryce is awfully attractive."

"Val certainly thought so at one time," said Louise, turning a sharply inquisitive glance on her.

Valeria groaned.

"Can't you leave me out of it?" she begged. "Go on, tear Doris to pieces! I've got nothing to do with Bryce—it was at least nine years ago."

"Just what did happen?" demanded Maude. "You never told us, Val."

"Mother, You Mustn't Talk to Me Like That!" "I Will Talk to You. You Might as Well Hear the Truth. It'll Do You Good to Know What Everyone is Saying"

The lunch club's collective gaze was again focused on Valeria. She made a little impatient gesture, fumbled with a match as she tried to light a cigarette.

"There's nothing to tell," she replied, puffing away at her cigarette with quick, nervous gasps.

All the faces looked impatient and resentful. Valeria understood their resentment, which had grown through the years. She had never told them anything. She was not the sort of woman who makes confidences. And she knew that a lack of intimacy is the one thing that women can never forgive. If, through the vicissitudes of her many love affairs, she had wept on Clara's shoulder and whispered to Maude and spent long afternoons retailing each word and gesture of the current romance to Annette—if she had allowed the entire lunch club to sit in judgment on her suitors and debate as to the best methods of managing men, and allowed them to give her wise, matronly advice—then they all would have loved her, sympathized with her, pitied her. Ah, that was just what she couldn't bear! Better hate than pity. Not that they hated her. But she knew that back of their incessant teasing and baiting was a feeling something like hate. Hatred not of herself, but of her stubborn, indomitable pride, which gave her a false air of poise, security, happiness. Unconsciously they were trying to batter down this wall of pride and find the trembling, weeping victim within. Then they would be kind. Weep, too, pat and pity!

She heard Maude's voice droning on at her, through her thoughts: "It really is a shame, Val, the way you've always been so tight with us. I'm sure if you can't tell your oldest friends—and, after all, it's the best possible protection for yourself ——"

"Do I need protection?" asked Val.

"Well, I mean, when people talk, how are we to know what to tell them if you don't tell us?"

"Have people been talking about me?" Valeria asked with provoking coolness.

"Have people been talking?" Clara echoed with a little scream. "Well, really, Val, don't you know they've been talking about you for years?"

"Oh, they gossip about everybody," Valeria replied.

"But, don't you see, it just makes it worse if your best friends don't know the real facts, so they can stand up for you."

"I don't think I've done anything very bad," Valeria said, still smiling. "At my wildest, I find myself considered old-fashioned by the debutantes."

"Yes, but it's been so peculiar," pale little Annette murmured, frowning and bending her nearsighted eyes over the baby's cap she was embroidering. "So many men in your life, Val, and still—well, nothing comes of it."

"The question is, I suppose," said Valeria, "whether I threw them over or they threw me." She flung back her head and stared boldly at the deprecatory or amused faces of her friends. Some of them laughed. They did admire her courage. "I'll tell you," she went on easily, while her friends hung rather breathlessly on her words. "It was a little of each. Sometimes I jilted them, sometimes they jilted me."

They laughed, but Maude insisted: "Then you don't mean ever to give us the particulars?"

"No, I think not."

"I suppose you'll tell your husband all about it when—if—you marry?"

"Perhaps so, Maudie. Depends on the husband."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Some men can't stand the truth. It isn't good for them."

Maude made an impatient sound with her tongue and teeth: "There, Val! That's how you get yourself talked about, saying things like that. Anyone who didn't know you would think you'd had a—a past."

"That is more flattering than what you think about me—that I haven't a future."

"Why, I never said—I'm sure I think you are just as attractive and good-looking as you ever were, Val, only ——"

"Only?"

"Well, it is time for you to settle down."

"What an expression!"

"Everyone uses it."

"That's just what I mean. What a dream—something to look forward to—hope for—settling down!"

"Heavens! Are you really still romantic?" cried Louise, with her sudden sharp laugh. "How amusing—love a thing of fire and dew—oh, really! At twenty-nine!"

"I don't think it is amusing," said Alma, raising her great, soft, gentle eyes.

"Oh, well," said Louise, shrugging, "of course we all know Howard is perfection."

Alma flushed and her voice trembled.

"I wasn't speaking of—of anything personal," she said. "You know that. I only meant, it is splendid to keep one's ——"

"—— illusions. Quite so. But all this raving about love seems to me just a little bit common. And really it's so unimportant."

"Unimportant!"

"Why, yes. That doesn't matter, really, except to schoolgirls. It isn't what one really wants out of life."

"What do you want, Louise? I'd like to know."

"Breakfast in bed!"

"Roman baths!"

"A new car every month!"

"A thousand yards of lace!"

"Sixty servants—no, slaves!" came an ironical chorus.

Louise smiled with satisfaction.

"I am luxurious, of course," she said. "I believe every woman ought to be just as beautiful and have as much luxury as she can—a wonderful home, well-trained servants, beauty all around her. I can't help it if I love beauty more than anything else."

"With a husband to supply it."

"Well, of course."

"And what's his share?"

"What any sensible man wants—a home and a hostess. That's what almost every man expects when he marries. I mean anyone of position or importance, not silly boys."

"Well," sighed Annette, "it's very nice to look at it that way. Then you aren't disappointed."

(Continued on Page 138)

A Tale of Thirteen Billions

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ENTHUSIASM as an element of feeling is natural to the part of borrowers; oppositely it is almost unknown to exist in the mentality of lenders. Sadly so. There is, therefore, some singularity, to be examined, in the case of people who develop a sudden zeal for lending away their national wealth. Are they lenders, really? Are they investors? Do they pursue a rumor?

We stand gazing at the tale of the dollar walking to and fro on the earth on a kind of universal errand. It has somewhat the quality of a tale beginning with "Once upon a time." A pure happening, full of wonder, such as nothing ever was before. Writers of the gray financial word become imaginative in their efforts to dramatize the facts, as that one should say, who might be writing this article, that while you are reading it a quarter of a million of emigrant American capital will pass to other lands. That would be almost literally true. During the year 1927 we loaned $1,750,000,000 in foreign countries. During the year 1928, if nothing happens, $2,000,000,000 more will probably seize the 6 per cent wind and migrate to fill the tills of foreign corporations, sweeten the treasuries of foreign governments, swell the resources of foreign banks. That is at the rate of nearly $250,000 an hour.

The Lender is Obliged

AT THE close of 1927 the total of American investments in foreign countries was estimated by the Department of Commerce at $13,000,000,000. Other authorities put it higher—up to $14,500,000,000. War loans made by the United States Treasury to foreign governments are not included. These originally amounted to between ten and eleven billions; they have since, by various settlements, been reduced to a capital value of, say, $6,500,000,000. If you add them in the original amount to the loans that have been made since through Wall Street by private persons and banks, the result is $25,000,000,000 of American capital put abroad since 1917, that year included. There have been creditor nations before; never one like this. Formerly Great Britain was the paramount creditor nation, banker and lender to the whole world. It is a business she invented. But in eleven years we have loaned in foreign countries as much as Great Britain loaned in one hundred years.

This is American power in the one aspect of surplus capital. And we treat our surplus capital as we treat a surplus of wheat or cotton—that is, as a quantity to be got rid of because we cannot use it ourselves.

Recently there appeared in Europe a cartoon representing Uncle Sam in a mood of perplexity at having exhausted the borrowing power of the earth. He had loaned up all the civilized countries—these appearing as sated objects in the background—his pockets were still bulging, and now where should he look for borrowers? That of course was intentionally grotesque. Quite as grotesque, though unintentional, was the idea put forth in the news dispatches from Washington on the decision of the State Department that French borrowers should no longer be denied access to the Wall Street money market. For several years there had been a ban on French borrowing because the French Government had not settled its war debt at the United States Treasury. Other countries had faced the same dilemma—Wall Street refusing to float new loans for them until they had funded their war debts to the American Government. France alone held out, and France alone, for that reason, was not floating loans in the American money market.

Then at length the State Department relented and lifted the ban, for many reasons no doubt better than the following—quote the New York Times, January 15, 1928: "An additional consideration in reaching the decision was the feeling that no longer was there warrant for shutting out the French industrial loans as a class, for it meant, in the view of American officials, penalizing the American investors to that extent. . . . It was keeping American investors from a field they were entitled to enter."

As if, by insisting that France, like other countries, should make terms on her war debt to the United States Treasury before appearing again in Wall Street as a borrower, we had been only depriving ourselves of a necessary outlet for our surplus wealth. To spite ourselves, that is to say. The lender is obliged.

Charity Should Begin at Home

THE decision of the State Department is not in question here. Take it to have been excellently founded on grounds of diplomatic expediency. What is in question, with need to be examined, is a body of ideas touching American investments abroad, together with the lack of any reasoned policy about them, political, economic or other. There is first that idea of necessity—the necessity to find outlets in foreign countries for our surplus capital.

Even if this were a finished country—entirely finished—with no more great works to be performed in transformation of the environment, still there would be no such necessity as the idea here implies—that is, the necessity to put our money abroad at interest for the sake of interest. True, it might be necessary to put active capital abroad for specifically productive purposes in order to insure our supplies of raw materials, but that would be another thing, governed by a definite purpose.

This is not a finished country. In proportion to the means we possess, it is less developed than it was one hundred years ago. More than four-tenths of all our farms lie still on unimproved dirt roads. One hundred years ago that kind of road was an inevitable hardship; today an unimproved dirt road of any importance is an economic scandal. One hundred years ago flood control of the Mississippi River was an unimaginable undertaking. We were without the means, the skill or the capital. Today the neglect of it is merely a sign of national folly.

While we are lending our wealth in a prodigious manner to other nations, we have in hand of our own no national undertaking at all commensurate with our powers. There has been nothing since the Panama Canal to give us, in time of peace, any sense of putting forth a mighty effort. And this is not for want of works to do.

Great National Necessities

IMAGINE seeing this country as a moving photomicrograph, the whole of it in one field of vision. What would appear? Rivers running wild and overflowing, enough power going to waste to absorb all human drudgery, cities fighting for water, not because there isn't plenty but because they have been individually taking it the easiest way, the level of the Great Lakes falling, locomotives struggling over mountains with trainloads of coal that ought to be burned at the mines, commodities moving absurd distances and roundabout because the artificial lines of transportation happen to converge in a few places, terrific congestion in those places, two unexploited empires lying west of the Rio Grande, areas here and there to be reclaimed by irrigation or drainage each the equivalent of adding another state to our resources.

Knowing what means and tools we had to begin with and how recently it was that all this was wilderness, you would not belittle the wonder of what we have accomplished; but much more you would be struck by the immensity of what we have yet to do. You would realize that our development until now has proceeded along lines of least resistance, one thing upon another, with vicinity vision. That way is at an end. The future will require scientific development under the authority of national vision. That way is opening. We know many things we ought to do and how we ought to do them; we have means in surplus. Yet we procrastinate. Beginnings are involved in disputes between states over prior advantage or between conflicting theories of private and public function. Consider only a few of the great projects that have been definitely visualized.

One is to bring the sea to Chicago and Duluth and make every harbor on the Great Lakes an ocean port. This can be done by raising the level of the Lakes to what it was before they began to shrink, and putting thirty-foot ship ways in place of the shallow bottle-neck connections that now make it impossible for ocean steamships to navigate the most important natural inland transportation system in the world. In this one idea, presenting itself as an engineering problem, complicated by political difficulties, there is endless matter of unmade history, touching the destinies of American agriculture, the migrations of industry westward and the tides of population; also a by-product of 4,000,000 hydroelectric horse power.

A second is to make the Mississippi River system a docile carrier, waterer and turbine slave, by the engineering trick of impounding the wild power of its flood and then giving it back as tame energy.

"In the great basin of the Mississippi," says Mr. Hoover, "there lies the possibility of a development of the most fundamental economic importance. . . . We have here a drainage upon which, for moderate cost, we can provide a modern transportation system of 9000 miles of connected waterways, serving twenty states, furnishing a complete north-and-south trunk line across the nation through the Lakes from Duluth, through Chicago to the Gulf of Mexico, and east and west from Pittsburgh to Kansas City." And of the 3,000,000 hydroelectric horse power that would be incidentally captured, he adds: "The devotion of a large part of the power to the development of the electrochemical industry is a national necessity for industry, agriculture and defense."

A third is to develop the natural indications of an intercoastal waterway for barge movements from Boston to Florida, New Orleans and Galveston. Pieces of such a protected waterway are already made, such as the Cape Cod Canal, but there is no plan for a complete system.

A fourth is to conquer the terrors and possibilities of the Colorado River, menace, demon architect, disputed economic asset of seven states, that runs part way through a wonder canyon and the rest of the way on a raised-up bed from which it is always about to roll off into the rich Imperial Valley. There are several compatible intentions here. Security is one. Water for the hydrants of Los Angeles is another. Irrigation is a third, for there could be stored in one part of the canyon enough water to supply the needs of Los Angeles and of all existing irrigation projects and still reclaim 5,000,000 acres of waste land. That would be equivalent to another state the size of New Jersey. And there would be a by-product of 6,000,000 hydroelectric horse power.

Investments in the Future

A FIFTH is to develop the economic possibilities of the Columbia River system, vital to the future of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. There on the Columbia and its tributaries lies one empire intact, with resources of its own abundant to make it, if it stood alone, one of the important states of the world.

A sixth is to dig a Nicaraguan canal. The growth of traffic in the Panama Canal is such that vessels will soon be locking through at the rate of one an hour. The time is near when the limit of its capacity will be touched.

These are works of simple magnitude, not heroic like the Pyramids or a Chinese wall, requiring a sacrifice of present satisfactions. They require only an intelligent investment in our own future—that is to say, a present use of our surplus capital to be made for future benefit. If one says we do not immediately need them the answer is we cannot immediately produce them. Though we should begin them at once, population would overtake them almost as fast as they could be completed. Our number increases at the rate of 1,750,000 a year. Multiply it.

As to any one of these works, or all of them in lieu of others, or as to the order of their importance, there may be many opinions. They have been mentioned at random, not to be advocated in that order or as a program, not even to be discussed, but for two other purposes—namely:

First, to indicate the extent and

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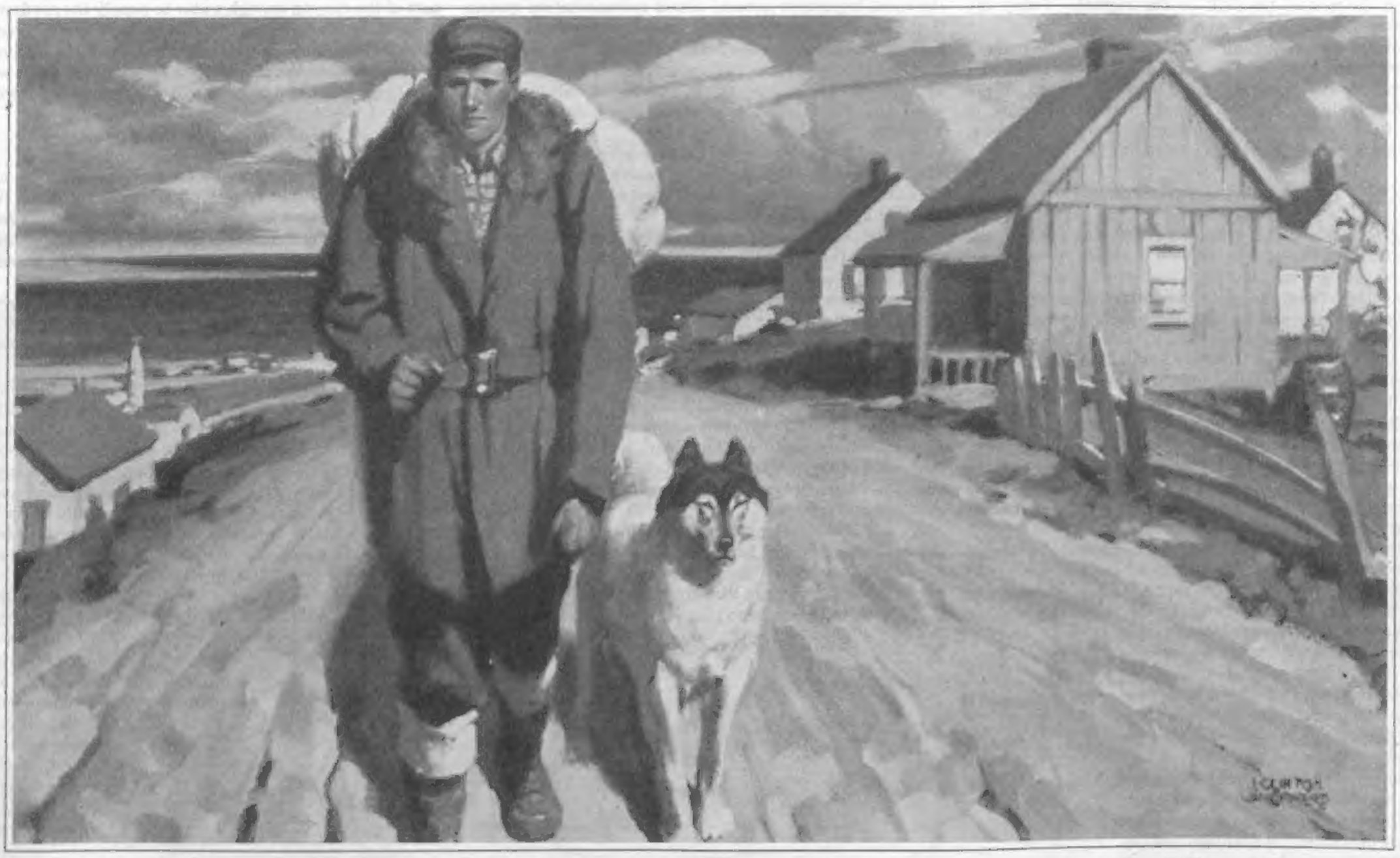
FOOT-LOOSE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



Tom Murchison Took a Deep Breath. Nothing Had Changed. The White Houses Were as Quiet as Cattle Driven Down to Drink

TOM MURCHISON went ashore from the ketch Aileen with a big bundle over his shoulder, and his Arctic dog, Dusky, rambling ahead through the Inlet's single twisting street. He had left Charles Tobin, his cook and foremast hand, behind in the ketch's cabin to get supper for himself. After a stormy voyage from Hudson Bay, the old fellow was glad enough to find himself at the wharf's side, and Tom left him to his seagoing pea soup with a piece of pork shoulder in it for a stiffener.

Young Murchison himself was going to have supper in his own house, but first he looked in on Jeremy Potts to make sure he was expected. He had written Jeremy to have a woman in to open the house, air the bed, and have a fire going in the kitchen stove.

"Well, if here isn't the skipper of the good ship Aileen," Jeremy said when he opened the house door. "Where are you from?"

"From Hudson Bay."

"Had good weather?"

"Lumpy weather all the way."

"Why a little boat like that doesn't roll the bones out through your skin is a mystery to me," Jeremy said, and took a pinch out of his silver snuffbox.

"She's comfortable as an old shoe."

"She's got no legs to her."

"She's got legs enough. . . . Did you get my letter from Wolf Trap?"

"Yes. I've got a woman for you on the premises."

"Who's the woman you've got?"

"Ellen Pitcairn," the little man answered innocently, and snapped to the cover of his snuffbox. Tom's jaw dropped. "Why, isn't she a capable girl?" Jeremy asked.

"Capable enough," Tom said.

"I knew she needed work," Jeremy elaborated. "Joe Pitcairn, her father, is laid up. He's had hard luck. He backed the town horses off a wharf into the harbor this spring and drowned them. His wife brought him twins the next day, but they couldn't take the place of horses. And it wasn't over a week later he fell off a ladder and broke his arm."

Tom Murchison knit his brows. Here it was again, the old tale of hardship. The place was full of disasters—people falling sick or having twins. He had better be on his guard against this little man, he thought. Jeremy loved humanity and the combinations of humanity. He had rather make a marriage than a convert to the faith, and having been a foot-loose man himself, he disapproved of foot-loose men.

"When you're settled, come round by here and have a cider shandy," Jeremy said. "Dodge in any time."

Tom nodded, but in everything but body he was out of the house already. Ellen Pitcairn worried him. They had been in school together, thick as thieves one day and off the hooks the next. She had been a year older than he in years and a thousand years in knowledge. Once, to complete his shame, she had even outrun him in the field back of the Murchison house. He had grown tall all in one rush, and the process had taken all the gimp out of him. He had got too big, in school, for any of those desks screwed to the floor, and they had made him up a desk at the back of the room out of a bread board laid across two sawhorses. And that had given the relentless Ellen the whip hand of him.

And now here she was getting supper for him. Well, times had changed; she couldn't fluster him now. He was a little toplofty with all his adventures, and he had the sea king's contempt for the land. Going up Hobart's hill, he looked in through the front windows of Ed Hulse's place. Ed was a photographer, and there he was, against a background of gray-painted screens with ominous cloud shadows rolling up on them. He was sitting there retouching a plate, with a green shade over his eyes.

Tom Murchison took a deep breath. Nothing had changed. The white houses were as quiet as cattle driven down to drink; the rocks hadn't been displaced, hadn't been chipped; the trees were rooted in dumb soil. He was in front of his own house now, and sighting along the north side of it, over a meadow full of young frogs, to a certain dark ridge, he saw a big hemlock tree standing up there, with a brushy top and one limb pointing to the east. It was a witness tree, marking the northeast corner of the Murchison property, and according to tradition, that bound had been established by combat in the old days—by a knockdown fight between a Pitcairn and a Murchison. "There's no law until the lawyers come" had been the rule then; and fighting it out, if men were fairly matched, was as sensible a way of determining rights as any other. The witness tree was an old haunt of his and Ellen Pitcairn's.

Well, here the house was again, foursquare, assertive; but it looked grayer, grimmer. It was losing heart, departing from the plumb. The woodpile had tumbled over. Tom fixed his eye on that yellow flame in a hand lamp, showing over the sinkboard in the kitchen window. Ellen was at the sink, dipping dusty dishes one by one into hot water and wiping them and putting them back on a shelf level with her head. When she stopped to dash the hair out of her face with the back of her hand, she seemed to look straight at Tom, but it was too dark outside now for her actually to see him. The same Ellen, but she had grown older. Her cheek was not so full, her mouth was not so gay, and the earrings were gone out of her ears. Her eyes looked for that second, wide, speculative, apprehensive.

He opened the kitchen door and let Dusky through ahead of him. The big dog had a black head and a white body, and paws as big as a horse's hoof. He brushed against Ellen in a friendly way and Tom dropped his bundle down back of the stove.

"Mercy, what a dog," Ellen protested. "He's brought mud in on my clean floor."

Tom went back to the little rug by the door and wiped his feet.

"I guess it's pretty cozy here," he said.

"How does it seem to be home again?"

"Good! Finest place on the planet earth!" Tom shouted louder than there was any need of. They shook hands.

"Still a little of it seems to go a long way with you," the girl said. "I never saw a man more foot-loose."

"If you don't see the world when you're young, you never will," Tom argued, just remembering to take off

his cap. He looked at his hands, and Ellen poured hot water for him into an agate basin.

He washed, toweled his head and neck vigorously, picked a comb off the mantelpiece and dragged it through his hair.

"Sit right down. I've got supper ready for you," Ellen said.

Tom, sitting in the red-painted wooden chair, felt a touch of that old devilish powerlessness in her presence stream through his veins. She put his supper down before him—tea and toast and creamed finnan haddie, hot out of the oven. The little clock on the mantelpiece that played a tune on the quarter hours struck up its tinkling melody. She hadn't overlooked a thing; she had started everything up, brought the house to life, and now she sat down across the table from him. She put her elbows on the table edge and pushed her chin up with both fists.

"What's the matter with your eating something?" Tom asked.

"I had my supper at the other house when I put the kids to bed. . . . Shall you sleep here tonight?"

"Sure."

"I thought you might. I've made up a bed and put a shingle fire in the air-tight stove there to take the edge off the dampness."

Tom was outraged by that precaution.

"I've slept right out in the snow; funny if a damp sheet will put a crimp into me. I tell you I've slept in a trench in the snow with a fire going at either end, and nothing to eat but the cold marrow out of moose's bones."

"Oh, my Lord," Ellen Pitcairn said.

"In a sleeping bag," Tom triumphed; "and wake up with an eighth of an inch of white frost on the outside of the bag. I had to chew my boots to get 'em soft enough to shove my feet into 'em."

"That must have been pleasant," Ellen said archly. "I've heard before that boots do have nourishment as a last resort. What were you doing?"

"Trapping foxes. . . . Here, I've got something for you!" he shouted, jumping up. He opened his pack, tumbled out three or four blue-fox skins on the floor, picked one up, stroked it and, with a quick move, rounded it about her neck.

"There you are. That's for you," he said.

"However did you get possession of it?" Ellen gasped, and moved a little to look at herself in the mirror which hung over the roller towel.

"Trapped it. That's nothing. Look here."

He seized up the enormous pelt of a polar bear and shook it out flat. It filled the whole kitchen. Dusky growled and pawed at it.

"Did you trap him too?" Ellen cried, still holding the fox skin round her neck.

"Him? It's a her. It's a she bear. I did lay a trap for her, yes. I had a walrus cache under the rocks and she got into it. So I took a twelve-gauge automatic and lashed it to a box the height of a polar bear's shoulder, see, and I filled the box with rocks. About six inches of barrel stuck out, and I hung a piece of seal meat down over that and carried the string back through the eyebolt in the stock of the gun and forward again to the trigger. I figured when she came and pulled the meat off, she would pull the trigger at the same time."

"And did she?"

"She did not. She must have been too clever for me. All the same, a day or two later I caught sight of her, and her cub with her. They began to run away."

"They were afraid of you," Ellen said.

"I'm not saying they were. I don't know whether they were educated to a gun or not. Anyway they ran—and these polar bears can run. They can go up anywhere—right up over an iceberg as smooth as your shoulder and not slip. I saw where they were headed, and I went back to the ship and threw a dory off into clear water—what they call a tickle. It's a narrow waterway between two mountains where the tide runs hard, and keeps ice off till way into December.

"Well, this bear came over the mountain and jumped into the tickle, and her cub with her. She gave the cub a clout with her paw and knocked him down, end for end, into the tickle, and then dove herself, with her paws spread. Maybe that wasn't exciting. Say, I fired five shots and still she was alive and kicking. She stuck out her lower lip and fetched a 'Whir-r' out of her and shouldered the ship right at the water line, enough to rock her. I fired my last shot right then, and cut the neck bone through; and then, mind you, I had to shove an oar down her throat and keep her head under water till she drowned."

"Oh," Ellen cried in a protesting voice, and narrowing her shoulders.

"Well, I'm stating facts. That was the how of it. You asked me, didn't you? I got a piece of six thread round her hind leg and ran it through the dory's becket and towed her in to the ship—we had drifted some—and then Tobin and I hoisted her on deck with some purchases we had "

"I've heard enough," Ellen shuddered.

When He Went Outdoors, Ellen Pitcairn Was Just Walking Out With a Pail of Feed for the Hens

"You haven't heard about the cub," Tom pursued her. "That cub was a whole menagerie in himself. First off, when his mother'd dive he'd grab her by the tail and follow under. He was still hanging around when I got the big one on deck, and I got back into the dory and managed to get a loop over his head and tailed out thirty fathom or so. We wore him out and hoisted him aboard and lashed him with nine thread, forepaws and hind paws. What followed was plain works. Maybe his mother's blood running under him on the decks made him wild. He got the ropes off, drove the dog into the dory, and me into the rigging. I tell you, he just took possession. Upshot was we had to shoot him. Tobin's got his skin."

Ellen's eyes were getting rounder and darker, and Tom looked at her just in time to catch her swaying. She had got up abruptly out of her chair.

"What's up?" he cried, with an arm across her shoulders.

"It must be what you said about—mother's blood," she whispered. "I can't—it's silly—just the thoughts of blood ——"

She was getting dangerously limp.

"Look here! Look up!" Tom yelled in a panic. She was growing heavy, sinking through his arms, her lashes fluttering and falling.

"Get me out into the air if you can," she muttered.

Tom picked her up, appalled, and ran outdoors with her. There he tried to stand her on her own legs, and didn't succeed any more than as if she had been a doll with the sawdust spilling out of her. It wouldn't do to put her on the ground. He stood muted, with Ellen Pitcairn's body clasped against him, his chin on the crown of her head.

"I guess I overdid it," he said awkwardly. "I guess I upset the apple cart that time. How are you now? Here, brace up! You coming out of it?"

Ellen Pitcairn breathed out of nowhere, "Aren't men detestable?" and he continued to support her. They must both have been looking across the stone wall at the back end of the Pitcairn house, fifty yards away, since both of them started when the back door opened and the figure of a big man was outlined in that oblong orange blot.

"My soul, that's Ed Hulse," Ellen said. "He's come to take me to the movies. I guess he'd think this was a little compromising "

"You're better now?"

"I'm all right. If there's anything you want tomorrow, just call on me. I'm never far away."

She twisted out of his arms; he heard her running low under the apple trees, and then the Pitcairn kitchen door opened and banged shut again. Tom followed more slowly and got close enough to look in at the window.

It was a sight to give any man a jolt who had been holding Ellen Pitcairn in his arms. The kitchen was alive with yellow-headed children—Joe Pitcairn's, all of them—and Joe himself was sitting in a corner cutting off tobacco with his poor crippled hands. He was the kind of man to whom accidents are always happening. When he worked in a sawmill he lost fingers, and when he went to sea, wire poisoning or sleeping sickness afflicted him. Going round the Horn in his youth, he had got in the way of a staysail sheet just as it snapped under strain, and the block, going wild, had fetched him a clip over the ear that sent him half the length of the ship. Some people thought he had never got over the effects of that.

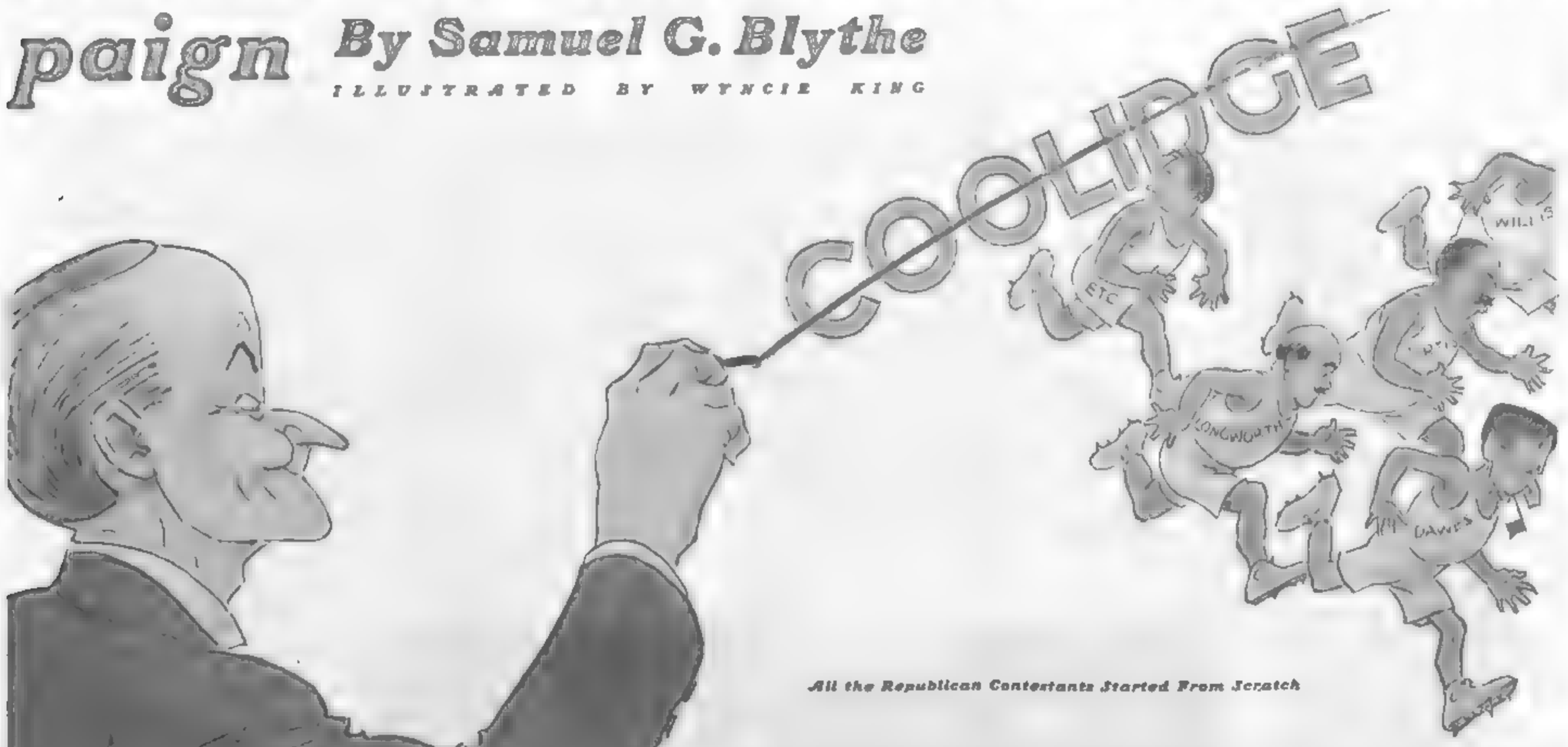
Nobody who glimpsed him now, huddled in his corner, could doubt the truth of that pronouncement that destiny is nothing but the

(Continued on Page 78)

The Great Shush-Shush Campaign

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



All the Republican Contestants Started From Scratch

ORDINARILY a preconvention campaign in presidential circles is a sort of Marathon event, with each entrant picking his own starting time and selecting his distance, but with the finish tape for all of them at one and the same place, which is the national convention.

Until now, when there was a chance for a field and the race was not sewed up by the certainty of a renomination of the man who held the job that is the prize, the boys who had hopes of coming in first got out on the course whenever they felt fit, or whenever their trainers thought they were fit, and plugged along, sometimes three or four years before the deciding sprint, sometimes less, but always with regard to the individual ideas of each contestant and without any set starting time.

This campaign has been, and is, different in one-half of it. This time all the Republican contestants started from scratch. Out in Rapid City, South Dakota, at noon on August second last, the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, who had the race for 1928 in the bag, as the sporting men say, meaning that he was the sure winner, stepped out nonchalantly and shifted himself from winner to starter. He fired a starting pistol that was loaded with twelve short but sturdy words, and that meant "Go!" to every Republican statesman who cherished the thought that he would adorn the White House if he could secure the opportunity to impart to that eminent structure his personal decorative effect.

Three Phases of the Campaign

THIS was a unique situation, and perplexing. The potential runners, the political athletes who were qualified, either because they were or because they thought they were, to make a race for a Republican presidential nomination were not in training because they had no idea or intimation a race was coming off. They had allowed themselves to get out of condition. Consequently when it became necessary for them to hustle on the road and run, as it did when the slated winner decided not to make a parade of it and opened the event to all comers by eliminating himself, there was much confusion, to say nothing of a large amount of consternation.

It was pretty tough on these political athletes, who had been forced off the track and into staleness by a circumstance over which they had no control, said circumstance being the presence of a recipient for the nomination who was unbeatable, to find themselves thrust suddenly and without warning into running pants and spiked shoes, hurled out on the road in August, 1927, and told to get under motion and to stay moving until June, 1928. Pretty tough, and for two reasons: All of them found it hard to believe that a man who had so great a prize as a unanimous nomination for President by the dominant party sitting on his sideboard would renounce that prize and put it up for contest. They felt there must be some catch in it and did not want to be caught.

Secondly, such a thing had never happened before and they did not know whether they should run violently, stand still at the starting point, walk, saunter or turn around and beat it down the back way.

Wherefore we have observed a preconvention campaign that has three phases. The first was the phase of confusion, indecision, experimentation and consultation. That phase continued until about last October. The second is the phase of maneuvering, manipulation and ambuscade, which is in progress as this is written and will continue until the presidential primaries begin in March. The third will be the straight-out delegate fight which will run from about the middle of March until the convention at Kansas City in the week of June twelfth next.

This second phase is the one that concerns this historian at the moment of writing. The first is over. The candidates who want the job have recovered from their surprise and are more or less cured of the chills and fever that South Dakota laconicism threw them into. The fear that President Coolidge will change his mind has ceased to haunt them, and the dread that the President's mind will be changed for him by a demand which will be insistent is not torturing them as much as it did for the first few months. Of course, the repose of all of them is broken now and then by nightmares of that Kansas City convention breaking bounds under the incitement of loud cries of "Coolidge! Coolidge! We want Coolidge!" both from the galleries, from the populace at large and from the delegates themselves; but, in the main, they are becoming less nervous and apprehensive than they were and getting within an approximate distance of the brass tacks of the situation.

This second phase of the preconvention campaign developed two facts only, and so vast a quantity of hot air, hugger-mugger, hokum, whispering, hinting, gossip, veiled charges, insinuations and clandestine assassination, that there is no adequate yardstick with which to measure it. The two facts are these, as noted in early February:

First: Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, was then well in the lead among the Republican aspirants.

Second: Alfred E. Smith, governor of New York, was far out in front of all yearners for the Democratic nomination.

The problem of the Republicans who do not desire the nomination of Mr. Hoover was then to find some man to beat him with and some manner of utilizing that man. The problem of the Democrats as regards Mr. Smith was precisely the same. Whether those who are thus unfriendly to Hoover and Smith can work out those problems is not for discussion here. This gem of English prose is historical, not prophetic, save in this mild regard: The work of beating Mr. Hoover for the nomination will be no puny job, nor will be the work of beating Mr. Smith. This does not mean that these jobs cannot be done and does mean that these jobs will take a lot of doing. In both instances the efforts put forth must be of greater political sagacity and importance than those thus far disclosed in this second phase of the preconvention campaign. Neither Smith nor Hoover can be shush-shushed out of the race, but that is what, as I write, the opposed politicians are trying to do.

Great Secrets Ready to be Broadcast

A GREAT shush-shush campaign has been in progress for some months, is in progress as I write and will continue, no doubt, for some time. Almost every gathering where any national politics is talked is a whispering post. Almost every politician has something to whisper, in addition to a large and prehensile ear cocked to hear any other whispering that may come his way.

"Don't mention it, but I hear ——"

"You'd scarcely believe it, but I understand from good authority that ——"

"This is graveyard, but I know ——"

"They tell me that ——"

"I get it straight from headquarters that ——"

"Just wait until the time comes and they'll spring this on ——"

"What that fellow will do to business will be plenty. Oh, boy! I hear that ——"

"They've got the absolute dope that ——"

And so on. A dozen times in the month of January I was backed into a corner by eminent shushers who pulled out from their pockets typewritten sheets of various malfeasances of one or another of the candidates for the nomination on both sides, all ticketed and catalogued, all untrue or mostly untrue and all shown to me confidentially, awaiting the devastating day when the candidate concerned

was to be thrust into oblivion by the publication of these alleged disabilities, crimes and misdemeanors. There wasn't a place, during this shush-shush period, where the name of a candidate, bar none, came up that a shusher did not have something startling to impart, something that some other shusher had passed along confidentially and to the political detriment of the candidate named.

This is particularly the case in New York and Chicago and in the other great cities where the big men of business and finance gather—the big men of business and finance who think they have much to do with the course of politics in this country, a delusion that is shrewdly fostered by the politicians for purposes of campaign contributions and such.

The politicians, having their own plans in mind, see to it that the big men of business and finance, who are gudgeons when it comes to believing what they politically hear, hear plenty concerning the candidates the politicians want to beat for the nomination.

It so happened that I had several opportunities in New York, during January and early February, to hear discussions of various candidates for the presidential nomination by men of this type. The experience was interesting. The shushers had been at work on those captains of industry, and so on, and some of the stuff retailed as absolute—and always confidentially imparted—wouldn't have fooled a precinct leader. Now this is a situation that was at first set up by the candidates themselves and then seized upon by the politicians as made to order for their schemes. When President Coolidge made his renunciation, thus forcing every Republican who had aspirations into the race, the aspirants mostly, though willing enough to run, felt that the circumstances demanded they shouldn't be blatant about it. Also, they wanted to see what the other fellows were going to do. So they were exceedingly modest and circumspect. They got into the race, but they didn't begin running openly on the long hard road that leads to Kansas City. Instead they put up their numbers, looked about for trainers and stood receptively at the starting post.

Whereupon the public began running them, even though they were not openly running themselves. As President Coolidge had retired, and as the Republican Party had to have a candidate for the nomination, the public didn't see much sense in this modesty and shrinking-violet stuff and plumped in several eligibles and began talking about them. The candidates thus selected continued aloof, none making an unequivocal declaration that he wanted the nomination save Senator Curtis of Kansas and Senator Willis of Ohio. The rest were Barkises who did no barking.

Opportunity for Everybody

THIS lack of definite declaration at the beginning fostered the condition that eventually evolved into the shush-shush phase of this campaign. The candidates were saying nothing openly, so the politicians had no call to open themselves, if such were possible. All the politicians had to do was to start the rumor-mongering, and they did that immediately. There was nothing clean-cut about the whole proceeding. The candidates, or those to whom candidacies were ascribed, mostly without protest from the popularly selected few, felt that their wise courses were to refrain from public declaration. They all wanted to see which way the cat was likely to jump.

Thus, no matter what they were doing privately, they were publicly merely receptive, and inasmuch as the politicians were not too keen about any of them, having had no hand in their selection or many strings on them, the obvious strategy of the politicians was to kill them off as expeditiously as possible, if that could be done. And as they were not open aspirants, in the sense of having asked for public support, it was equally obvious that this campaign of elimination must be carried on from ambush instead of conducted out in the open. Hence the shushers, of whom more later.

There were two other obvious angles to the situation. The first was that the politicians knew their only salvation, as far as future importance, influence and perquisites are concerned, was in selecting the candidate at Kansas City instead of having the candidate selected for them or in spite of them. The second was that the renunciation of Mr. Coolidge was a distinct disappointment to the great mass of the Republican Party who wanted him to run in 1928—and still want him to run, so far as that goes—and this left the way open for some astute shenanigan in various states.

Thus we observed, engineered coincidentally with the great shush-shush campaign, two good old political maneuvers put into execution. The Republican politicians need one more than half the delegates at the Kansas City convention to hold things open for their own purposes and they set about to get them by means of the favorite-son dodge and the uninstructed-delegation dodge. These dodges are hoar with age, creaky in the joints and no more subtle than an electric sign, but they were the only tricks and devices the politicians had in stock. So they had at them.

They canvassed the various states and picked out statesmen who had hopes, had previously hoped or who might be induced to have hopes, and pointed out to them the possibilities—the glittering, gorgeous, gigantic possibilities of the situation.

"Remember 1920," they said. "Who thought Harding had even a remote chance at the beginning of that convention? And yet he was nominated. It is now apparent there will be a deadlock in the convention. There are several candidates who will have good bunches of votes, but no candidate will have enough to nominate. Then anything may happen—anything! There is no telling where the lightning may strike. Why not have a rod up? Why not be in position to get that nomination? Your chances, if you have the backing of your state, are as good as any and better than most. Why not announce yourself as a candidate, make it a matter of state pride, get your delegation and come to Kansas City in a position to take advantage of the breaks? Why not?"

Well, why not? Very few citizens who have arrived at any political prominence but consider themselves fully qualified to be President, and very few who have arrived at any other sort of prominence, either, so far as that goes. It is easy to persuade a public man that he would be a good President. In point of fact, almost every public man has so persuaded himself before any outsiders begin working on him.

The prospect is alluring, always. A deadlock. A convention of weary and wrangling delegates. A way out needed. A solution sought. A loud cry: "What's the matter with Jones?"

And if Jones is there, on the spot, having been balloted for as a favorite son, before the delegates and before the country maybe nothing would appear to be the matter with Jones and he might be nominated. It has been done.

So here and there the politicians got favorite sons into the running, but they went further than that. Ordinarily a favorite son knows he is a favorite son. He doesn't have to be told. Still, as it happened, the supply of favorite sons for the purposes of the politicians did not equal the insistent demand. So the politicians set about manufacturing a few, picking out raw material and shaping it up to fit standard Old Guard Republican specifications, as might be said—and is.

The work in the case of Governor Howard M. Gore, of West Virginia, is typical. Governor Gore is a Republican and a successful one. Whether or not the governor considered himself in the light of a favorite son is beside the mark. I have no information on that point.

The interesting thing is that work was begun to make Governor Gore a favorite son regardless of his own ideas on the subject.

Sowing Seeds on Fertile Ground

A FEW expert favorite-son encouragers and constructors got on the job in West Virginia, moving about here and there and inciting interest along the lines of why shouldn't West Virginia have a candidate for President? Of course, there is no reason why West Virginia shouldn't have a candidate for President if West Virginia wants one or if any qualified West Virginian wants to be one. West Virginia is a sovereign state and turned up on election day with Republican presidential pluralities in every election from 1896 to 1924 except in 1912, when the Taft-Roosevelt fight made it Democratic. In that election the total Taft and Roosevelt vote, all Republican, was greater than the Wilson vote. So West Virginia can be classed as a good Republican state in national elections.

Therefore the local favorite-son seeds fell on reasonably fertile ground and the planters were busy in the good work of scattering these seeds about. But it seemed expedient in West Virginia, as in other states where similar propagation work was going on, to create an outside demand. Whereupon numerous former West Virginians, now living in Minnesota, Wyoming and various other states, received letters at about the same time written from New York. The writer, after sympathizing with the sad fate that exiled both himself and his brothers elsewhere from West Virginia, proceeded skillfully to set forth a plan whereby much might be done to the honor and increment of the glorious commonwealth of which they were native and patriotic sons, and that plan

(Continued on Page 154)

Where Any National Politics is Talked

LARKIN ROCKS THE BOAT

"I am Now in Those Years When a Man's Desire to Perpetuate His Name Becomes an Obsession. I'm Going to Try to Perpetuate Mine With a Bridge—a Very Beautiful Bridge"

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

TOMMY BLAKE, assistant to Jimmy Furlong, staff correspondent of the News, stood beside his chief's little typewriter desk and reported in staccato sentences: "State Board of Health meeting called off, governor can't attend. State Board of Education meeting postponed until 4:30; governor's request."

"Well, well, I wonder what has happened to our noble governor," Jimmy remarked. "Perhaps," he added, "you had better run down to his office and snoop around a bit."

The governor's office was on the floor below. Jimmy Furlong and Tommy Blake were in a big room in the state capitol reserved for the use of newspaper correspondents. "There might be somebody of importance coming to see our governor," Jimmy mused. "In fact, there is one visitor I've rather been expecting. If he's here he'll probably come in by the governor's private back door and luncheon will be served in the governor's private office. . . . Let me see, Tommy—yes, I'll tell you what to do. When old George Washington Abraham Lincoln Snodgrass goes to the restaurant, you trail him. Find out what the governor orders to drink, and how much. I'll know the rest. Now scamper."

And Tommy, whose official designation, in the parlance of the profession, was leg man, scampered.

Twenty minutes later he again hurried into the room to report:

"Tea—three large pots of tea."

"Aha," said Jimmy, burlesquing the great detectives of fiction. "Do you know what that means?" Tommy shook his head. "Young squirrel, that means that the crafty Forrest Weaver, better known as Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls, is coming to brew some politics with our wise and puissant governor. Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls drinks tea by the gallon. And, Tommy, his visit also means that the governor is not so sure of his second term as he would like to be. James Henry Sturgeon isn't a fish, after all. His candidacy apparently has the fair-haired lads who romp around with Governor Dave Larkin and the Honorable Forrest Weaver worried. You better run along now and claw some groceries on your own account; we'll be pretty busy this afternoon."

II

FORREST WEAVER entered the governor's office by the governor's private door. First he smiled at the array of silver teapots, then he said, "Hello, Dave."

"Hello, old scout," the governor responded. "Have a good trip? Train was on time, I judge."

"Yeah. I'm feeling fine. And you?"

"All right, except I'm tired most of the time."

"Governors always are, Dave. Low-paid jobs generally call for hard work and long hours."

They sat down at the expansive mahogany table over one end of which a linen cloth had been spread, and the governor poured tea.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"The tax rate," Weaver drawled, "and Sturgeon's candidacy." Then he waited patiently for the governor to say something, but Larkin remained silent.

"I don't understand what you've been doing," Weaver finally resumed. "I don't have to tell you, Dave, that our gang always gives the people an expensive administration; we try, of course, to give them a good administration, but until you came along it was never a cheap one. However, yours isn't cheap, either; that's just the trouble. You've collected enough money, God knows, but you don't spend it. The result is that you can shout neither economy nor high praise for what you've done. The boys in the organization would like to get a hack at some of that money and the boys out in the forks of the creek wish you'd never taken it away from them.

"A state government has no business piling up a surplus of cash in the treasury, Dave. It isn't sound economics, and much worse than that, it's rotten politics. I never expected to live long enough to tell you, Dave, that you were guilty of rotten politics. I've always regarded you as a shining light. You're labeled on my little private slate United States senator just as soon as your second term in the governor's office ends. I counted on your administration being just a little bit looser financially than usual; that's why I slipped a joker into the last appropriation bill of the last administration and sent you into office with a surplus of about half a million berries.

"I wrecked the political career of a promising young man to do that, Dave. The chairman of that appropriation committee got bumped off in the next election. I thought you'd be sure to need the half million to get through without a deficit, but instead of that you've piled up another million and a half before your first term is over. If you stick to your budget and your present tax rate, you'll have at least another million before your second term is over.

"What on earth is the sense of that, Dave? All a state needs is credit. Any sound government that isn't too heavily in debt is rich in credit. If it has large sums of cash idle in the treasury it proves by its own books that its tax rate is too high. Sturgeon is blistering you in his speeches. What are you planning to say to him when you go out on the stump?"

"People don't understand economics as well as you do," the governor answered. "They think it's pretty fine for the state to be economical and have a surplus."

"No," Weaver objected. "On this point they understand all the political science they need; they know that the money was taken away from them unnecessarily and that if you don't waste it someone else will. They are also clear on the point that the waste will be primarily your fault. You've got to say something better than that, Dave."

"All right, Weaver, I'm going to build the big bridge. That's what the money is for."

"You can't do that, Dave, without a bond issue. It will cost anywhere from seven to ten million."

"Seven and a half," the governor corrected.

"All right; even at seven and a half, and with your two-million surplus now on hand and with prospects for

another million during your second term, you haven't got half enough."

"We've got to get the work started in such a way that the succeeding administration will be pledged to finish the job."

"Dave, have you gone plumb crazy? Don't you know that the administration that finishes the job gets all the laurel wreaths? Have you suddenly developed a passion for martyrdom? I thought you were at least a fair politician."

"I used to be, Weaver, but now I'm determined to do something notable for the state; I'm going to build the biggest and the finest and the most beautiful bridge I can imagine."

"What you mean is that you are going to start one; then you are going to get beat in the coming election; and not only that—you lose your chance for United States senator. Just sit steady and don't rock the boat. A governor has got no business plowing up his soul about public service. He should mind his fences."

"Only one item of all the hard luck you forecast interests me, Weaver; I'd hate to lose my second term, because defeat might wreck the bridge project. Still, I think I can pull through."

"And I think not, Dave. If your mind is made up beyond the reach of argument, you and I are through. We work together as practical politicians only, not as public benefactors and bridge builders. If it were good politics to build six bridges I'd build seven; but I am not interested in any project that isn't good politics. That's always been our creed and there's no use mincing words about it. We had just as well understand each other—is this the end?"

Governor Larkin winced, then quickly recovered his composure and stared at the big open window. Weaver drank his fifth cup of tea.

"I had counted on your help," Larkin finally admitted.

"You ought not to have done so; you know me better than that."

"Listen, Weaver, I'm going to lay all my cards on the table and then it's for you to say whether this is our last conference. We've trailed along together for fifteen years with never a misunderstanding. Twelve of those fifteen years I have spent in public office, generally having a good time, and as I look back over the record it occurs to me that I have given a very slight return for my wages. A few months ago my doctors pronounced a death sentence on me and since then I have been doing a lot of serious thinking. I won't live through my second term, Weaver. Cancer. According to the doctors I have about two more years to go. That's why future considerations are losing their interest. I have no children, and unfortunately I am now in those years when a man's desire to perpetuate his name becomes an obsession. I'm going to try to perpetuate mine with a bridge—a very beautiful bridge. Now that's just about all there is to my story."

Weaver pondered this and drank another cup of tea.

"I hate like poison to think of you being near the end of your chapter, Dave," he said, "but I'm a politician first, last and all the time. My decision must be based strictly upon practical politics. You keep on repeating that the bridge will be beautiful. Can a bridge be beautiful?"

"Certainly. You've seen Brooklyn Bridge. That's beautiful."

"I've seen it, but I didn't pay any attention. I was talking politics at the time. What I mean is, can a bridge be built in such a way that just plain, ordinary sod busters and truck drivers might get a kick out of looking at it?"

"It certainly can, Weaver. And that's never been done in this state."

"Well, there might be some good politics in that kind of bridge. You've been to Europe and you know more about those things than I do."

"This is going to be a very American bridge."

"Well, it better be if you get me mixed up with it, or I'll be tempted to have both you and the bridge bombed. I'm taking it for granted that you can do something better than stick up a statue of a lady in a nightgown and call her the Goddess of Tra-la-la. That wouldn't be beautiful for me."

"Well, I'm not planning anything like that. In fact, I'm planning just the sort of thing people like yourself can understand."

"Then go ahead."

"Is that your decision?"

"Why, yes. If you're not going to finish your second term, then I've got to elect the right man lieutenant governor; I don't want to be left up in the air. I don't think I could work with Sturgeon and I'm used to coming into this office by the private door; it's a little late for me to cure myself of the habit. I've got to get busy."

"How about helping me with my campaign?"

"Well, Dave, you are in one hell of a fix, with James Henry Sturgeon on your trail. You better get the bridge started just as soon as you can. Meanwhile I'll bring out another candidate against you and muddy the waters."

"Isn't the present candidate enough?"

"No, he's too infernally right. I'm going to sick some loud-mouthed lunatic onto you. You can't answer Sturgeon, so I'm going to find somebody who'll drown his campaign in noise and then let you answer the noise. That's the only way out that I can see."

"Well, Weaver, if you see it, I'll take a chance that it's good; so we're agreed."

"Correct. But, Dave, won't you have to have some legislation to build that bridge?"

"I've already got the legislation, Weaver. I'm authorized to go ahead with the advice and consent of the speaker of the house and the presiding officer of the senate. The legislature passed that law at the time they authorized the bonds. Of course, the bond scheme blew up when the courts held it unconstitutional, but I'm still authorized to build the bridge if I can find the money; and the two men I'm to work with are all right. We're good friends."

"Would you like to have one of 'em for lieutenant governor?"

"I certainly would. Smith, the speaker of the house, would be my choice."

"He's all right with me, Dave. We'll put him in."

"That's fine."

III

SEVEN-O-FOUR and five, the most famous suite of hotel rooms in the state, were again occupied by Forrest Weaver, and by this token the biennial campaigns for state offices were known to be formally opened. Seven-o-four and five were part of the oldest hotel in the state capital. *(Continued on Page 110)*

Then Pandemonium Broke Loose. Men Were Howling and Marching With Placards Uplifted. Pictures of Robert Townsend Smith Appeared Everywhere

ART AT COST

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

TO THE Wildcat, Thanksgiving was a hollow mocking pain. Christmas had been merely another twenty-five on the calendar.

"Finds me somebody whut 'legs on credick," the victim of fate resolved, "an' lets him 'leg me a cheerful quart."

"Naw, suh!" the 'legger objected when found. "Folks around heah is too transom an' flighty fo' credick. Suppose some lodge brother owes you de price of a quart. Look fo' him an' de chances is he is spread six ways f'm de cork—Homma-looma, Lost Angeleez, See-attle an' all points lost is whah at yo' credick is flew to. Mebbe, as you sez, Ise in mighty unsocial company when Ise alone, but it don't cost me nuthin'. Pay as you gargle is my slogum, an' if you ain't got de price, cherish yo' thirst."

"Ain't us 'filiated in de same sacred ties of fraternalum?"

"Mebbe us is, but you got to remember dat locks wuz invented about de same time lodges got started good. Likker is a lot higher proof dan lodge fraternalum."

Prowling along under his cargo of gloom, "Whut de worl' needs most is to be mo' friendly," the son of Old Man Trouble decided. "Looks like folks would be mo' fraternal to us stevedo' vetrums whut unloaded de Army by hand an' rode it all oveh France. Wish somebody would fraternal me wid de right hand of brotherhood whut held five dollahs. De mo' folks shakes hands wid you, de less money Ise got. Mighty seldom dat a glad hand holds enny silver linin'. Dog-gone—speck I betteh git me a job of work. Git me some wages started on dey tiresome travels. Slow comin', but Lawd how dat money gwine to ramble when it comes my time to crack de whip! Mighty funny dat a round dollah don't roll no futher dan a papeh one. Ennyhow, I gits me some an' eats steady fo' a few days. Dis spring climate kinda got me ravenous fo' my rations. Work, whah at is you hid?"

The Wildcat's first move in his pursuit of work was in the direction of a place where wholesale loafing could be enjoyed. Temporizing with a still small voice:

"Sets me down in a good easy-chair at de Clover Club an' figgers out whah at kin I find a job of work."

At the Clover Club, after roosting in an armchair for three hours without participating in the festivities as a customer, the work sleuth realized that as far as he was personally concerned the proprietor's smile had lost its sunshine. It seemed that good old 100 per cent loafing was denied him, that pure loafing had to be polluted with pool, cards or trips to the bar. What the Wildcat needed at that low moment was a sympathetic ear. He found it presently drooping from the spherical cranium of another carbon-colored idler.

"My name is Cubit Roach," the sympathizer confided. "Like as not you heard of me. I run a big medical bizness in Chicago till I sold it out."

"Sho Ise heard of you. I heard you sold out jus' befo' de police met you. Whut you doin' out heah on de Coast?"

"Aims to inaug'rate me a organization of some kind. Nemmine 'bout dat police history. I knows lots of mighty big men, an' prob'ly de fust thing I does is 'corporate."

"Whut you aim to 'corporate?"

"Dat's confidential, but befo' I withholds de truth back f'm you, lemme ask you kin you keep a secret."

"Sho kin."

"Whut He Got His Hands Up in de Air Fo'? Looks Like He Was a Welterweight," the Wildcat Observed

"Den I tells you dat de fust thing I does is foster a benevolent lodge to aid de colored downtrod hero vetrums of de Great War. When dat gits goin' I aims to start me a colored radio station to broadcast orashuns dat will git you colored boys yo' rights. Soon as dey is got ——"

"Hol' on, Cubit, de fust part sounds mighty good to me. Ise a vetrum hero my own self."

"You don' say! Whah at did you hero in de war?"

"Me an' Cap'n Jack an' a lot mo' of his niggers fit an' konkered in de Battle of Bo'deaux."

"I heard of dat battle; mighty big battle. Lissen, boy, mebbe you an' me kin harmonize on dis."

"Tell me 'bout how kin us."

"Fust off in dis vetrum thing dey's got to be a presidump an' a seckatary an' a treasure, an' a deppity fo' each one an' about ten mo' good regal jobs so us kin carry on. Sho I knows whut dat war talk was; I was in France myself. I was a preachuh in dem days. . . . Main thing is, you think you is qualified to spread de fraternal word among de brethren so as to make 'em jine on?"

The Wildcat dreamed back over a long series of campaigns conducted under the supervision of Honeytone Boone, and banking on the experience gained from these—"Cubit, 'less I kin 'suade dese vetrum boys to jine, dey is deef, dumb an' departed. I knows my stren'th."

"Boy, us is colleagues! I shakes you by de hand to call it a bargain. Us is launched on de vicktry stream an' headed straight fo' de mint. How much money you got?"

The Wildcat blinked. "Goin' on mo' dan a thousan' dollahs an' some few cents—comin' in, dat is, pervidin' de boys sends it like dey 'greed to."

"I got ten times dat much—comin' in. I got a li'l' bit wid me too. Ennyhow, come on oveh heah to de lunch counter whilst us talks dese plans oveh in private."

The private conference developed a growing enthusiasm in both its participants, until, high above the normal noises of the Clover Club—"Figger how much a millium men payin' a dollar a month dues is ev'y year, den figger how much longer you gwine to live!" Cubit Roach suggested.

"Hot dam, Cubit, dat sho runs into money!"

"Money! Boy, a millium a month is mighty good money even fo' one month, but when it keeps comin' in reg'lar dey ain't nobody kin hold you down. Enny time you want a solid-gold steamboat so you kin go ridin' to France, all you has to do is tell de steamboat folks, 'Make me a solid-gold steamboat.'"

"Sho kin. How 'bout gittin' one mo' piece of apple pie?"

Cubit clicked out of his trance and frowned. "Betteh go easy on dat pie." The host's cash was low. "Mighty apt to git lazy wid yo' stummick loaded wid pie. You got lots of runnin' round to do right away. In de fust place, drink dat coffee an' c'mon whilst us holds a zecutive session."

"Whah us gwine hold de fust zecutive session?"

"Come along wid me. I got a room right heah in de Clover Club, wid de rent paid fo' a week."

In executive session Cubit addressed the temporary chairman: "Mistuh Chairman, I heahby moves de motion, seconds it an' elecks it unanimous dat de prominent presidump of dis organization, which will be known as de Heroic Stevedore Vetrums of America, is you. Dat's carried. Mistuh Presidump ——"

"Brotheh Roach?"

"I moves de motion, seconds it an' records de unanimous vote dat Brotheh Cubit Roach acks as permanent seckatary an' treasure of dis outfit. Carried unanimous. Dat seems to be all de bizness dey is befo' de meetin' at de moment, an' so us heahby adjourns."

Resuming his rôle of promoter—"Wilecat, main thing fo' you to do right now is mingle round wid de boys an' illuminate de canvas of de future wid de silver-tongue oratory whut means five dollahs ev'y time it works. De main prospectus of yo' campaign kin be de ol' landmarks of human frailty dat lines de road th'ough dis vale of tears—wine, wimmen an' harmony. Promise ev'yhody a gran' rallyin' ruckus nex' Sat'day night whetheh dey joins or not. Us 'ranges to hold dis ruckus right heah in de Clover Club. Ladies is mo' dan twice welcome. Leave all de social part to me. All you got to do is promise dat de joy bells gwine to ring mighty wild, an' keep yo' mind on de solid-gold steamboat whut kin be yours if you has enny luck."

Balancing the books an hour after the inaugural festivities had subsided, Cubit Roach discovered that the solid-gold boat had not yet reached port.

"Li'l' ol' measly twenty stevedore vetrums whut you 'suaded don' mean nuthin'. Dis banquet, 'cludin' likker, cost mo' dan eighty-five dollahs, an' dat leaves us mighty close to whah we started."

"Whut 'bout de monthly dues? Looks like you fo'got dem. Mighty gratifyin' to have twenty dollahs comin' in ev'y month."

"Dat ain't gonna git you no gold boat. Whut you betteh do, Wilecat, is put yo' shoes back on 'stead of layin' round so easy. Earn dat presidump job. Ramble round an' 'suade some mo' candidates. Lawd, boy, dey's bound to be mo' dan twenty stevedore hero vetrums in Sam Francisco. See kin you git a thousan' by nex' Sat'day night. Tell 'em dey's gwine to be twice as good a ruckus as we jus' finished, an' oveh an' above dat dey's some secret bizness comin' in whut I craves ev'ybody to participate in. Tell 'em it's mighty secret bizness, but nobody 'ceptin' full members wid dues paid up kin be in de room whilst de secret bizness is goin' on."

In spite of the fresh bait, a meager haul of ten new converts was all that the Wildcat roped during the week. The promised ruckus failed to live up to specifications in several ways, and it was not until the secret session of the heroes' organization was announced that the membership showed any signs of life.

With the Wildcat in the chair, "Mistuh Presidump," Cubit Roach announced, "I craves de condescension of de brethren fo' a few minnits whilst I lays befo' dis meetin' a projeck of soopreem impo'tance to one an' all. Lookin' deep into de future, whut does it hold afteh life's fitful fever has riz to de burnin' point an' de mortal remains of dis gladsome an' heroic throng is crumbled to cinders? Nuthin'! Dat's whut it holds, 'ceptin' one li'l' gleam of hope springs in our ajile breasts when de thought dat mebbe posterity kin rec'nize de virtues of us past heroes th'ough some endurin' momentum such as bronze or everlastin' stone. Briefly, de ambitions whut we cherishes fo' ourselves is no mo' dan de just recompense of dey who is gone befo', an' in consequence, wid my heart bowed down when I thinks of all de stevedore heroes whut paid de soopreem penalty of stevedorin', I hum'ly proposes dat us survivors gathered heah in solemn conclave erecks some fittin' testimonial to our departed brethren in de shape of a fust-class statue on a concrete base."

Cubit Roach held up his hand to invite applause by forbidding it. "De presidump will now 'point de Memorial Monument an' Art Committee of five members, afteh which, by popular request, I takes it on myself to outline de method of procedure which will culminate in a solid concrete souvenir of dis gran' an' wistful occasion. I thank you."

After a moment's interval all eyes turned expectantly upon the Wildcat. He leaned over toward Cubit Roach.

"Whut I do now?" he whispered.

The master of ceremonies dished out a bit of advice to his dumb-bell lieutenant.

"Name yo' memorial committee," he ordered.

When this had been done Cubit Roach resumed control. "Feller vetrums," he announced, "de pussonel of dis memorial committee g'arantees success. I may say dat a fust-class an' fittin' memorial of de sculping variety is gwine to cost us consid'able money, but so as to make de f'nancial obligations of one an' all so painless dat you kain't feel it no mo' dan you does a bad night wid de dice, I is glad to state dat funds fo' de memorial gwine to be raised by rafflin' off tickets which gives you a chance at de gran' cash prize which will be drawed ev'y week f'm now on till enuff surplus is in de treasury to pay fo' de memorial. Gran' prize gwine to be real money ev'y week, but befo' dis kin git goin' good de most visible lack is dat us needs mo' members. Right now I wants one an' all to bring in ten new members nex' week. Ev'y new member gits a free ticket to de fust raffle of de gran' cash prize, an' remembeh dat no matteh if you don't win de prize dis time, ev'y weekly meetin' is gwine to 'clude a big banquet, copious refreshments an' a dance dat will last as long as de Ladies' Auxiliary endurance whut you fetches wid you."

The booster campaign, after three meetings, seemed to die out with a membership list which had been inflated to a total of about two hundred active members.

"Dat's less dan a mighty small fraction of de boys us could git. Wilecat, dey's somethin' mighty wrong wid dese Sam Francisco hero folks. I neveh seed nobody so slow to jine," Cubit Roach complained to his assistant.

Without helping the complaint department, "How much pussonal money you drug down outen dat memorial fund so fur, Cubit?" the Wildcat asked. "Mebbe yo' private rake-off is de reason folks is so slow to jine."

"Nemm'ne 'bout dat, boy. I rakes 'em off plenty befo' I finishes. Us got to git dis statue built someway. 'Bout de on'y way I sees is to levy a 'sessment."

"Start to levy ennything an' yo' levee is mighty apt to bust an' flood you dead. Boys is complainin' dey got mighty li'l' out of dat last banquet. Fur as Ise concarmed, all I does is sweep out de clubroom an' work all de time. Ennybody kin have dis presidump job whut craves it."

"Lissen heah, Wilecat, you's eatin' steady, ain't you? You been eatin' eveh since us met, ain't you? Wasn't eatin' so reg'lar befo' dat, was you? Well, take dem figgers by de hand an' walk along wid 'em till you gits acquainted."

"I ain't kickin' 'bout dat. On'y thing Ise thinkin', Cubit, is whut chance has you got 'spose you does git dis big memorial fund. You kain't go mo' dan a hund'ed miles befo' de radio tells de news, an' den whah at is you? I seen dat time-table in yo' pocket. You don't need no time-table to run dis local lodge. Betteh burn dat time-table up an' settle down to figgerin' out good times fo' de boys."

"Dat's a ol' time-table. I ain't figgerin' on doin' no travelin'. Fo'git dat, Wilecat. Tomorr' mawnin' you an' de rest of de memorial committee gits in a auto truck whut Ise rented an' us all views de ste fo' de statue. I done bought a piece of land right out prominent whah it kin be seen by ev'ybody whut passes up an' down de Pacific Coast."

"Whah you git dis land? You sho been doin' some fast work."

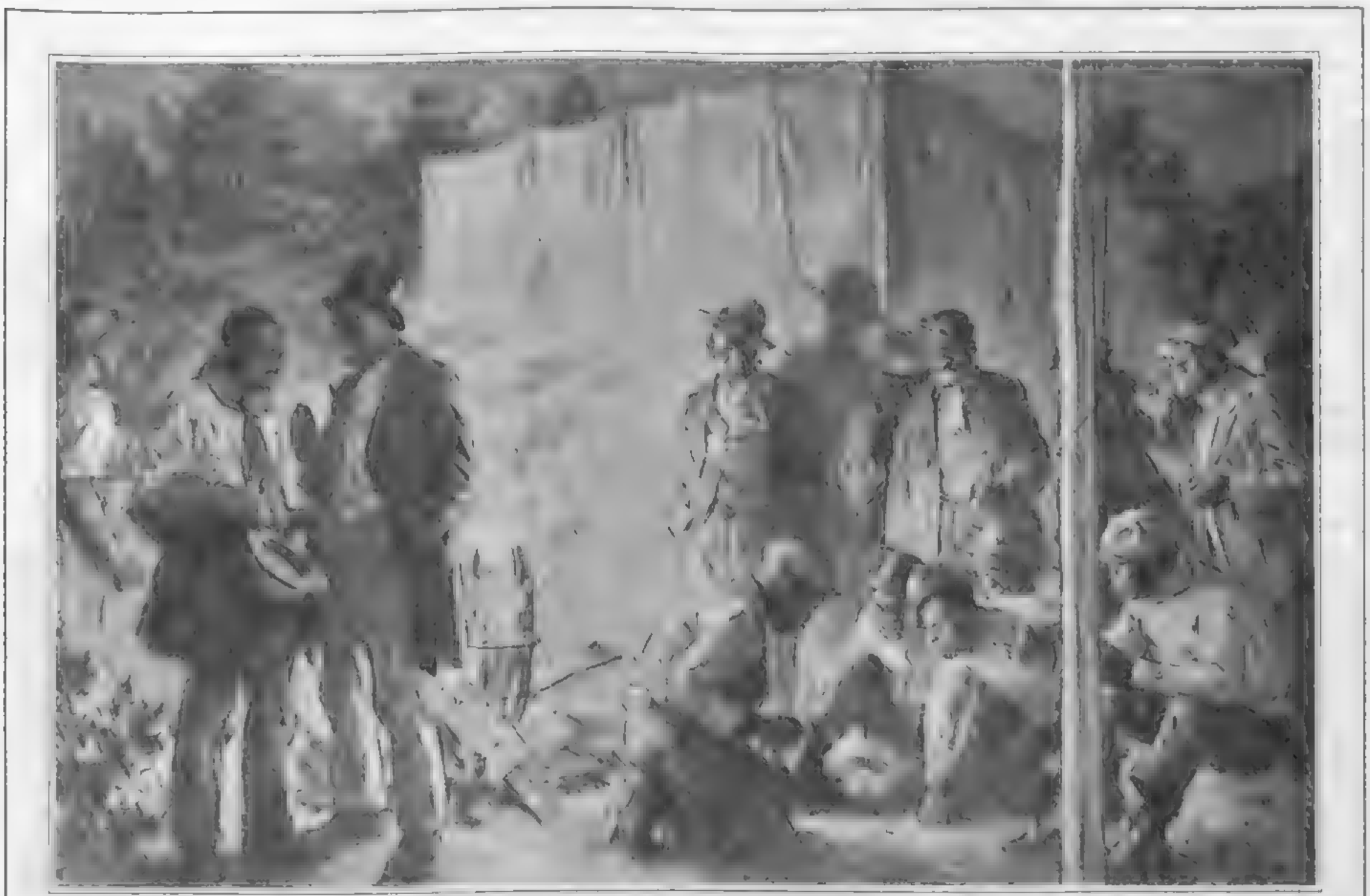
"Paid money fo' it. Got a lot two miles down de beach, an' ev'ybody in de world whut passes de place kin see it, 'cludin' steamboats fo' China an' all dem out-of-de-way towns. Gwine to be de most notorious statue in de world, like as not."

Confiding in himself, Cubit Roach decided that the big graft would have to be a one-man affair.

"No use lettin' dat Wilecat in. He thinks mo' of his vetrum friends dan he does of a sockful of gold money. Makes de big killin' all de betteh fo' me when de time comes."

On the following day the Wildcat and three members of the memorial committee found themselves hard at work

(Continued on Page 54)



"Dat Ol' Bear Burned Up. He Got So 'Fested Wid Flyin' Cooties Dat He Bust Out in Splendiferous Combustion Widout Sayin' Nuthin' to Me Nbout It"

Selling Other Men's Brains

By JOHN N. WHEELER

Ring Lardner

THIS is to be a story of secrets. My business is to deal with celebrities and to sell other men's brains. The bigger the celebrity the less salesmanship it requires, and I have sold some brains through the mails which made me nervous for fear I should wind up in Atlanta with the promoters of phony mining stock, but most of the brains I have dealt in sold themselves.

If the brains I have sold were piled one on top of another they would make the Woolworth Building look like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The list, arranged at random, has included the cerebrums of Richard Harding Davis, Ring Lardner, Bud Fisher, Fontaine Fox, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., George Ade, William J. Bryan, Admiral von Tirpitz, Mrs. Jack Dempsey, Sol Hess, Bill and Ma Sunday, Rupert Hughes, Montague Glass, Kathleen Norris, Harold Bell Wright, ball players, prize fighters and members of the ballet.

The reader may be curious about how I got into this strange business, and if he is not he had better not read any farther. Early in life I decided I could make a bigger profit by selling other men's brains than my own, and so far I don't think I have ever found myself wrong.

Perhaps before I go any farther it would be a good idea to explain the nature of this enterprise which distributes gray matter as an article of interstate commerce and yields a small profit sometimes, and many gray hairs. It is the newspaper syndicate business, and in case that label is insufficient I will go into some detail.

An Impartial Criticism by the Author

THIS idea, like most others, is not mine. It originated in England and was imported by S. S. McClure, who started the first newspaper syndicate in America in 1884. The scheme was that a central organization would hire a writer or artist who had established a reputation in his profession and then sell the publication rights to his product as widely as possible, each paper having the exclusive right to the output in its territory to give it an air of distinction. In this way a small paper could afford to buy features at a reasonable price which it could not purchase if it were the only customer.

The difference between the total sales and what the newspaper syndicate paid the artist or writer represented its profit—or, in some cases, its loss. It was something like the story of the old bartender who said that at the end of the day he threw the contents of the cash register at the ceiling in order to keep his books. What stuck to the ceiling belonged to the proprietor and the balance was the bartender's. It was a simple method of bookkeeping. In this analogy the author or the artist is the bartender.

Here is one of the secrets: Most of the important features found in the newspapers today are not produced by any one paper, but the rights are purchased for that particular territory by the publisher. The most popular features, which represent circulation value to a newspaper—and circulation, as the name indicates, is the lifeblood of a publication—bring very high prices, especially if there is a competitive market. And the producers of these valuable and desirable features make large sums, many of them more than the President of the United States.

It is my humble opinion that the syndicate business has changed the character of newspapers in the past ten years. It used to be that racing, prize fighting, baseball and the other professional sports thrived on publicity, and they still do. Ten years ago any jockey, fighter or ball player was glad to give an interview or sign his name to a story which gave publicity to his sport. Now none of them will take his coat off for less than $1000. The literary efforts of star athletes represent a substantial part of their incomes.

It was through Christy Mathewson, the old master of the pitching mound, that I originally became addicted to the syndicate business. Back in 1908, through good or bad fortune, I happened to be a baseball writer for the old New York Herald and traveled with the New York Giants. Naturally I got to know all the ball players, and Matty was my particular friend.

Nothing was hatched until 1911, when the Giants won the pennant on their last Western trip, and the office wired me at Cincinnati to hire Christy Mathewson to cover the impending World's Series, which I did for $500. A star ball player wouldn't unbutton his vest for that amount today.

The office authorized me to go as high as $500, but to try to get him for less. I submitted my proposition to Matty as follows:

"I was told to get you for less if I could, but I can offer you as much as $500 to cover the series. Do you want to take it?"

"Yes," he said. That closed the deal.

Well, Matty and I wrote about the World's Series between the Giants and the old Athletics, which McGraw's boys lost. Big Six supplied the material and I ran it through the typewriter, and it made a hit. That winter we collaborated on a series of articles for the McClure Syndicate which went so well with the newspapers that the series was subsequently published in a book, called Pitching in a Pinch. At that time there was a book critic on the Herald who didn't know I worked on the paper, because he lived in a literary atmosphere and I smelled of the sporting department.

I watched his page closely to see if he gave a favorable notice to Pitching in a Pinch, but no mention was made of it. The name of the man who could call the attention of the waiting world through the columns of the Herald to Pitching in a Pinch was Ford.

One day I met him in the long corridor and said, "Mr. Ford, have you read Pitching in a Pinch, by Christy Mathewson?"

He promptly confessed he had not, so I suggested he might do so and review it.

"Have you read it?" he said.

The Start of a New Era

IT WAS a silly question. I could recite it and so could my whole family. I admitted I had. Then he asked me if I could write a review of it.

I don't believe any book ever got a more favorable notice. Encouraged by this initial success, I decided to abandon baseball writing and go in for the syndicate business. This decision may have been prompted by the fact that the young lady with whom I was keeping company, as the saying is, had turned me down on the recommendation of her father, who told her I was in a precarious profession. So I didn't care what happened to me, and here I am in the newspaper syndicate business blowing the horn and selling other men's brains.

To skim a little of the cream off the history of the newspaper syndicate business, S. S. McClure was the editor of a trade publication in Boston produced by the Pope Bicycle Company when he became infected with the syndicate germ, and associated with him were Oscar Brady, who later became business manager of McClure's Magazine, and John S. Phillips. One of the first things the new organization had to offer was Kipling's collection of stories, Plain Tales From the Hills, and later Stevenson's Treasure Island

Harold Bell Wright and a Winter Landscape on His Tucson, Arizona, Ranch

was sold to the papers, as well as stories by Robert Barr. Charles Dana, of the New York Sun, was one of the first and best customers.

The office was a small one in a little room lit by gas, which also served the purpose of a cookstove, for the executives of the new infant industry of arts and letters used to broil chops over the jet for luncheon. Mr. McClure tells to this day how his shipping clerk reported to him an emergency in his department. They needed five dollars to buy stamps but no one had the money, so Mr. McClure borrowed it from Dana, of the Sun, and the business was saved for posterity, not to mention the comic artists.

In the early days of the business the material was bought at a low rate and sold to the newspapers in bulk at cheap prices. The clients paid a flat price for the privilege of getting the whole service and the Boston Globe was one of the early customers. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was one of the regular authors. Later on Mr. McClure began syndicating already printed comic sections for the Sunday paper and this proved to be an important factor of the business.

Rube Goldberg

Pat and Mike in Pinafores

MAKING contracts with well-known artists and writers keeps the syndicate man as busy as the chameleon which wanted to make good on plaid. My first and only contract with Ring Lardner would not have had the approval of any lawyer, yet we operated under it serenely for about eight years. Mr. Lardner is known for his brevity of speech. In appearance he is tall and solemn, with soft-boiled eyes. Bud Fisher once described him as a wet owl.

Mr. Lardner is in no sense the professional humorist and always disappoints his fans who meet him and expect drolleries to drip from his lips. He never tells stories, either off color or otherwise. There is one exception to this rule. He used to have a friend in Chicago who was a great pal of Comiskey, the owner of the Chicago White Sox. When some strangers would meet Mr. Lardner and expect him to burst out with funny stories, so as not to disappoint them Mr. Farrell, his straight man, would say, "Ring, tell that story about Pat and Mike."

Then Mr. Lardner, without change of expression, would begin a long tale without point about two little girls named Pat and Mike who had a Lithuanian nurse and who went through the strangest adventures. At certain prearranged spots when Mr. Lardner paused, Mr. Farrell would rock with laughter and his auditors would do likewise, not wishing to appear dumb because they didn't see the point. As a matter of fact, there was none. As the climax was reached the giggling was almost continuous, and the big kick in the story came when the Lithuanian nurse set the house on fire and poor little Pat and Mike were burned to death. Then Mr. Farrell would rap the other auditors vigorously on the back and all would laugh merrily except Mr. Lardner. He never does.

One of the most attractive things about Mr. Lardner is his wife, but he won her in a strangely silent courtship, for he used to call her on the long-distance telephone from Chicago. She lived in Goshen, Indiana. He would begin his conversation by saying "Hello." Then there would be several bars of silence while Miss Abbott, which was her maiden name, listened. She would try vainly to realize on the investment in telephone tolls, but after a fruitless effort Mr. Lardner would conclude things with another single word:

"Good-by!"

The purpose of this background is to give an idea of Mr. Lardner, but I didn't know him so well when we sat, one day in 1919, around a table in the old Waldorf bar. He was then conducting the column in the Chicago Tribune called In the Wake of the News. His contract still had about six months to run, but I wanted to sign him up for a syndicate feature at its expiration, and I told him so. There were five other gentlemen at the table at the time, none of whom was buying groceries. I had explained to Mr. Lardner enthusiastically the possibilities in the syndicate business and had emphasized my desire to syndicate his output when he was free to accept.

"Yes," said Mr. Lardner, "when my contract expires I would like to come with your syndicate."

We had not talked terms or details, when the conversation veered to something else—probably someone ordered a drink.

Richard Harding Davis, at Saloniki, December, 1915

A couple of months later I heard, by the grapevine route, a competing syndicate had made a handsome offer to Mr. Lardner, who was still in Chicago, and I telegraphed him forthwith for fear I might lose this prize. I assured him I meant all I had said, and more, and would hop the first rattler for Chicago to sign a contract with him. Back came a telegram which read about as follows:

Before five witnesses, two of whom were sober, I made a contract with you in the Waldorf bar, so why are you bothering about a contract now?

That is the only agreement we ever had, and it worked as well as any I have ever made. In my opinion this is the most desirable form of contract.

Recited From an Unsteady Memory

ALTHOUGH this really has nothing to do with the newspaper syndicate business, I simply must tell here one more anecdote relating to Mr. Lardner. An enthusiastic young lady writer was interviewing authors for a symposium on the parts their wives had played in their successes. Most of them had said that the little woman represented 90 per cent of their careers and without her they would be just bums in any gutter. Perhaps they figured this would be oil on the waters at home. Anyway they were quite serious in what they contributed to this symposium, but not Ring Lardner. His contribution was as follows:

"I was never one to keep a diary, and so must depend on an unsteady Volsteady memory for the things my wife has done for me. In 1914 or 1915—I think it was July—she cleaned my white shoes. In 1918 she told the man at the draft board that she and three kiddies were dependent on me for support. In 1921 and again in 1923 she brought in some ice, White Rock and glasses.

"She dusted my typewriter in 1922. Late one night in 1924 we got home from somewhere and I said I was hungry and she gave me a verbal picture of the location of the pantry.

"Once a man named Morris called me up and she told him I was out of town.

"Once I bid a no-trump and she took me out in spades and we were set three tricks.

"Once we were in the car and got stalled and she suggested that the car must be out of gas. Another time I quit cigarettes and she felt sorry for me. When I was away from home attending high school she did all the plowing and fed the shoat. Once we went on a trip, and it was going to take us all night to get there, and we had a section on the sleeping car, and just as I was nearly crazy trying to guess whether I should take the lower or upper berth, she solved the problem by crawling into the lower berth. Once a waiter was going to put two lumps of sugar in my coffee and my wife stopped him. She didn't touch him or call him a name, but she just said, 'Only one lump.' And he did not put the other lump in. He was panicky. And back in 1910 I asked her to marry me right away, but she wouldn't do it till 1911."

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Estelle Taylor Dempsey and Lillian Barker Collaborate on a Story at the Dempsey Camp, Venice, California

PURSUIT

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"I am Here to Recover the Emeralds," said Donovan. "If They are Recovered," said Felipe, "I Think it is I Who Will Do the Recovering, Señor. With All Respect, I Have Lived Here Longer"

DONOVAN did not often fall upon a clew as he descended from his train, but on the present occasion he did so. He had been sent into Mexico to run down a theft of emeralds. As he stepped from the train at Guaymas, an Indian offered him an excellent emerald. Emeralds do not occur in Mexico. Few Indians have ever seen one.

"What is it?" he asked in his soft Spanish, for the sake of the reply. I give the equivalent English.

"Fine opal," came the answer.

"How much?"

"Dolla. Cheap."

"Where did you get this opal?"

"Find um."

"Yes, but where?"

"You pay me, then I tell."

Donovan fished forth a Mexican dollar. "Here's your money. You get it when you explain where you found the stone."

The Indian considered whether a traveler on the one train a day could claim to have lost such a stone in Guaymas. Probably not. The dollar looked safe enough.

With a motion of his hand toward the water front he said: "On street beside bay."

"Who lost it?"

But the clew broke like a stretched cord. The Indian disclaimed further knowledge. Calling a *cargador*, Donovan named his hotel, then followed along the hot sidewalks. The Indian at once disappeared.

"An old, old emerald," he decided, as he glanced again at the stone, "shaped up without emery, like those Luis Gonzales showed me."

His acquaintance with the Gonzales emeralds, as he called them, dated back several years, to the time when a certain high official applied for insurance upon them. As jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, he had been sent to appraise them. He learned little about them except that they belonged to a secret religious sect of immemorial antiquity.

These were the emeralds now reported stolen. What they were worth, whether in worship or in money, lay beyond all estimating. They included an emerald of blinding size.

Prescott tells us that when Pizarro looted the temples of Manta he found them throbbing with emeralds, brought by the devout in the worship of a perfect emerald of transcendent size. Some of these gems he seized and sent to Spain; but others, including the great central goddess emerald, were so well hidden by the priests that the conqueror never combed them out. They may have been carried out of Peru.

"It is almost as if a messenger had been sent asking for help," he mused. "I don't doubt this old emerald has escaped more than once from thieves. Where else could it have come from?"

He was still pondering upon the miracle of its appearance when he reached his hotel.

Two notes awaited him, it developed. Luis Gonzales, the ascetic primate with whom he had expected to work, wrote that he was off to Mexico City on a clew, and that he had asked his cousin Felipe to meet the Redelos man. Felipe wrote that he would see Donovan that night at half past ten. A guide would be sent to conduct him.

"I find myself free until evening," he remarked to the clerk with sudden decision. "Do you know anything about precious stones? Where ought I to go to pick up a good loose emerald?"

"You will not find any such in Guaymas, señor."

"But surely!"

"I have never seen any. Other stones, yes. Not the uncut emerald. The emerald is not Mexican."

Donovan reverently laid down the emerald he had bought at the train. Even in the dim light of the lobby it glowed like a hillside in May.

"I bought it only this morning from an Indian who had found it. Now I should like to buy another."

The clerk, puzzled, replied that the Indian must have stolen the stone; yet he could not understand from whom, since no thefts of emeralds had been reported from this region.

Donovan returned the gem to his pocket. "I will look at my room and then wander about among the shops."

Thereafter for a while, notwithstanding his appearance of leisure, he became a busy man. That which he had to do centered upon the emerald. A stranger must have wondered at his naïve excuses for showing the stone, his loquacious pride in its possession, and the persistency with which he sought to stumble upon another such bargain. He made his inquiries everywhere, of jewelers and novelty merchants, who might have carried such goods, but likewise of hardware dealers, grocers and druggists, who never would have done so. Toward the last he did not always show the emerald, nor always identify himself with its owner, but he never failed to marvel at its finding. He spent an hour and a half among the shops; then, leaving that field, he strolled over to the water front to see if he could speak of his emerald there.

"He who would talk must first listen," he reflected, with certain recent experiences in mind.

The question was: How was he to win the chance to listen? Through another miracle? It looked almost as if such would be required, to permit him to join the groups he wished to reach. But all the miracle needed was the miracle of accident.

The sun's rays were hot; he saw a patch of shade, and seated himself; whereupon he learned that in the Lower Sonoran life zone shade is the tie that binds. By that act he became an idler, a member of a clan, one of a few selected out by nature to exchange gossip. His presence anywhere else would have silenced every tongue; here it was accepted.

Much had to be heard, but he was not in the slightest hurry. At last his opening came.

"See Sant' Susanna comes back las' night from Calamajue," a churn-throated fisherman remarked, in Spanish barely intelligible. I try to suggest the effect. The reference was to a schooner anchored in the bay. "Sailed yesterday week."

"She carried Gomez outfit to Calamajue landing," a second man said.

"Calamajue is bad country," said a third man. "What does Gomez outfit want with Calamajue, in a hurry like that?"

The first speaker baited his line. "Opals—emeralds—I do' know. Pedro Mores is man to ask. He showed my brother big emerald from Calamajue."

Donovan seized the opening.

"You don't have to go to Calamajue to find emeralds. I saw a man only this morning who found a good emerald here on this water front. I would have given him ten dollars for it. A man named Donovan has it, at the hotel. He bought it for a dollar."

Time passed. Donovan abandoned the one patch of shade for another. The sun climbed into noon, then began slanting its short shadows toward the red mountains behind the town. When he reached the hotel the hour was nearer one than twelve.

He was told that a caller had been asking to see him. The seed he had sown had sprouted. If he asked the right question, and had luck, he would soon know more about miracles.

"He gives his name as Pedro Mores, señor, and his business as that of sailor. I have told him that your time is taken, but he is very persistent. His appearance does not recommend him. Is it your wish to be saved the bother?"

So it was Pedro Mores who wished to talk about emeralds!

"Oh, no. Send him up."

Pedro Mores proved to be a swarthy little man of hard muscles and timid eye, but he seemed to be conscious of his too timid spirit, or of the handicap of his station. At any rate he began upon Donovan with such a broadside that the Redelos man was forced to defer asking his right question.

"You found little emerald stone this morning, señor," Pedro blurted out. "I will thank you for it kindly. It belongs to me. I lost it."

"And who are you to make claim to an emerald?"

"I am Pedro Mores, sailor on board the schooner Sant' Susanna, in harbor now."

"But where would a sailor like you get an emerald?"

"Jus' found it," replied Pedro, with a touch of insolence.

"Found it where?"

"On beach at Calamajue."

Donovan smilingly shook his head, as with amused incredulity. "You did not find any emerald at Calamajue."

The sailor held his ground. "I have the proof, señor."

"Very well. Prove it."

"The man who saw me is no longer here, señor. I helped him land at Calamajue. He is of the Gomez outfit."

Donovan, still smiling, rejected the statement. "I too have seen Calamajue. No one has ever found an emerald on that beach—neither you nor anybody else. Why do you say what is not true?" His smile fell away, his manner became stern, his voice grew softer. "Who is this witness you speak of?"

"He did not tell me his name, señor, but he was a servant of the Señor Gomez. He was of Gundalajara—a tall man. Ask my captain."

"It's no use, Pedro Mores. You did not find the emerald, for the reason that there was no emerald on the beach to find." He looked at him keenly, watched the color mount into his burned cheeks as he ventured: "I think this tall man from Guadalajara gave you the emerald."

"Not gave it, señor! No! I got it in pay! That makes it mine! This is truth I speak now, señor'"

"That is better. Did he have any more emeralds?"

"All I saw was one other. I don't know."

"Did you see these emeralds on the way to Calamajue, or after you arrived there?"

"On the way across."

"And when did you start from Guaymas?"

"A week ago yesterday," replied Pedro, fidgeting.

At Guaymas, an Indian Offered Him an Excellent Emerald. Emeralds Do Not Occur in Mexico

Donovan's telegram of advice had named the night before that date as the time of the Gonzales robbery—it had overtaken him in Quebec. His voice remained soft.

"Where does the Sant' Susanna go next?" he asked.

"Nobody knows. You have not given me back my emerald, señor. It is worth ten dollars, and I am a poor man."

"Just a moment. Do you know where I could get outfitted quickly here in Guaymas?"

"Two or three places, señor."

"If you will help me this afternoon, I will buy the emerald for ten dollars. I want a prospector's outfit."

Pedro's face brightened. "Surely!"

"But first I wish you to row me out to your captain. I wish to see how soon he can take me to Calamajue. If you are ready, we can start at once."

There remained his conference with Felipe Gonzales. Again time passed. As they say in Mexico: "Tomorrow is not a month." The hour became ten, and then half after. At a quarter of eleven a guide appeared, to conduct him to the house of the meeting. A journey followed through dark streets and darker alleys. They arrived at last before a door in an adobe wall, which swung inward when knocked upon, admitting them into a cramped room lighted by one candle. The guide passed through into a room behind. The host introduced himself.

Donovan instantly saw that Felipe Gonzales differed from his fragile, ascetic cousin as gay differs from grave. Not that he seemed gay tonight—his demeanor could not

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Donovan Waited for Them to Go On Talking, But Before Anything Further Was Said, Carlos Caught Sight of Him

OFFICE BROKE

By
Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MY LAND, but you're slow! What do you do with your time?" asked Leland Simon as he checked over the number of cards left in the box on Irene Bonniewell's desk. "I knew you were getting behind, but I didn't realize that you'd ceased functioning altogether."

The new girl, but old friend, arched her lovely eyebrows.

"Are you by any chance scolding me?"

"Oh, no; not at all. I'm only asking you," said Simon. "I can't figure out why you can't do these letters. They're short—one page—and that only three paragraphs. There are five hundred names on the list, and the list has always been done in a week. We keep the letter down to a length that permits finishing it. Ellen did it easily, and sometimes did extra typing for Mr. Millay besides. And Hazel did this job for two years. Of course I know this is your first week of work on your first job, and I don't want to find fault, but you really will have to speed up. Here it is Friday afternoon, and two hundred letters still to be done."

Irene was at a loss, a sensation unpleasant in itself. She simply couldn't believe that Simon really meant it. He was always teasing and playing jokes. Yet he seemed to be anxious, and he stacked the cards and put them back in the box on her desk with a little frown on his pleasant young face. It was difficult for Irene to realize that she was falling behind the office standard, for she had despised this job of writing form letters, and she had been very disappointed when it was given to her, feeling that it was not at all worthy of her talents. Mr. Welch, the owner and publisher of Welch's Farm Weekly, had promised her grandmother that he would give Irene a position when it became apparent that she was really going to have to go to work and earn her living, after her graduation from Miss Momoroy's Junior College.

So, now, she was working in the advertising department of the paper, on the second floor of the plant, down on Main Street in Hilltown, and she had been put at Ellen Anderson's desk, writing form letters for the promotion department. Ellen had gone over into the editorial offices. The letter on which Irene worked went out each week to all the agencies on the promotion-department's list, with the current copy of the paper. Everyone but Mr. Welch thought that the letter should be done on a copying machine, but he would not hear of it. Each letter must be typed as carefully as though it were especially dictated. The best embossed letterheads were used, the typewriter must be clean, the ribbon fresh, the work accurate and tidy.

"We'll have to call out the reserves," said Simon cheerfully. "You'll soon get on to it, Irene—or off of it—one of the two. I'll get Doad and Hazel to work all morning tomorrow, and I'll do as many letters as I can manage on my own machine. The girls are going to love this. I can just hear them cheering at a chance to do your letters, but I can put it over on them the first week. You'd better stay and work a couple of hours tonight."

"I can't stay tonight," said Irene. "My grandmother's having guests for dinner."

"Far be it from me to interfere with your grandmother's plans," said Simon, and Irene flushed. He thought she would stay if he talked like that, but she wouldn't. She hated the letters. She didn't believe anybody had written five hundred in a week. For she could not help but feel that she had had advantages denied to Hazel and Ellen. Ellen had never done well in school, even long ago, when they were all children, and Hazel Norquist, Irene knew, had taken the two-year business course in high school and gone right to work. It was ridiculous to think that they could do better than she, who had had such wonderful opportunities, such superior schooling. That these advantages had ended abruptly with her graduation, and the realization of the fact that she must go to work, as Ellen and Hazel had done long since, had nothing to do with the fact that she had had them.

In her fury and impatience with the knowledge that she must earn her living, she had been contemptuous at business college during her six months' course in typing and stenography. And she had been quite short with her old friend Leland Simon, who supervised the work of the girls in the advertising department, when he had tried to impress upon her the importance of the letters. She suspected him of sarcasm about the girls being pleased, and in the morning it appeared that her suspicions were justified, for it was evident that neither Hazel nor Doad was any crazier about the letters than she was.

"Mr. Millay, Please, It's Mine. It's Private. Please Don't Look at It"

Doad simply pouted. She answered the switchboard, and between calls did odd jobs of typing or copying on a typewriter that stood on a table set at right angles to the switchboard. Hazel banged her machine and complained that she had more work of her own than she could finish. But both girls took the cards and the letters Simon gave them and began to beat out a rhythm.

Irene felt a faint astonishment at the sight of the energy which the girls put into their work. As though it mattered! Pounding typewriters, sorting cards, mailing printed booklets. Actually, they seemed to enjoy it. Miss Sims, Mr. Welch's private secretary, went about like some priestess of ancient holy altars. Nothing escaped her. Nothing was too trivial for her minute attention. She was at Mr. Welch's constant beck and call, and though he was often flustered and irritable, she never seemed to resent it. The more work there was the more she liked it. And Simon's hustling cheerfulness, the good nature with which he suffered interruptions from everyone, the patience with which he came and went for Mr. Millay and Mr. Welch, struggled with the composing room, wrote his own letters, answered his clamorous telephone, and still found time to help others—in short, his unending activity and kindness simply amazed her.

All of them were infected by something that she missed. She could see nothing except the bareness of a business office. She could hear nothing except the clatter of typewriters, the shrill of telephones, the unceasing shock and roar of the big presses below stairs. It was all right, she supposed, for these people to like business, since they knew little else. But there was no use in her pretending that she liked it, for she didn't. She had never expected to become a business girl.

Not that she doubted her ability to earn her own living. She was a Bonniewell. She had been an honor student in school. She had won a medal for her compositions. She was intelligent, well-bred, good-looking and self-confident.

But form letters!

"—— on page 19, Mr. Lonsdale discusses the situation at Washington," she typed, and groaned softly to herself. It seemed that Mr. Welch could have started her off on something a little better than this!

There was only one compensation about her position. It brought her into contact with Mr. O'Shamus Millay, whom Irene considered her own kind. He was the paper's promotion man, and what the tenor is to grand opera, Mr. Millay was to Welch's Farm Weekly. Mr. Welch esteemed him highly, allowed him a liberty no one else enjoyed, seldom interfered with his work and just generally spoiled

"If You Want a Raise Before You Earn It, Why Don't You Ask His Highness? We All Know You're Crazy About Him"

him. Irene had conceived the ambition to become this talented promotion man's private secretary. It seemed to her that would be something worth doing. He had no assistant, but turned his creations over to Simon to have them typed or printed, or looked after in whatever way was needful.

Mr. Millay was a tall vigorous man with brilliant gray eyes and a sensitive mouth. He was a bachelor, striking forty. He had the stamp of vivid temperament and looked as a poet ought. He took himself and his work seriously, and although the folks in the outside office were inclined to be frivolous about his moods, Irene felt already that she understood him. When Mr. Millay fell into violent tempers, slammed doors and tore up papers, and would not answer when spoken to, Simon grinned and winked, and said:

"Walk softly, young ones. He's forcing through a dry spell." But Irene had studied psychology. She felt that she understood the sufferings of frustrated creative impulses. Mr. O'Shamus Millay should be dealt with gently and sympathetically, not with a tongue in the cheek.

She wanted to show him her sympathy, and on Saturday morning, while Simon and Doad and Hazel were doing her form letters, along with their own work, Mr. Millay brought out a little sheaf of papers, caught her eye and handed them to her.

"Type this off for me, if you have time, Miss Bonniewell. Wide space, please, so I can see how it shapes up."

She typed it beautifully and took the tidy sheets in to him.

"I think this is wonderful, Mr. Millay," she said to him in her clear bright voice, and stood by his desk and looked at him.

He glanced up and his gaze remained fixed on her young face as though he really saw her for the first time. She was very fair, a tall, slim girl with hair like gilt, with wide blue eyes and brown lashes and brows. Her nose was good—the Bonniewell family inheritance—and her lips were coral pink, while her chin was something to be admired just for itself. The tender oval of her face, under the wide white brow, the look of admiration in her innocent gaze, made a lovely picture.

"Do you really?" said Mr. Millay eagerly. "Sit down, and let me read it aloud to you. I was rather crazy about it myself. You see, McCarty has made different maps showing the farm prosperity for our circulation territory and we are putting these maps in a booklet. I wanted the copy a little different. Mr. McCarty is our statistics man, and he gets out the dry bones of information and I breathe life into 'em. I've an idea that proving the farm market grows wearisome even to the people who insist upon our doing it, so I conceived this opening line to precede the argument.

He began to read, in a voice deep with excitement:

"Every time you rise and dress in your wool and cotton garments, every time you sit down to your breakfast of fruit and wheat cakes and bacon, you are proving the farm market."

"Isn't that a dandy sentence?" he exclaimed. "That'll hold 'em." He read on and on, stopping to explain, laying the paper down and gesticulating with his long hands. He seemed filled with the divine afflatus, and though Irene did not have the least idea what he was talking about and cared nothing whatever for the farm market, nevertheless she was thrilled, for she comprehended well enough that he was a very attractive and intelligent man, and that he was reaching out to her for sympathy and approval. She sat listening to him in enraptured attention until the noon bell rang.

Simon was at her desk. Simon was looking as severe as the rotund cheerfulness of his face permitted.

"Listen, Slow-in-the-face," scolded Simon. "You've got to stick at your desk if you're going to get through with these letters. The girls aren't going to do them for you while you sit in there and watch Millay's fireworks. He'll talk for a week, but that doesn't get the mail out. Next to his genius spells, his reading-out-loud spells are the worst. It's your job to write form letters, not gaze upon Olympus."

Irene did not even condescend to answer this callousness. It took all of them until three o'clock to finish the letters, but she was only half aware of the other girls' resentment. She heard some remarks directed at herself, and when they were leaving, Hazel said to Doad, in a clear voice:

"I'm glad I never won any medals, aren't you?"

Irene flushed, but Simon said, not unkindly: "Don't pay any attention to them. They're cross because they lost half the Saturday afternoon. But honestly, Irene, you will have to work harder. You're quick enough, but you don't stay at it. You work an hour or two, and then you go to the wash room or down to watch the big press, or in to talk to Shay Millay. It takes steady hammering to get through that list."

"Simon, how long has Mr. Millay been working in Hilltown?"

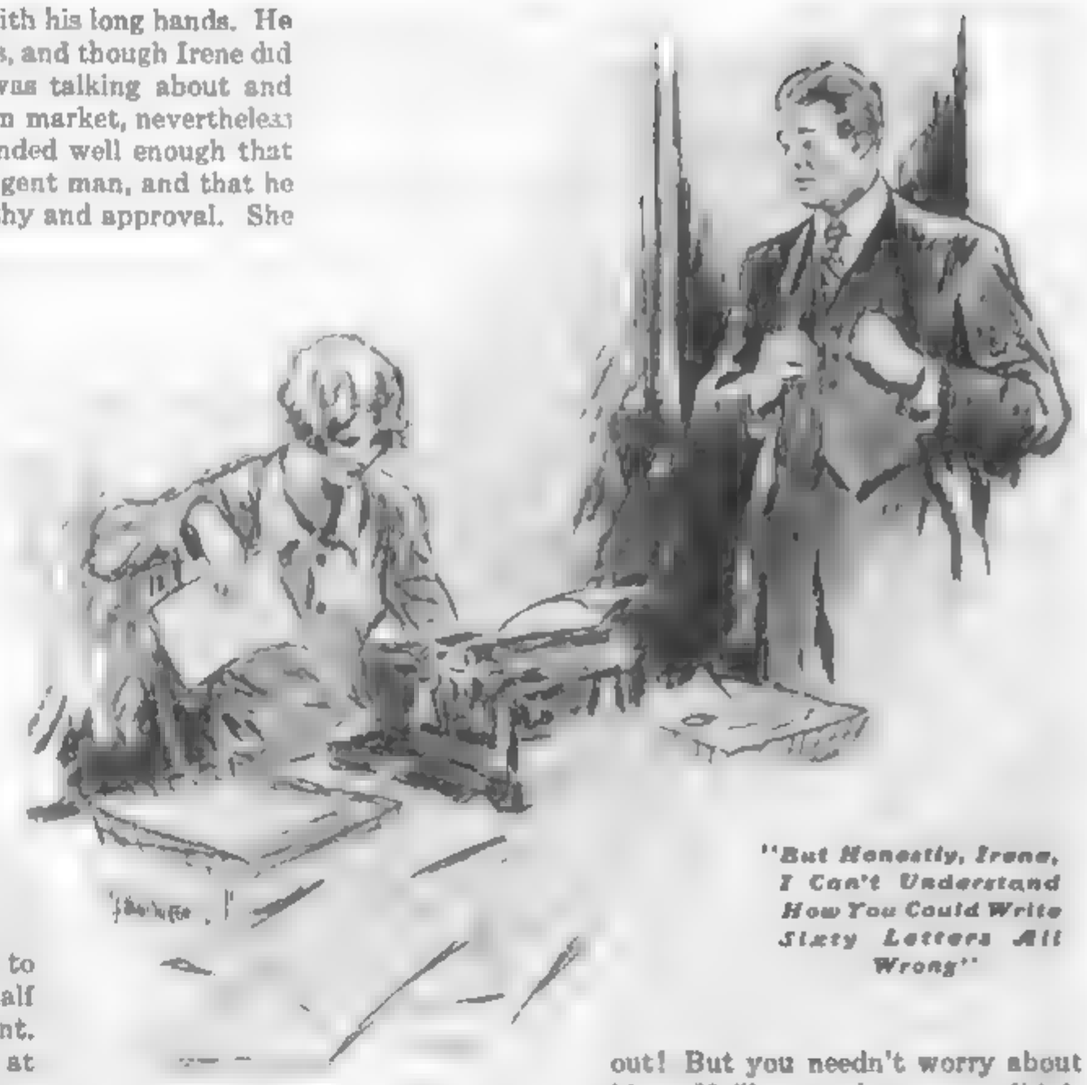
"Good night! You aren't even listening to me," he exclaimed, then answered her question in a resigned tone: "About five years."

"Why haven't I met him?"

"He doesn't go anywhere, much. He lives at the hotel, and I think he's writing the great American novel when he isn't writing copy for the paper."

"He's a charming man, isn't he?"

"Sure, Shay's all right. When everything's coming fine he's a dandy boss and as good a guy as you could ask for, only he wants to read his stuff to everybody. But when he can't write or when Mr. Welch turns down some pet idea of his—watch out! But you needn't worry about him. He'll never know you didn't get your letters finished."



"But Honestly, Irene, I Can't Understand How You Could Write Sixty Letters All Wrong"

Irene looked at Simon in astonishment. As though she were afraid of Mr. Millay! Or afraid of her job! Her friendship with Mr. Millay was on a higher plane than such considerations, and, anyhow, Mr. Welch had promised her employment, and Irene's grandmother and the publisher were lifelong friends. She was further surprised to see something kind and anxious in Simon's brown eyes, in his round earnest young face. He seemed to consider advising her, but when he spoke his tone was casual.

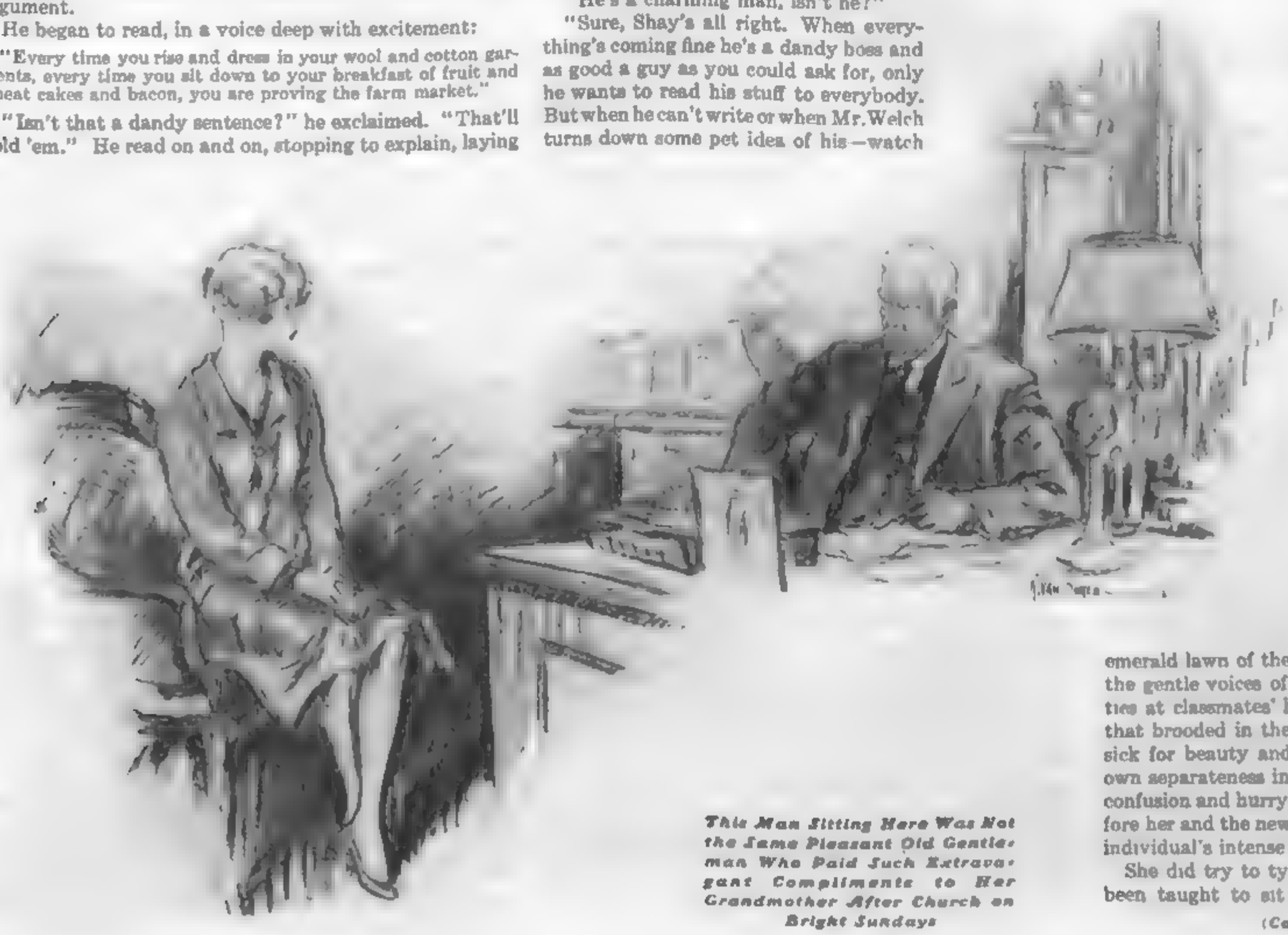
"Just because I taught you to skate, once upon a time, and pulled you out of a well when you were seven years old, is no sign I can save you here. I can protect you and help you a little, perhaps, Irene, but business is business. You'll have to get wise to yourself."

"Thank you, Simon; you're awfully kind," said Irene with indifferent politeness. How like him to remind her that he had taught her to skate and had saved her from drowning when he was a red-cheeked cheerful little boy a few years older than herself. That was the worst thing about a place like Hilltown. Being a Bonniewell hadn't prevented her from playing with all the kids in town. She had once made mud pies with Hazel and Doad, and borrowed apples from Simon's father's grocery, long ago, before life had taken her away from the town public school into Miss Memoroy's Private Academy and Junior College in the East. It was those old memories that made Hazel and Doad so contrary and difficult about helping her now. You could never get away from your childhood in a little town. You had known everyone, always, and they did not intend for you to grow away from them. "Business is business," Simon said. An expression partly responsible for the scorn of some Europeans toward America.

On Monday Irene was filled with a rather dreadful nostalgia. She was homesick for school, for the gray stone walls of the chapel and the emerald lawn of the hockey field, for her music lessons and the gentle voices of her teachers, for week-end house parties at classmates' homes and the intimacy and affection that brooded in the very halls of the dormitories; homesick for beauty and companionship, cut and hurt by her own separateness in this bare and teeming place, with its confusion and hurry-hurry, with the hungry typewriter before her and the new form letter beside her, and every other individual's intense absorption in his own task.

She did try to type more steadily. But she had never been taught to sit still and work. Classes lasted fifty

(Continued on Page 90)



This Man Sitting Here Was Not the Same Pleasant Old Gentleman Who Paid Such Extravagant Compliments to Her Grandmother After Church on Bright Sundays

THE COST OF GOVERNMENT

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

There are Somewhere in the Neighborhood of 150,000 Separate Taxing and Spending Corporations

MARK TWAIN once said that everybody talked about the weather but no one did anything about it. The same remark comes near being true of the cost of government, and to repeat the old generalities is a decided bore.

With this thought in mind I propose to view the cost of government in as practical and constructive a fashion as possible. It is to be assumed that business men and others who read these words are already aware that government and taxes come high. It is to be assumed that you, Mr. Reader, have already looked at many statements or articles bearing upon the increased cost of schools, highways and other public services, and have read or heard the most severe strictures upon and eloquent defense of these expenditures.

"The solution of the tax problem," says one public official, "is not going to come about by the printing of documents, the writing of articles, the delivery of speeches, or the criticism of everybody and everything. There is no mystery about taxation. It rests on the truth that money spent for government activities must be raised. The burden does not vanish by a popular movement that makes one class feel that they are to pay nothing. It is always present until appeased by the payment of money."

A Venerable Scheme of Government

IT IS because I heartily agree with these words that the attempt will be made to approach this theme of high governmental costs and taxation with the sole object of throwing light upon two vital points. These points are, first, how can the most in the way of service be got out of the tax dollar, and second, how can there be prevented the taking of so many dollars for taxation that in the end the very purposes of government itself will be defeated.

To begin with then, we shall strike at the heart of the subject by noting that economic development and needs have outgrown the ancient system and structure of local government, which still for the most part exists throughout the country. It is not putting the matter in too bizarre a fashion to say that in respect to local taxation and government costs we are like a giant trying to appear at ease at a formal dinner party in a pair of child's shorts.

There are somewhere in the neighborhood of 750,000 separate taxing and spending corporations or units in the United States, which operate for the most part independently. The idea is expressed with utter directness by Mark Graves, of the New York State Tax Commission, in these words:

> Too many small governmental units which make necessary too many offices and officers is in a large measure responsible for high local taxes. In round figures the taxpayers of this state pay yearly $600,000,000* to support 62 counties, 60 cities, 932 towns, 507 villages and 10,600 school districts, much of which could be saved if the small counties were made into larger ones, if sparsely populated poor towns were united and school districts consolidated.
>
> When it costs more money to run government we never think of reducing the overhead or cutting the cost of the service by doing that which business concerns would do, but because governments are not in business for profit and cannot be thrown into bankruptcy courts, we simply go back to the taxpayers for more taxes.

Attempts to simplify, systematize and coordinate the units of taxation have been decidedly limited. There has grown up in most states a bewildering variety and seemingly endless number of public corporations with the power to tax, such as counties, cities, towns, villages, school districts, park districts, levee districts, mosquito-eradication districts, and the like. In one city it is said there are twenty-three separate public corporations, all with the power to tax.

The whole local governmental organization presents a striking picture of complexity, confusion and overlapping. There being no systematic arrangement of territorial limits, fairness in taxing different pieces or classes of property is difficult to attain. One unit may tax moderately, but the total of all units may be excessive. There is usually no agency to correlate all the independent taxing authorities or to bring them into harmonious relations.

This hair-splitting subdivision of taxing and spending power renders budgets partial and unsatisfactory. It is exceedingly laborious to view the tax situation as a whole, and the general muddle has the effect of nullifying the voters' control over the raising and spending of public moneys.

If we confine ourselves for the moment to the structure of town government and the way in which town problems are handled in New York, as an example, it will be found that there has been very little change since the state was created. In fact some aspects have not been altered since the English established a province after driving out the Dutch in 1664. In one of the reports of the Special Joint Legislative Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment there is a table which shows:

TOWN OFFICIALS IN 1691 AND 1923

1691	1923
Supervisor	Supervisor
Constable	Constable
Collector	Collector
Assessor	Assessor
Clerk	Clerk
Highway Commissioner	Highway Commissioner
Overseers of the poor	Overseers of the poor
Justices of the peace	Justices of the peace
	Town auditor
	Health officer

Yet it must be remembered that when this venerable scheme of government was set up the entire population of the state was less than 18,000, while now it must be approaching 12,000,000. Until 1875 it was predominantly rural and is now predominantly urban. A very great majority of the smaller towns have lost in population, and do not need and cannot support the relatively extensive government established for them in Colonial days.

Says the Joint Committee:

> Towns have been mentioned in which every able-bodied man is employed at one time or another by the town government.

A Fee for Spending Money

THE town or township system had its origin in a century when settlement had scarcely begun. It remains as a part of the basic organization of nearly half the states, although the conditions which produced it have largely passed away. Naturally the administrative units had to be small in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when roads were poor and communications slow. With telephones and automobiles counties are smaller today than townships were 100 years ago.

There are states in which each township has a treasurer whose duties are simple indeed. He is required to draw township moneys from the county officials and pay it out upon the presentation of properly authorized claims, for which he is paid 2 per cent of all accounts so handled. When there were no roads or automobiles this system may have been a convenience, but probably it is easier now for a person with a claim to present it at the county seat than to hunt up the township treasurer.

But if we turn to the counties to which many functions of the smaller units must be transferred more and more as time goes on, we find this larger division described as the jungle of American politics. Except in Louisiana, where the parish is the unit, every state has counties, there being several thousand in all. Although less important in respect both to population and area than comparable divisions in European countries, each of our counties has a very elaborate government of its own, usually with a courthouse and jail.

Too much attention has been given to city in relation to the study of county, rural and village government. There has been a narrow concentration upon urban problems and congested areas. A whole library of books exists on city government, while only a handful describes this other

*This figure is for 1925, and does not include money raised by bond issues, temporary loans or special assessments.

field, one of the few bearing the title of The County, the Dark Continent of American Politics.

But as the Ohio Joint Committee on Economy and Taxation says:

> The county has continued almost unnoticed and unaffected by movements for increased efficiency. In organization it remains basically as it was three-quarters of a century ago, and in administrative methods it follows in large measure the time-worn ruts of past decades.
>
> The truth is that the county violates almost every principle of business and of governmental organization which experience has evolved. It is, indeed, the product of centuries of slow but largely hit-or-miss development. In some of its features it dates with comparatively little change from medieval England. The coroner's office, which has been the butt of jokes for a generation, has its origins in the thirteenth century, and has remained more because of inertia than because of any real necessity. The sheriff's office is likewise an inheritance.

No other branch of government is so decentralized in administrative authority as the county. As a business organization it lacks a responsible head, having no official corresponding to President, governor and mayor in national, state and municipal government. Executive responsibility is scattered, some devolving upon the county board of supervisors or commissioners, and the remainder resting with various independent officers, who are selected with little apparent logic by the electorate, the board and the courts. Moreover, most terms of office are very short, encouraging frequent changes in posts such as treasurer, auditor, and the like, where experience and even permanence are valuable.

"For a closer view of county government we may turn to Traill County," says a bulletin of the Agricultural Experiment Station of North Dakota. "Figure 29 shows that there are fourteen elective offices and a host of appointive positions. Each elective office is practically independent of all the others. This division of authority is found in essentially the same form in all North Dakota counties. It breeds wasted effort and lack of coördination. It also obscures responsibility. Such a system embodies all the ingredients that normally lead to wasteful methods and therefore to unduly high taxes."

Part-Time and Full-Time Costs

THERE is apparently no existing standard as to the area, population or governmental cost of a county. The county may have been a logical unit when it took a man all day to reach the county seat on horseback or by stagecoach, but the conditions which governed the formation of these divisions have largely disappeared. One county in New York has a population of less than 5000, and two counties have 2,000,000 each.

Outside of the city regions we find a county with an area of 2,700 square miles and a population of 91,806, and another with 238 square miles and 12,500 people. Far greater differences than this can be found in a state like California, where a large number of counties in the Sierra Nevada Mountains still struggle to maintain a regular county form of government, although population departed when the boom that followed the gold rush of 1849 came to an end.

In New York the three counties of Tompkins, Tioga and Chemung have a total population and area not unlike those of one county, Chautauqua. The real property in Chautauqua was worth about $175,000,000 in 1924, while that in the three counties was worth $112,000,000. Yet, according to Commissioner Graves, the overhead expense in the three counties in that year was $249,000 as compared with $105,000 for Chautauqua

Or consider two other counties close together, one with a large area but wholly rural, while its neighbor, although smaller, contains a rich city. The small urban county has an assessed valuation of $440,000,000, while the large rural county has only $25,000,000. Yet to complete a certain road-building program the poor county must make a levy of $71.23 per $1,000, if the improvement is to be paid out of taxes, while the rich county can do it for $1.50 per $1,000.

In fourteen counties in or near large cities of New York there was an average increase from 1915 to 1925 of 19.3 per cent in population, 86.7 per cent in the value of real property and 118.7 per cent in the taxes paid on such property. But in ten other counties more remote from cities there was in the same time an average decrease in population of 5.6 per cent, an increase of only 44.7 per cent in the value of property, with an actual increase in taxes paid of 115 per cent. As Commissioner Graves says:

> What business is doing, government could do, if the people would get into that way of seeing it, and forget some of the traditions bound around the sacredness of town, district and county lines. Why should the people of three counties pay two and one-third as much for overhead as practically the same number of people pay in another county? If this were competitive business instead of government, Tioga, Tompkins and Chemung would go broke because Chautauqua would get all the business.
>
> We must not expect those whose business it is to manage political organizations to become enthusiastic about this notion. Political organizations live and thrive on political patronage. While they will agree that it is desirable to make three blades of grass grow where one grew before, they will resent having one job stand where three stood before. They prefer having three county clerks, three sheriffs and three each of all other county officials in three small counties to having one of each in a larger county.

Inevitably under the antiquated county and township system, many of the officials are unskilled and part-time. All over the country in back rural areas are to be found these venerable political units in which population and economic resources are declining. They cannot afford full-time specialists, and yet that is exactly what local government needs today.

So we find the state portion of a highway system built and maintained by a large staff of full-time highly trained engineering specialists, and the township and perhaps even the county sections under the expert care of a part-time young farmer or clerk.

Another evil of the unskilled part-time system which goes with outworn and superfluous units of government is that in so many cases payment is made by fee. Often these are very small, but many times they are outrageously large—graft of the most indefensible description. Even where there is no suspicion of graft, excessive localism, with its fee accompaniment, may prove extremely expensive.

With the collection and spending of taxes in this country divided up among 750,000 separate units, it is impossible to expect all the tax officials to be skilled experts. Last year, in Pennsylvania, it cost the state, whose officials are of course full-time, only $302,919 to collect $42,496,000 of corporation taxes, or seven-tenths of one per cent. It cost more than twice this sum to collect less than one-third as much for inheritance taxes—that is, it cost 6 per cent, with the work done locally. The state collected the gasoline tax for less than seven-tenths of one per cent and the localities spent 8 per cent in collecting mercantile and license taxes.

Of course anyone who suggests a reorganization of the old system of town and county lines is asked whether he no longer believes in local self-government. But what and where is the real local community? If its economic justification lies only in long-departed conditions and if it unnecessarily and inequitably adds to the taxpayers' burdens, to defend it seems rather far-fetched.

New York could rid itself to advantage of eight or nine counties, and there are other states, much worse off, that might do away with twenty or thirty and be the gainer. An intermediate unit between state and county, consisting of some four to six counties, appears to be needed.

In addition to states, counties, townships, cities and villages, we have school districts—perhaps the most numerous division of all—and here we find the greatest example of an extreme localism. This is significant in view of the fact that education is, on the average, the largest item of expense in local government.

Between the Lowest and the Highest

IN AN extremely detailed study of the cost of education in California by Jesse B. Sears and Ellwood P. Cubberley, it is stated that the most outstanding characteristic of costs for elementary and secondary schools in that state is the extreme variability among administrative units.

> It does not seem possible to justify the wide differences in cost shown in this report. If the highest are not too high, then the lowest ought not to be tolerated in a state that presumes to have a modern school system. If the lowest is satisfactory then the highest is undoubtedly waste. The entire study shows that there are absolutely no standards of expenditures for anything in the school budget. Districts spend as it suits their own particular likes.
>
> Value of property, amount of school debt, and amount spent for capital outlays vary greatly. The ratio of debt to property values also varies widely.

Continued on Page 122

CORAL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Coral Went Slowly In to Dress. She Automatically Put On Her Pearls and Then She Took Them Off. Not, She Told Herself, With Codfish Cakes

CORAL MERY thought, "I feel exactly like a big-game hunter." That was, she added, how they ought to feel. Practically nothing was the way it was supposed to be. Probably at the moment of shooting a tiger or a wild elephant there would be mosquitoes. There were none at Rhoda Malin's. In other words, she had seen the man she wanted—the individual she intended to marry. She had come to that conclusion an hour after he arrived. It was actually a great nuisance, since only an hour before she had been on her way to Palm Beach, and now she didn't know. The trunks and telegrams had gone; her tickets for that afternoon were bought; she was having a final and relieving lunch with Rhoda—all that was happening when suddenly she had seen a man who would be perfect for her. He wasn't going to Palm Beach that afternoon. Coral didn't know if he would be in Palm Beach at all. She didn't remember him there last year; she could not recall meeting him there ever. "I'm not absolutely certain I'll get off," she said to Rhoda.

Rhoda Malin was amazed. "You were when you got here," she insisted. "You don't look sick and you're not drunk. You even arranged for me to send you to the train." Coral said that she hadn't been so positive. "I couldn't have been. I knew better." Lee Verable gazed at her pleasantly. "Isn't it a little early for Palm Beach?" he asked. "Not for Coral," Rhoda answered. "She always goes in November, and now it's December. Everything about Coral has been wild for simply weeks. You don't know what to make of her. You really don't." Coral was silent. Lee Verable was right in every possible way. It was very humorous. She'd never have guessed it. Lunch was over and they were sitting in a small glass-inclosed space open at one side on a narrow, barren yard and on another facing the depressing expanse of East End Avenue and the river. It was at once depressing and newly desirable; a fact Rhoda recognized by living there alone rather than in any of the other and really impressive Malin houses. Verable completely filled a small couch and Rhoda had her legs on a table. This, in reality, was very admirable of Rhoda, very superior, for her legs were ugly.

Lee Verable was dressed very nicely. His suit obviously was old, but it was carefully pressed; his shoes were good. He was smoking a pipe. Yes, he suited Coral entirely. How long, she wondered, had it been since he was at Yale, playing football? Eight years, at least; it might easily be ten. He looked, however, very young. That was, his expression was young. His face was very much battered. It was a battered face, but dependable, serene. He had a quiet reassuring gaze and a resonant hesitating voice. He was, it was apparent, modest, in spite of the past. Personally, Coral was indifferent to his past. It meant practically nothing to her. But for countless others it was simply tremendous. Why, it couldn't be more impressive! Lee Verable! For two years, eight or ten years before, he had been the Yale football team. He had beaten Harvard. He had practically run the length of the field, without interference, and won for Yale. She vaguely remembered the contemporary stir of his greatness. Then, generally speaking, he had disappeared. During the football season, she believed, he had a short annual return of his fame. He was an assistant coach; but actually life had absorbed him.

He hadn't, she gathered, done too extraordinarily well since. Well enough—his friends would see to that—but nothing miraculous. Coral had discovered that he was on Wall Street and that he was not a member of a firm—that was all. Well, it was enough. He could move to Philadelphia and be on Walnut Street. She could arrange that. She simply would not live in New York. Coral studied him candidly, through the smoke of the pipe. He was huge, but he wasn't obviously fat; slow, but he wasn't clumsy.

His face, for all its battering, was clear. His eyes were a divine and patient blue. Lee Verable wasn't, of course, too intelligent. Yet he couldn't be a fool. The men who knew him and were attached to him, after his spectacular years, proved that. He was, Coral could see, temperate. Rhoda proceeded:

"If you are not going to Palm Beach today, where are you going?" Coral answered her comprehensively: "I don't have to tell you." The truth was that she didn't know. Probably back to her Aunt Elena's apartment on Park Avenue. That wouldn't suit Elena Barns at all, but Coral couldn't help it. She had all at once no faint intention of going to Palm Beach then. "I'll go later," she continued silently. "I'll have someone ask him there, when it's time for him to come." "I don't go around much," he was explaining to Rhoda Malin. "You see, my father is quite old, and he is alone except for me. We live together. This going around," he continued, "knocks you out too badly. It gets your wind. I see the men in the Racquet Club and they can hardly play a game of court tennis. Squash would kill them." He was addressing them both, very earnestly. "Their wind," Lee Verable explained—"all gone. They might as well be old men." His brow was lined at the thought of that. "It is the duty of every man to keep in condition. He can never tell when he'll be called on. A steamer might sink or an office building collapse." Coral thought of Samson—a modern Samson in gray flannel—holding up a collapsing office building. She saw Lee Verable, somewhere in the middle of the ocean, swimming back to New York, with her in his arm. She suppressed a fatal tendency to laugh. He was very serious. "But you can't do anything with them," he went on, his brow troubled. "They are rotten with gin and the wrong food.

"I'm concentrating on the young ones. I speak now and then at schools—mostly about athletics, but I bring in a lot more. I tell the boys to get hard and stay hard. Life is hard and they have to be too. A fat man is a disgrace. He's just a bag. Clean hard living and a clean mind, a clean life—that's what success means; that is what it requires." Rhoda said lazily, "I'm amazed you're not married, Lee. You sound so eugenic. Coral, why don't you marry him?"

"She wouldn't think of it," Verable answered for her, very quickly. He was, Coral saw, horribly sunk at the mere idea. "I haven't enough money and I wouldn't—I couldn't leave my father. No, Rhoda, I wouldn't do for the girls I see, the girls you know. I have too many ideas that would not please them. Rhoda, I think marriage is serious. If it didn't sound too dull for you, I'd like to say it was a sacrament. Then it's work too; that is what you won't understand. It isn't just another form of having a good time. You see, I could never be happy with a great deal of money; I wouldn't marry a rich woman, and that takes care of that." Rhoda demanded "What sorts of ideas?"

"Well, domestic work for one. I think domestic work gives a woman dignity. It gives her beauty, I think. And maternity—actual maternity. Children ought to be brought up by their parents. A father should be the companion of his sons, a mother ought to be a part of her daughters' lives. They must confide in her. A family, you see, held close together and not scattered over all the schools and lands there are." It sounded to Rhoda, she announced, like a football team and a choir. He laughed very nicely. "I know you are being funny, but, after all, there could be worse things. I think they are both fine. Harmony and teamwork." He rose. "Now that we have settled about the bonds and lunch is over, I'll have to go." He was formal and remote with Coral Mery. "It's plain," Rhoda said, when he had left, "what he thinks of you. Not domestic. . . . What sort of nonsense is this about Palm Beach?"

Coral said, "You've burned another hole in your skirt. That's four since lunch." Rhoda was unmoved. "Coral," she exclaimed, "what a fool I was! It's that poor simple Hercules. Why are you going to make him wretched? It is absolutely heartless. He's so perfect like he is, so happy and praiseworthy with his father." Coral Mery said that she didn't understand. "Anyhow you are taking a great deal for granted. I won't hurt him. I'll be honest with you—he interests me frightfully. He is so—well, simple. He's so perfectly certain he is right. And

he's honest, Rhoda, actually. Do you realize that? Did you ever see a more Episcopalian-looking young man? Did you? He takes up the collection, of course."

"In St. Francis' Church," Rhoda told her. "But what's that to you? I'm going to warn him, Coral. I really am. I simply won't have you, among other things, take him to Palm Beach. I can see that's in your eye." Coral asked, "Do you want him for yourself?" Rhoda admitted that she might have wanted him. "It was no good. I've got too much money. He doesn't like my friends. Of course, you are one of them, if you see. I don't really think you could do him any permanent damage, like marrying him, but you might make him wretched. You might upset his perfectly splendid ideas."

She wouldn't at all, Coral replied. "I wouldn't think of changing one. They are what make him so—so magnificent. He'd be no good changed. Palm Beach would not do that. You seem to have a strange idea of Palm Beach. I must say you are pretty vulgar about it."

"Well, after all," Rhoda proceeded, "fly to it. It won't get you anything except some lectures on your habits from Lee." Coral partly explained her changed plans to her aunt. "I saw someone who interested me," she admitted. "I thought I'd better have another look before I left the field." She telephoned to Camilla Boyd. "Camilla," she asked, "do you know this Lee Verable?" Camilla said that Euler, her husband, did. "He's been here to dinner. I can't remember when, but he has."

Coral replied, "Well, he's coming soon again—this week, really—and so am I. Can you tell me what night for dinner?" Camilla thought she could. "I must say it's very sudden and just as inconvenient. I don't know if we have a dinner free. I'll try, Coral; and, from the way you sound, I'll simply tell him you are coming. That will manage for him."

"Don't," Coral said decidedly. "Don't think of it. You couldn't get him in your house. He thinks I'm poisonous." Camilla didn't know what to think. "You are so difficult," she complained. "If I weren't so young, I just wouldn't bother about it. But I am young; we are just two worthy young persons trying to get along, and I'll have to. Euler will be terribly glad to see you." Camilla Boyd telephoned later: "Euler arranged it—Friday. I didn't tell Euler you asked, either. It doesn't do for men to know these things. I may be youthful, but I'm not an idiot. What can you want, Coral?" Coral told her to be a good child.

She paid very little attention to Lee Verable. She sat across the table from him, but turned continually to Euler Boyd. He was a very engaging youth who had played football at Princeton—very well, but not too well. Camilla had come from New Orleans. "I'm going to lose Euler," she told Verable. "Coral is a perfectly heartless woman. Directly in front of my eyes!" Verable, serious, didn't think so. "Euler knows better," he proceeded. "He's had a decent training. His sense of values is right. No man with his record, who was president of his senior class, would make any great mistake in life." Coral said, "This is all well enough, but I don't seem to shine in it—not conspicuously. I'm not going to hurt the president of his class."

Lee Verable studied her. "You might have a great deal of influence," he admitted, "for good. You are a personality. You have great opportunities. It's a shame."

"What shame?" Coral inquired. "Everyone has a marvelous time about me and they don't know me a bit. I really behave very well. I'm one of the few people you'll meet without any scandal at all. And now I've stopped drinking. If anyone else did that, you'd hear cheers everywhere. But with me it's just supposed to be sinister. Why, no one has explained. Perhaps you can," she challenged Verable. "I don't know you well enough," he replied. "I would never have an opportunity to know you, we represent such widely different things. I can see you are an individual. But I have to guess what you are like." She answered him crisply:

"Well, you are a rotten guesser. You are like a lot of especially pure people—you are so dazed by your own bright light you are cockeyed when it comes to seeing others. As a matter of fact, you make me more than a little sick—quite sick, actually. You are pleased with yourself because you ran ninety yards or some other silly number of yards in a game a thousand years ago. You think life is as simple as that." There was a stir behind her, and, to Coral Mery's intense horror, Zinc Bent entered. "I didn't realize you knew Zinc," she said feebly to the Boyds. "He's Euler's cousin," Camilla explained. "Gracious," Bent exclaimed, "here's Coral, my favorite offspring." She wasn't, Coral replied sulkily, any kind of his offspring. There wasn't, she went on, any really decent society left. He ignored this and spoke to Verable:

"I suppose you are telling them how to be hard and consequently saved. The truth is you have done more solid harm than any man I know of. I mean about exercise. Exercise is dangerous, if not actually fatal. It kills thousands of good ones every year. It breaks the tissues in the body and that fills you with poisons. Why wouldn't it?" Verable laughed. "Laugh your fat head off. Have you ever tried to use your mind, to think, after you've exercised? Can you? The answer is you can't. You're sunk." He turned to Coral. "Don't listen to him, Coral. If you do you'll end by being one of the flying girls in a circus. You'll have legs like bunches of grapes."

"That's wrong," Lee Verable said gravely. "It really is. Talk like that is dangerous. It seems funny, but it isn't. I don't mind telling you, Bent, that you are a bad example. You might do so much, be so much. You have a personality. I hate to see it wasted, doing harm—harm to yourself as well as to others." Zinc broke in: "Coral, I'm going to touch your heart. You'll sob like an orphan child—Verable still has his college pin. Show it to them, Verable. It will do them good. They believe in nothing." Coral said she didn't believe it. "They always get lost on bathing suits," she declared—"usually at Cape May." Bent repeated, "Show them, Verable."

"Yes," he said simply, "I have my pin. It is on my waistcoat. I think it is a symbol." Bent added, "And no whisker has ever worn it." Coral was increasingly annoyed. "I wish you'd shut up and go, Zinc," she told him coldly. "I can't think why I'm usually cursed by having you appear, like the frightful doctor in the Punch and Judy shows." She glanced swiftly at Lee Verable. He met her gaze, it seemed, with a trace of sympathy. "Symbols," she said, "are very valuable." Zinc Bent stared at her, amazed. "How long," he asked, "have you been playing on them? I was wrong about the circus—it will be the Salvation Army."

Coral began to see that she would have to proceed with her intention while Zinc Bent was present. She couldn't imagine anything worse. Her annoyance at him deepened into acute hatred. Seated by a bottle of Scotch whisky, it was evident he had no intention of leaving. On the other hand, Lee Verable showed signs of immediate departure. "I've been terribly interested in what you've said," she told him. "It isn't often you hear things like that. I wonder if you would come to dinner and explain a lot to me." That, he was afraid, would be difficult. "I live with my father," he repeated. "There are only two of us now. I hate to leave him alone." Verable rose and turned to Camilla and Euler Boyd. "It was fine to be here with you," he said. "Keep up the splendid work." Zinc Bent asked, "What work? In his brother's polite bucket shop?" No one paid any attention to him. "Some afternoon, then," Coral persisted, "about five. I'm at Elena Barns' apartment - Park Avenue."

"If you are serious, I'll take it as a duty," Verable replied. "Can I telephone you?" When he had gone, Bent explained that he had seen Rhoda. "Rhoda told me Camilla was having a party. She said I'd like it. Well, I do like it, but it isn't a party. You can't have a party with the Washington Monument. He all but dropped a brick on you, Coral. You had better stop going after young men like that. It's too brazen."

Coral Mery reflected that she had done very well with Verable, if he came to see her. She rather thought he would. Lee Verable did not know how serious she was. Her determination to marry him had grown—he was exactly right—better than she had realized at Rhoda's. He had been at his best with Zinc. Zinc Bent, she thought, was a perfect example of everything she detested. He had every quality she had demntely turned away from. He was the most useless of the useless men she knew. Verable, in a way, was like the Washington Monument—tall and squarely built and solid. He would last. She was glad he wasn't specially good at parties That was a virtue and not a failing. She was getting more poisonous at parties every day.

(Continued on Page 158.

"This Habit of Tea," Verable Pointed Out, "Destroys the Appetite." That, Gazing at a Third Plate Emptied of Toast, Didn't Amaze Her

CORNERED

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

GIOTTO NORTH," said Leslie Rockwell, "is a coward."

John Sand, who was Giotto's partner in various enterprises, regarded the young woman with amused admiration, and well he might, for few women have succeeded in a short eighteen years in accomplishing Leslie's exquisite, piquant loveliness.

"I always thought so," he said gravely. "He's the sort of man that's smart in a deal, but has no physical courage."

Leslie's eyes flamed. "How dare you say such a thing? The idea! And after all he's done for you! He's the bravest man I know, and he's five times as brave as you are!"

"Possibly," said John, "I misunderstood. I thought you said he was a coward."

"I did, and he is," said Leslie.

John spread his hands. "And there you are," he said. "Which is the frying pan and which is the fire?"

"He runs," she said sharply. "Every time he sees me he scuttles off like a crab. I haven't been able to talk to him alone for two weeks."

"Did you want to talk to him alone?" John asked innocently.

"I do, and you know it. How is he going to propose to me if we're not alone?"

"He might make a public matter of it and call a town meeting," said John. "By the way, is he going to propose?"

"Of course," said Leslie.

"He hasn't mentioned it to me," said John, "and the most perfect confidence exists between us."

"He's a coward," said Leslie, returning to the original proposition. "He runs."

"It is his right under the Constitution," said John.

"What constitution? What are you talking about?"

"Constitution of the United States," said John, "which guarantees to every man the right to life, liberty, and so on. He runs to keep his liberty."

Leslie sniffed.

"The pursuit of happiness is in the Constitution, too, and it's just as important and everything."

"I follow you," said John. "You are impersonating happiness, and nobody can deny you are carrying on a pursuit."

"It's perfectly ghastly," said Leslie. "If I could get him alone for just fifteen minutes ——"

"Aren't you overlooking something?" asked John.

"I think," she said in a businesslike voice, "I've checked up on the details. What have I overlooked?"

"The possibility," said John, "that he doesn't want to marry you—the graver possibility that he isn't in love with you."

Leslie sniffed. "Ever since I was a little girl," she said, "I've sort of studied people. You know, I've just delved into their insides, and it got to be a habit. And I've never delved into anybody's insides the way I have Giotto North's, because I never was in love with anybody before, and when you're in love, the person's insides are frightfully interesting."

"I can well imagine," said John.

"So," said Leslie, "I know the reason he runs in this perfectly abominable way is because he wants me, but he doesn't want to want me, and he's afraid wanting me will get the best of him."

"Lucid!" admired John. "Lucid and penetrating."

"So," said Leslie, "I'm not a bit worried about the outcome, but I'm getting older every minute, and time is being wasted in the most poisonous way, and I'm in a hurry to be engaged and have him being frightfully silly over me. I want to tingle all over," she said, "and keep on tingling for ever and ever."

"Do You Love Me?" He Tapped Himself on the Chest. "Me?"

"A worthy ambition," said John. "And old age is crowding you. I'd sort of like to tingle, myself, but so far I haven't felt the slightest ting."

"It's grand," said Leslie. "It's like going down in a fast elevator and having soda water come up in your nose and listening to a violin and having a mosquito bite you where you can't reach it—everything at once. It's just simply gorgeous."

"But why tell me?" asked John.

"I've got to tell somebody, haven't I? I can't keep it bottled up. I'd plop!"

"You don't by chance want any little help?"

"I can handle this myself, thank you," she said. "I don't think it would be modest for a girl to accept any help."

"There are," said John, "old-fashioned individuals who say it is immodest for a girl to pursue a man."

"Piffle!" said Leslie.

"Well," said John, "good luck. But don't drop on him today. I want him first, and I'm going to meet the train now. He's coming back from Boston."

"If," said Leslie, "it's business, I shan't meddle. I want him to be rich as much as you do. You've no idea the money my husband will need. . . . You'd better hurry. There's the whistle."

John got in his car and drove up the hill and around the curve past the coal yard and the feed mill, arriving at the station just as the train creaked to a stop. Giotto alighted, tall and still thin and a trifle pale, but well up the hill toward complete recovery from the typhoid which had brought him to Hempstead.

"If," said Giotto, "you chop down a tree in the depths of the forest where there is no human ear ——"

"I know the rest of it," said John. "Under those conditions your tree is supposed not to make a noise. But I don't believe it. You might as well say if somebody bakes a pie and there isn't a mouth to eat it there never was a pie."

"Get in your car," said Giotto, "and drive to a place where that tree could be chopped."

"I gather," said John, "you are looking for a total absence of human ears."

"Except," said Giotto, "yours and mine."

So they drove until presently they reached a spot on the top of a hill from which they could see a mile in any direction.

It suited Giotto perfectly.

"I've got it," he said.

"The money?"

"The promise of it—and backing. Enough to go ahead with our consolidations and clean up the situation."

"Great!" said John.

"But ——" said Giotto.

"Aha! There would be a but!"

"It is all conditioned on the possibility of our getting control of the Hempstead Railroad."

"Um-m ——"

"Without the railroad in our hands, the river is useless. To build the dams we need we've got to flood the tracks. That means lifting the road up the hill. But they'll underwrite our bonds for developing the river and for the consolidations."

"What," asked John, "will the doggone railroad cost?"

"It has been valued," said Giotto, "at four hundred thousand. All we need is 51 per cent of that."

"Yes."

"And," said Giotto, "all we have to worry about is that Consolidated Power is after it too."

"I get you. If we grab the river and the road we can dictate to Consolidated. If they grab it we're done."

"If we get it," said Giotto, "we can rate ourselves at better than a million apiece in a year."

"Then," said John, "let's grab. I could do with a million."

"It's a race," said Giotto. "I've a list of stockholders. We start now—options. We'll divide the list and work while they sleep. And if the cat gets out, the owners of that stock will want not only our pockets but the pants they are in."

"For a man educated as an artist, and therefore æsthetic," said John, "you are sometimes crude."

"Until this deal is done," said Giotto, "I'm rough, rude and uncultured. When I get my million I'll have time to buy an etching."

"And marry a wife," said John placidly.

"What," asked Giotto, "has that girl been up to now?"

"I think," said John, "she's massing her artillery."

"In which case," said Giotto with a jocularity which did not conceal an undoubted uneasiness, "she will have to shoot it into the air to fall to earth she knows not where."

"Suppose," said John, "we forget romance for a moment and get down to business. I never saw a man so anxious to talk about a girl! Who do I tackle first?"

"Whom," corrected Giotto.

"You've got," said John, "to take your choice between grammar and efficiency. If I must bother about parts of speech I can't hoe a row of options."

"So long as you get 'em," said Giotto, "I don't care if you speak of them as 'them there.'"

II

THE railroad was no transcontinental system; it was not big enough to dot the i of a real railway, but it possessed engines and cars and a right of way, and went from one place to another, which is all any reasonable person can ask. It followed the river down some twenty miles, to form a junction with the main line, and was not profitable because the gentlemen who controlled it were satisfied if it paid their salaries. It was an ambling railroad, but water power suddenly had made it important. The Hempstead River was one of those mountain streams which more than live up to the rule that water must flow downhill. In the matter of descent it rather overdid the matter, so that in

the spring, or in time of heavy rains, it became a raging, rock-studded rapids from end to end—a yellow torrent pouring down a great chute.

All of which meant horse power. But horse power for five months a year is commercially useless. Users of electricity are so unreasonable as to desire that commodity to be delivered evenly throughout the entire annual calendar. Therefore, in order that the river might realize its nobler self, it was necessary that huge dams should be built at its headwaters to create storage reservoirs for the melting snows and the spring rains, which might be released at will through the arid months to create an even flow at the power stations. It required also the construction of more than one dam at whose base should be turbines to transmute running water into running machinery.

And here entered the railroad, for its right of way ran beside the stream, as near and as low as safety permitted. Before dams could be built and the level of the river raised, the railroad must be plucked up and set higher upon the hillsides.

The Consolidated was after it and Giotto North was after it. In the end Mordecai Bemp's widow woman, who subsequent to Mordecai's death had married John Smith—who, in turn, became Mordecai Bemp's widow woman's husband in the local directory—held the key to the situation.

The *ci-devant* Mrs. Bemp, who until the day of her death was never known as Mrs. Smith, wore a derby hat, used a bootjack and could chop more stove wood in an hour than any man in the township. She evicted book agents with a horsewhip, invariably knocked together the heads of gentlemen in liquor whom she encountered, and owned a block of stock in the railroad which she had inherited from Mordecai. She was set in her ways and suspicious of a world organized for the sole purpose of cheating widow women. If you wished to buy from her, she refused to sell because she knew you had an ulterior motive and that, somehow, she was being hornswoggled. Therefore what she had she kept. So much for Mr. Bemp's widow—temporarily.

On the evening of the day Giotto returned to Hempstead from Boston a voice edged with irony came over the desk to him and caused him to look up into the thin, shrewd face of an arriving guest.

"And what," asked this acid voice, "are you doing?"

Giotto took time to rub his Adam's apple. "I was contemplating," he said, "the universe."

"If you are through with it," said the gentleman, "maybe you can find the time to give me a room with a bath."

"Did the pagan idea ever occur to you," asked Giotto, "that the world may be a tear trembling on the eyelash of a Rabelaisian god?"

"I can't say it did," said the guest. "Is there an extra charge for conversation?"

"Conversation," said Giotto, "and scenery are included. Sign the register and proceed to Number 11 on the second floor. The key is in the door. When he comes back from wherever he is, a strong young man will carry up your baggage. The name is Myron P. Downey, of Boston."

"It is," said Mr. Downey. "Do I have to cook my own meals?"

"No," said Giotto, "but you shine your own shoes. If you set them outside your door the chambermaid will think you intend to throw them away."

"I seem," said Mr. Downey, "to have found my way into a rural district."

"We still believe in God, respect the institution of marriage, sleep with our windows closed and call each other by our first names," said Giotto. "I think it marks us as nonurban."

At this moment Leslie Rockwell chose to walk through the lobby and Mr. Downey's eyes followed her entire progress.

"Nevertheless," he said in that same superior voice, "there is much to be said for it." He continued to look at the door through which Leslie vanished. "A local product?" he asked.

"In addition to the specifications above," said Giotto, "we do not discuss our womenfolk with strangers."

"You take a tone," said Mr. Downey with the severity of a superior.

"This," said Giotto, "is the only hotel within a dozen miles. We not only can be but are as independent as a hog on ice."

Mr. Downey turned away with a lift of his tailored shoulders. Giotto leaned over his desk with aroused interest.

"Those things," he said, pointing, "are spats."

"And what of it?" snapped Mr. Downey.

"It elevates you to the eminence of an event," said Giotto. "I think I may safely say you are our first pair of them. At last spats have come to Hempstead."

"You are," said Mr. Downey, "impertinent."

"No," said Giotto, "only naïve. The intention was one of kindly interest. Do you wear them as an adornment or to keep your ankles warm?"

Mr. Downey did not see fit to reply to this.

"I take it," he said, "you are acquainted hereabouts."

"You might say," answered Giotto, "I am intimate."

"I wish to see a number of people without delay. Do your duties include giving information?"

"They do," said Giotto, "but accompanied by no guaranty as to accuracy."

"I have here a list," said Mr. Downey. "Will you glance at it and tell me which I can reach this evening?"

Giotto glanced, and his face did not alter its expression of gravity, even as his mind registered that it was a list of the stockholders in the Hempstead Railroad.

"All prominent citizens," he said; "but if you are selling subscription sets I must warn you that each of these

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"This Here," Said the Widow Woman, "Looks Like the Day fer Folks to Come a-Traipsin' In"

SEEING IS BELIEVING

For a Second Lanky Looked as if He Might Put Up a Fight, But His Rifle Was Reclining Against a Down Log Ten Feet Away

II

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE Eagle Breaks were under the west end of the Nisquallin Peaks, twenty miles on beyond the point where they had followed the tracks of those two horses down the Cloudburst side of the hills.

"There's only one thing that occurs to me as an explanation for his leaving such a wide-open trail," Barnes observed as they traveled over the road in a rented car. "That is that he figured they'd pin it on him anyway, and that he'd jump clear out of the country while we were working out his tracks across the Pipestone and the Nisquallins. In which case he's across a dozen states in some direction by now."

The next morning they rode up through the Eagle Breaks and mounted the west end of the Nisquallin Peaks, climbing well above where any stock was ranging.

"If he's up here he must be afoot," Barnes asserted. "There ain't a horse track anywhere round."

Along late in the afternoon Johnny pulled up his horse and sat there looking off across country. An eagle had pitched down out of the sky and disappeared behind the next saw-toothed range. Two ravens and a pair of nutcrackers pitched in there, too, then a camp robber.

"Something over there," said Barnes, his gaze trained on the same spot as Johnny's. "Food for the meat-eating fowls of the air."

It proved to be the carcass of an elk that was drawing the birds—an old bull with his new antler growth in the velvet. He was lodged in a heavy patch of timber on a steep sidehill. It was a hard place to get at and, except for the birds having guided them to it, there wouldn't have been much likelihood of anyone's locating it until after the bears, birds and coyotes had picked the bones. The old bull's two front teeth was absent.

"Some tusk hunter was at work up here a week or more back, whether he's still in here or not," Johnny stated. "A fine bull shot down for his teeth and the meat left to rot."

"And he'll languish in jail if I can catch him at it," Barnes announced.

Along about noon of the next day, watching from a high point with their glasses, they saw where someone had rigged himself a little lay-out camp with a tarpaulin. It was up in a little blind pocket in a thick patch of trees just below timber line. They circled round cautious and came in on it from both sides. It was Johnny who closed in first, the owner of the camp being at home and sitting with his back against a tree, so occupied with scraping something with his knife that he didn't even look up until Johnny cautioned him to sit tight and remain right where he was. For a second Lanky looked as if he might put up a fight, but his rifle was reclining against a down log ten feet away. Then Barnes spoke up behind him, and he decided the odds was too great. Barnes went over him for a pistol while Johnny secured the rifle. It was then that Barnes observed what had kept Lanky so occupied with his knife.

"Would you have a look at this now!" he called out to Johnny.

There on the ground, with Lanky endeavoring to press them into the earth unobserved with his toe, was six or eight pairs of fine bull-elk teeth. He had been cleaning their roots with his knife.

"And just how did you come by those?" Barnes demanded.

"I exchanged mince pies to the Injuns for them," Lanky retorted, knowing that he had been caught red-handed and electing to be defiant about it.

"Anyway, you're due to exchange them for a nice little sojourn in captivity," Bill predicted. "What do you think about his brains now?" he inquired of Johnny. "Here's eight pairs of teeth. You would think any half-witted human would have had them cached out somewhere, instead of sitting here with the whole assortment right in his lap like a boy counting his marbles."

But Lanky, knowing that he was caught anyway, wasn't going to let any sheriff cast aspersions on his shrewdness.

"They've been cached out right along," he said. "I'd just brought them into the open an hour ago, figuring to quit the country with them in my pocket in another half hour."

"Instead of which you'll quit the country with them in my pocket in less time than that," Barnes told him. "You can start packing up, Lanky. It's a long trip back to your future residence."

Lanky favored Johnny with a dirty look. "This is your work!" he accused.

"And a good job—one which I'm proud of," said Johnny. "Shooting down eight fine bull elk for their teeth is a pretty trifling and low-down occupation. But it so happens that we wasn't after you for tusk hunting this trip, though we did chance to catch you at it, but for something that's even a mite worse—namely, murder."

"As bad as all that!" Lanky commented. "Do tell!"

"Listen, Lanky," Johnny urged. "You're due to be stuck for tusk hunting in any event, so it won't do you any harm to lead us to some of those bulls you've shot down. Will you do it?"

Lanky raised from roping his blankets into a pack and stared at Johnny as if he just couldn't credit what he had heard.

"It's likely I'd do that, now ain't it?" he demanded "Possession of elk teeth is no crime unless it can be proved that the possessor performed the last rites on the elk to which said teeth belonged, which these tusks was presented to me by a Piute squaw out of gratitude for my

curing her child of the measles. And how are you going to prove any different unless you find the corpus delecty, with me right there at the time extracting its teeth? I'm usually accommodating to friends and enemies alike, but not so helpful as that."

"Lanky, I'm telling you," Johnny persevered. "Whoever did the murder that is about to be laid at your door, if he started from here, would have left these parts ten days ago to get across the Pipestone at the time he did. And after it he couldn't have got back here in time to kill any elk short of two days ago. Bill and me could tell the approximate time that an elk had been killed by the condition of the carcass—the state of the meat and the extent the flies had worked on it. If you cite us to a few elk that you downed somewhere from three days back to a week ago, it may save you from having your neck stretched a foot long."

Lanky indulged in a mean little laugh over that.

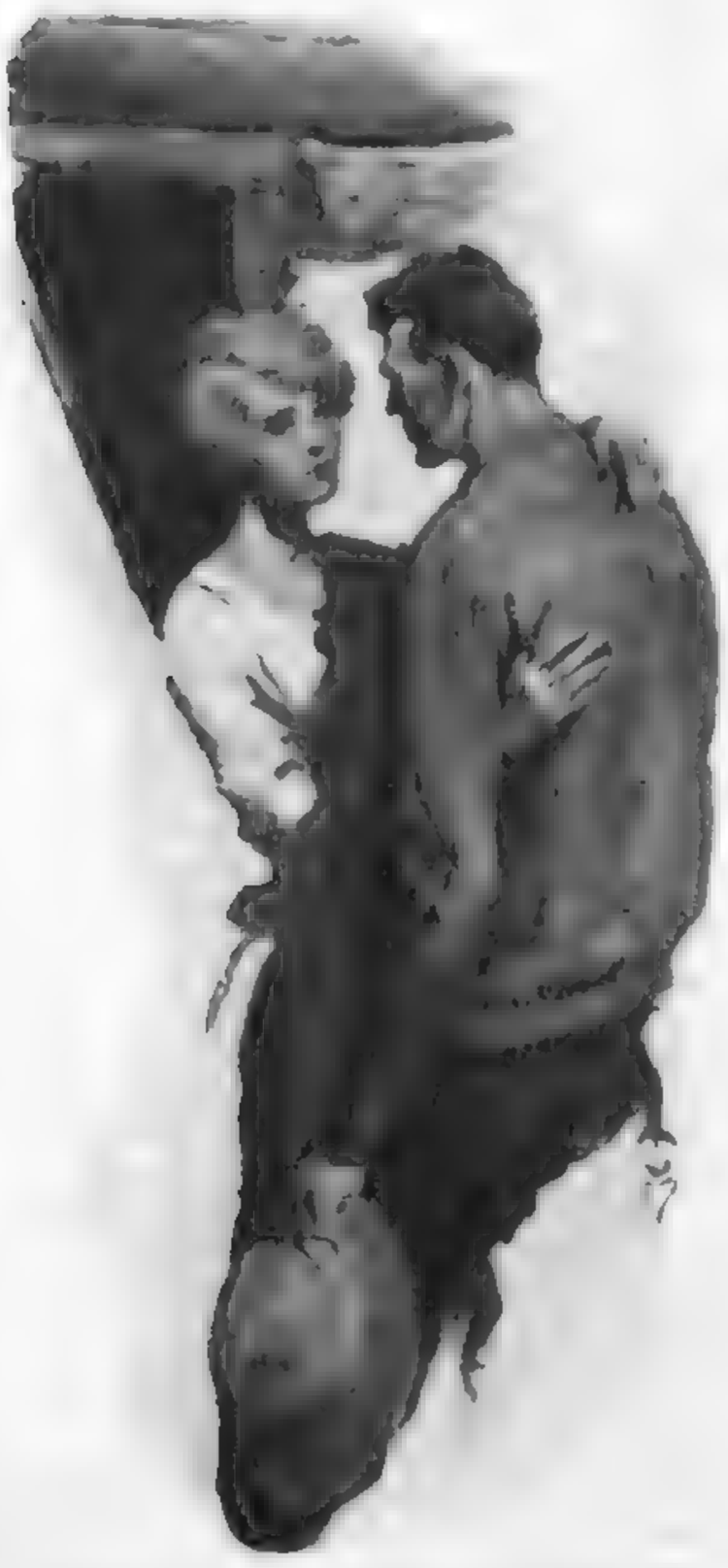
"That's as ancient as the method Eve used to pry the truth out of Adam," he sneered. "Do you imagine I'm dumb enough to fall for that? Not in two thousand years! But at that I wouldn't put it past you to devise some means to convict me of murder."

"On the contrary," Johnny says wearily, "you poor simple-minded cricket, I'm endeavoring to devise some means to prevent you from convicting yourself of it. But it is almost certain that your shrewdness will defeat me."

"I'll never be took in by an old trick like that," Lanky asserted. "I've got way too much sense."

"Yeah," said Johnny. "And I'm apprehensive that you've got way too much sense to go on living very much longer."

Barnes was standing there, grinning. "Competing against Lanky's cunning thataway, it appears that you've mapped out a strenuous chore for yourself if you save him from the gallows," he says to Johnny. "Which it will suit me just as well if you don't. Now if counsel for defense will turn the prisoner over to the prosecution, I'll proceed to hustle him off down country a half day's journey closeter to jail. Get a wiggle on you, Lanky. We're about to depart."



"Women are Queer Creatures, Aren't They, Johnny?" She Asked

Lanky had cached his saddle, pack saddle and the rest of his outfit at a spring in Eagle Breaks before starting up in the elk country afoot, he explained Barnes and Johnny examined every detail of his equipment. While Johnny was inspecting Lanky's saddle blanket he looked up to find Bill doing the same to the blanket that served for a pack-saddle pad. Johnny looked that over, too, after Bill was done with it. They camped overnight at the spring.

"Lanky, I don't suppose you was ever up at that little cabin on the head of a creek that runs down from the Peaks to the Nisquallin River, was you?" Barnes asked as they settled down round a fire after eating.

"No," Lanky denied. "Is there one up there? Who was telling you?"

"We just came down from visiting it," Barnes informed him. "Somebody left a pair of sizable shoes in it, cleated the same way as those you're wearing now. But prior to leaving them there he had wore them when he shot those two Sunbright men. Also he deserted a bedroll with one quilt that matched this," says Bill, extracting a strip of cloth from his pocket. "Do you recall ever meeting a quilt that's a mate to this rag?"

"No," Lanky denied again, but he was looking sort of curious at the scrap of cloth.

"I hoped you hadn't," Barnes said. "Because we found this mite of rag beside the car in which those two dead men was sitting and we tracked the party who had dropped it right across the Pipestone, down to the Nisquallin River and up the creek to that cabin. Whoever left that quilt is the man who did the killing. He shed pieces of that cloth clear across the Pipestone. We brought that quilt and the big shoes out with us. Show him your diagram, Johnny."

Lanky scanned the drawing of the shoe on the back of Johnny's map.

"You'll observe it is complete even to one fractured cleat," Bill said. "Which tallies with the shoe exact. It does look as if those little items will hang you, Lanky."

"Never saw 'em and never been in that part of the country," Lanky asserted.

"Not even that time when you was absent from the lookout station on Halcyon Mountain late last summer?" Johnny asked. "I thought just maybe that you had been over there during that absence and cut you a little willow for a fish pole and caught a mess of trout out of that creek. Think back, Lanky. Can't you recall it, now that I've reminded you?"

After Cruising Round for an Hour He Rode Up on a Bunch That Was Wearing the Trainor Brand and He Looked Them All Over Careful. They Was All Middling Dark Horses, Except One Freckled White Mare

"No," Lanky snapped. "And I wasn't ever absent from Halcyon."

"No?" Johnny drawled. "Well, it happened that I was up there myself for five days before you come back. I didn't mention it at the time for fear it might embarrass you to get caught in a lie."

"You're lying right now," Lanky declared.

"Oh, well, what's one little lie, more or less, between friends?" Johnny wanted to know. He was looking at the cartridges he had pumped out of Lanky's rifle. "Let's have that pair of empty shells you picked up at the scene of the killing," he said to Bill. He compared them careful. "He's a consistent cuss—uses the same ammunition to murder elk for their teeth that he does to murder men for their money. I guess there ain't any mistake, Bill."

"And only a while back you was trying to discover something that would help save me from being convicted, thought I heard you relating," Lanky scoffed. "How's that for being consistent?"

"Don't misunderstand my part in this," Johnny warned. "I was hoping to find proof that you wasn't guilty. Instead I keep turning up fresh proof which indicates that you are. All the signs point to it. If I uncover conclusive proof of it, don't delude yourself that I'll conceal it. I'm not here to help save your trifling neck if you're guilty, but just to make sure that there ain't any mistakes made either way. Don't forget that."

The next morning Johnny set out to catch up a horse so that Lanky could ride back to the Bar O. Besides, he wanted to look over the horses that was ranging in Eagle Breaks. He inspected several bunches and passed them up. After cruising round for an hour he rode up on a bunch that was wearing the Trainor brand and he looked them all over careful. They was all middling dark horses, except one freckled white mare. There was a couple in the outfit that wore different brands. Johnny put his rope on one of the latter—a big bay—and led him back to camp

(Continued on Page 126)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10, 1928

Uncle Sam as Cæsar

IN A LONG syndicated dispatch from Geneva, Mr. Frank H. Simonds summarizes European reaction to some of our current activities. If his interpretations are correct, we are supposed to be deliberately engaged in the upbuilding of a vast imperialism akin to that of the Roman Empire for the conquest of the entire world. We are charged with striving for a threefold mastery of the globe—financial, naval and territorial. We are bent on shackling the rest of humanity in financial servitude, gobbling up nation after nation and then keeping them in a state of tributary peonage by the power of an invincible navy.

Failure to comprehend the real nature of American polity is responsible for much of the absurd but rather galling suspicion directed against us. It accounts for the resentment with which foreign press comment bristles in respect of the great industrial loans which our investors have been making to Continental corporations, railroads and municipalities. Our only consolation is that if we are damned for holding out a helping hand, we should have been damned had we refused it. Many unbiased authorities believe that we have already done too much for overseas competing interests. It cannot be said that our financial relationships with Europe are not open to criticism; but if anyone has a right to complain, it is not foreign borrowers, but home investors.

For generations Europe was doing for America what we are now doing for her. England, Holland and other Continental countries furnished much of the capital which built our transcontinental railways. For decades some of our struggling corporations worked themselves to the bone for European bondholders. The lion's share of earnings went overseas to pay coupons and retire obligations while American stockholders tightened their belts and lived on hope.

We welcomed this financing. We met whatever terms were imposed upon us and paid whatever interest rates we had to pay. Through years of struggle we built up our equities and won through. It never occurred to us that we had been enslaved. We borrowed because we thought it was to our advantage to borrow, as it usually was. Europe lent because she thought it was to her advantage to lend, which it usually was, and sometimes was not. Our transactions were financial, not political. Our current loans to Europe are the same. Our bankers are after commissions. Our investors are after income.

This is all there is to the situation. Uncle Sam still appears in proper person and in his old familiar garb. European efforts to trick him out to represent Alexander the Great or Julius Cæsar or Simon Legree may appeal to the ignorant, but not to the sober judgment of those who really know America.

Savings-Bank Investments

SAVINGS BANKS do not mean the same thing the country over, differing from state to state in accordance with the laws governing their formation, management and the type of investment permitted. Even the mutual savings banks, organized for no purpose of profit, but primarily as philanthropic institutions, do not bear the same name in all jurisdictions, and vary in the investments permitted by law. Several states impose the most conservative of regulations upon savings banks, but perhaps nowhere else are the restrictions quite so rigid as in New York.

The mutual savings banks of New York hold four billions of dollars for nearly five millions of depositors. But to these institutions there adheres an importance even beyond the vast extent of their resources and clientele. A bond which is legal for one of these banks enjoys a peculiar distinction which profoundly affects all investment markets of the country, and indeed the entire financial structure. For this reason we sincerely trust that the third attempt of the savings bankers of New York to bring about a much-needed revision of the law will meet with early success.

Though numerous minor and technical changes are asked for, the most significant request is for legal permission to invest in certain carefully defined high-grade, underlying bonds of utility companies dealing in such commodities as gas and electric current. All accounts indicate that the savings bankers are practically a unit in desiring this. The new law will permit no savings bank to invest in jazzy, fanciful holding companies whose intricacies are impenetrable to the boldest adventurer. The proposed statute limits these savings of the people to bonds that cling close to realities and which are backed in the most direct fashion by physical property as well as earnings.

Only minor changes have been made in the investment laws of New York savings banks since 1901, although in the intervening time funds deposited have quadrupled, and the electrical industry has come to fill an essential place, as did the railroads forty years ago, or do today, for that matter. Moreover, the recent redemption of great quantities of United States bonds has deprived the savings institutions of choice investments which were for several years open to them.

Another suggested change is that savings banks be allowed to purchase railroad equipment trust certificates, an investment which has stood every test thus far. Perhaps a little later Canadian Government and provincial issues might be allowed. Unless liberalized the present antiquated list may affect unfavorably the sound development of these useful institutions, one danger being that too large a proportion of resources will be invested in city real-estate mortgages and in railroad bonds.

It requires no argument to establish the desirability of conservatism in savings-bank investment, especially where standards are being set up for the whole country. It is a case where progress is made best by going slow. But that does not mean that whole decades and generations must pass before requirements are brought up to date. Not only do the savings institutions need the diversification which ownership of a reasonable percentage of good utility bonds would afford, but the utility industry will lose nothing by the setting up of such a clear-cut standard of sound investment. When the best utility bonds are on the New York legal list the investing public will have guideposts which it now sorely lacks.

Prosperity as a Habit

THE habit of prosperity has become so deep-seated and is the economic rule for such a large proportion of our population that the smallest diminution of prosperity is viewed with alarm from every quarter. Instead of being regarded as a natural phenomenon, such as a wet spell or a cold snap, we treat it as an abnormality, and immediately begin taking counsel as to the proper course to pursue.

However wrong we may be in theory, we are right in practice. Our habit of prosperity does not have all its roots in the fertility of our soil, our stable government, our rich endowment of natural resources, or even in our high tariff. Many of them are fed by our inventive genius, by our willingness to work, by our gift for working effectively, and by our ruling economic passion. The commonest characteristics to be found in the run-of-the-mill American are the determination and energy to better his position and to acquire what he regards as the good things of life by his own industry or cleverness. Most observers will agree not only that this is the ruling economic passion of the average American but that it is a tremendous factor in shaping his personal destinies and those of his nation. This type of American is never long satisfied. What he longed for and earned yesterday, he enjoys today; but it is only a makeshift to keep him content until he can secure the luxuries he has resolved to enjoy tomorrow.

This jacking up of our national standards of living is a continuous process. In flush times it is speeded up. During periods of depression it slows down automatically, but the discomforts that retrenchment imposes are the most powerful stimuli for restoring flagging activities. There are, of course, limitations upon their effectiveness. No increase of industrial energy can overcome the effects of a prolonged drought or restore purchasing power to markets impoverished by war. What it can do is to stabilize the demand for goods and services and thereby lessen the hardships and the duration of periods of slack business.

Men do not willingly lower the standards of living which they have been steadily raising. They will struggle tooth and nail to maintain them by increased activity. Their motives may be selfish, but they bring into action tremendous economic forces which benefit their fellows as much as they benefit themselves. This American urge to have and enjoy the good things of life by earning them is the heart and core of much of our prosperity. It is one of the greatest of our intangibles, and the very fact that it is an intangible makes it immune from the economic ills to which material things are subject. When business is dull and overhead too high and profits too small, we may look with confidence to this irresistible human trait we possess to hasten the restoration of a more nearly perfect economic balance and the resumption of our habitual prosperity.

The Three R's

TIMES have changed, and with them, methods of primary education. It is now the style to encourage individualism in the young and foster self-determination in the adolescent. Children are no longer required to study subjects which bore them or to absorb knowledge repugnant to their budding minds. Much time is devoted to the study of child psychology in an effort to purge school curriculums of anything likely to cramp the free development of youthful personalities. In the search for improved methods of instruction we have neglected to maintain proper emphasis upon such homely fundamentals as grammar, penmanship, spelling and pronunciation.

The results of this neglect are painfully evident. Legible writing is as rare in the rising generation as is familiarity with the proper juxtaposition of the letters forming a word. Split infinitives and faulty punctuation are as common as unintelligible speech. As a nation, we are long on icing for our intellectual cake and short on the cake. The spectacle of a present-day college graduate cudgeling his brain over some problem of orthography or groaning with writer's cramp after penning a page of script is as prevalent as it is regrettable. The old-fashioned spelling bee and the ink-stained copy book, with its wise saws, have followed the buffalo and tandem bicycle into a far country.

Sound education, like character, is a composition of many important small elements. The individual who refuses to perform the drudgery of laying its foundation stones cannot hope to escape the consequences of his lack of application.

WHEN THIRTEEN MONTHS MAKE A YEAR—By George Eastman

THE possibilities of an international fixed calendar which would divide the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days, each comprising four complete weeks, beginning on Sunday and ending on Saturday, first came to my attention in 1924. Since then my interest has increased day by day as I have observed this movement gather momentum throughout the world, and it seems to me now that it is merely a question of time until all nations meet in conference to agree upon a change. There is no doubt in my mind of ultimate success, because the world moves inevitably toward the practical. When the public understands the many conveniences of a thirteen-month year and when business in general realizes the necessity for a more serviceable calendar than we have today, all governments, religious organizations, businesses, educational institutions and professions will welcome an international congress such as President Arthur called in Washington, D. C., in 1884, when standard time was officially adopted.

As the progress of the world is determined by the progress of business, it is essential that the business minds here and abroad comprehend the advantages of the plan proposed by Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth, who is today the recognized international authority on the history of calendar making and the relationship of the calendar to the peace and prosperity of mankind. Twenty years ago the Royal Society of Canada invited Mr. Cotsworth, a successful statistician and accountant in England, to present his calendar plan to this, the leading scientific society in the Dominion. He suggested that the year be divided into thirteen months and that the extra month be inserted between June and July, so that every month in every year would be exactly alike in dates and week-day names. The last day in every year would be dated December twenty-ninth, as an eighth-day extra Sabbath ending the last week. In leap years leap day would be another eighth-day extra Sabbath dated June twenty-ninth. This plan would automatically fix a perpetual week-day name to each date in every year.

Mr. Cotsworth's proposals were unanimously indorsed by this body.

In 1922 he came to the United States to place his ideas before a convention in Washington, D. C., called by the Liberty Calendar and other associations. Again his plan was unanimously selected as the best of many submitted. For the purpose of expanding international efforts to simplify the calendar, Mr. Cotsworth organized the International Fixed Calendar League, consisting of experts in government departments, chambers of commerce, industrial, manufacturing, trade, labor, professional and scientific organizations, because he believed that their opinions would influence the controllers of such bodies and ultimately convince governments and religious authorities that simplification was needed.

By 1924 Mr. Cotsworth had spent all of his personal fortune; had sold his cherished and valuable collection of fine pictures and was living in New York City, preparing and giving addresses before societies, printing pamphlets with the small subscriptions which he received from individuals here and abroad who became interested when he buttonholed them and explained his ideas.

An associate of mine met him when he was struggling against these formidable odds. He told me that Mr. Cotsworth had been carrying on this work, single-handed, for twenty-five years. I had our statistical department make a study of his plan and I conducted an independent investigation of the whole calendar movement. The more I learned the more I became convinced that this man was unselfishly performing a great international public service.

(Continued on Page 116)

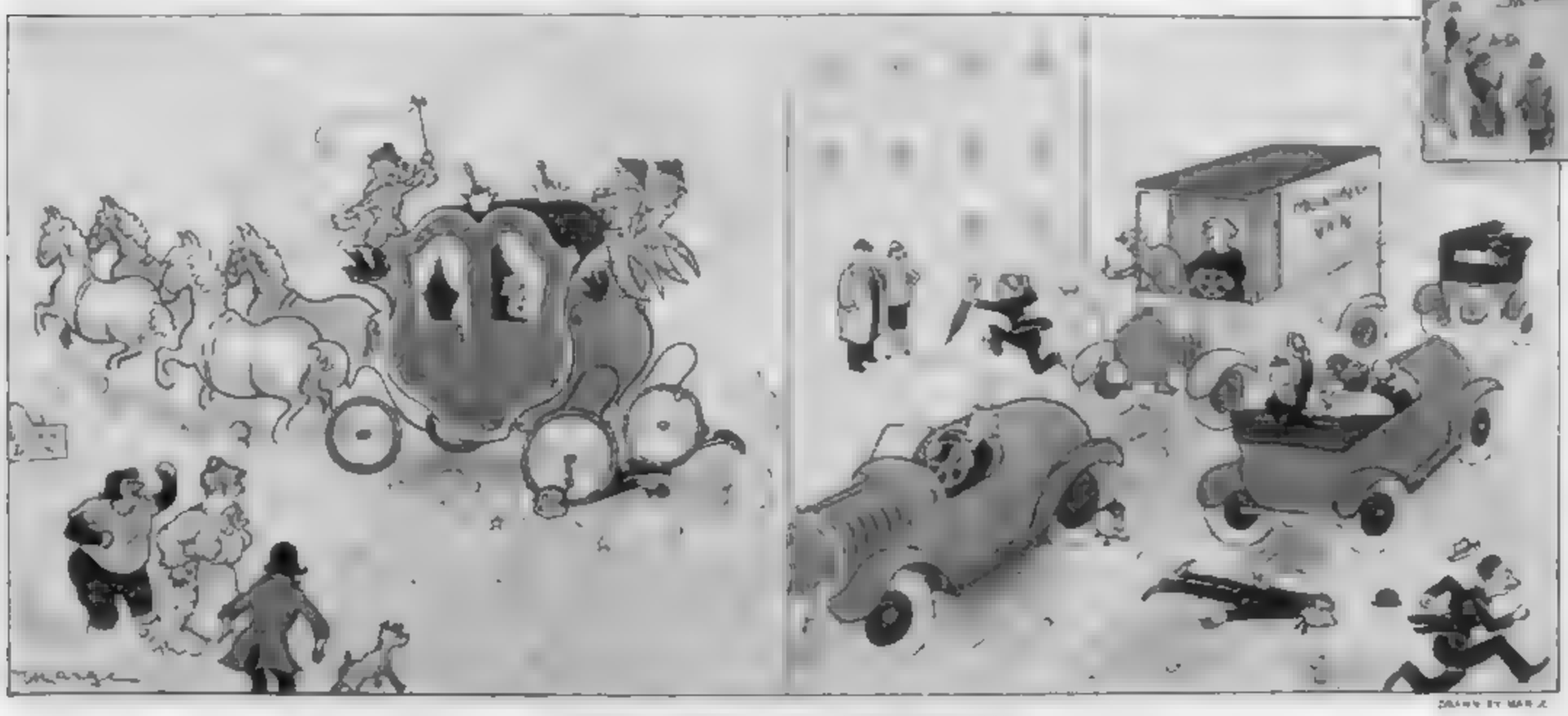
MAKE THIS FLOOD CONTROL PERMANENT

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Big One: "Speaking of Ancestors—I Don't Remember Father, But Mother Was Irish. One of the Terriers, I Believe"

Young Congressman: "Yes, My Dear, Before We Were Married I Promised I Many Things, But I Was Campaigning"

Steeple Jack: "Storm or No Storm, I'm Going Up! I Can't Disappoint My Public"



THREE CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY!
In the Old Days Only the Aristocrats Could Go In for This Sort of Thing—But Now Everybody Does It!

The Good-Natured Gophers

THE Gophers—Citellus, in true nomenclature—
Are famed through the West for their flawless good nature,
And highly esteemed in the mountainy sectors
As brave nonresistants and never-objectors.
Although to Coyote all murder is legal,
And no one is safe from the swoop of the Eagle,
And Owl depredations are simply horrific,
The good-natured Gophers are always pacific.
When up leaps a Fox from a counterfeit slumber
And snatches a negligent few of their number,
In meek resignation the pious survivors
Give thanks for their quickness as dodgers and divers;
They utter no blasphemous heterodoxies.
But, "Foxes," they blandly observe, "will be Foxes!"
Their sweetness is one of the popular crazes;
All Hunters and Preyers are loud in their praises;
The Badgers, the Weasels and all of those loafers
Are one in their love for the Good-natured Gophers.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Willie Humanizes His Heroes

"PAPA," said Willie, with something of a sigh, "I have just suffered a distinct loss."

"Of what nature, my boy?"

"It is not easy to explain. All my life I have had certain heroes who, so to speak, were above criticism. I supposed that they were practically perfect and that nothing could push them from their pedestals. I know now that they were just ordinary humans with the usual weaknesses and defects. I admit that my view is more balanced now, but it is not as satisfying."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Take the Babes in the Wood, for example. A tender, touching episode, it is true, as long as you ignore what must have happened. No chaperon, an impressionable boy and girl. I hate to peddle dirt about people who are not here to take the witness chair, papa, but there are times when one is forced to infer the worst."

"It—it seems ——"

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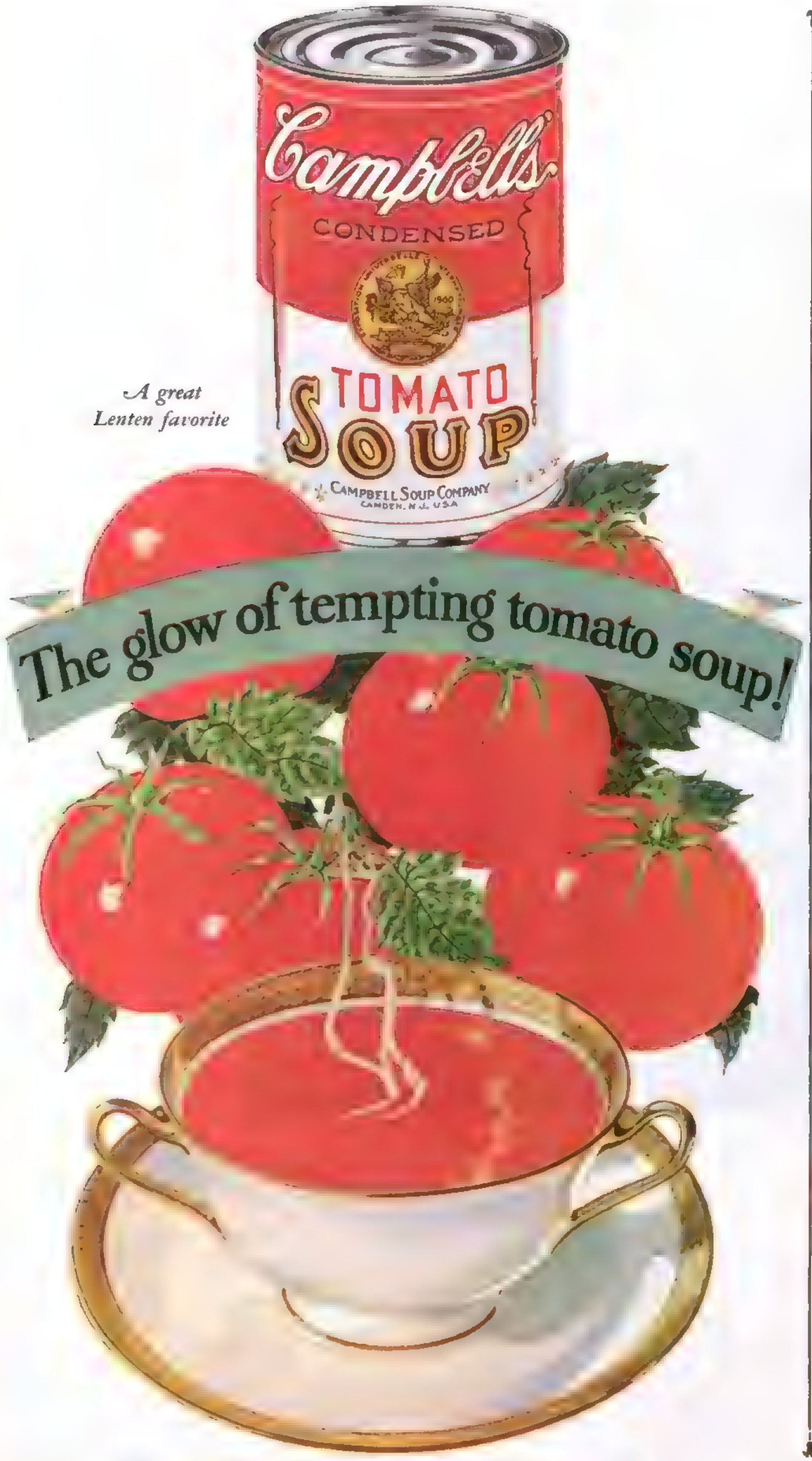

SOUP
as America chooses it

AMERICA, the land of plenty. America, the land of progress and invention. America, the land where people can command the best of everything, provided for them in the way which most appeals to their high standards of quality and their extraordinary common sense.

AND HOW does America choose its soup? Does it still depend upon the home kitchens to supply it? Does it still regard soup the way our grandparents did—for use only once in a while on the family table, or as "something special" when guests were entertained? Also, do Americans still limit the soups they can enjoy at home to the soups that can be made in the home? Or do they now serve on their family tables a large variety of soups, such as could formerly be selected only by visits to fashionable hotels and restaurants?

Campbell's Soups are the answer to all these questions. In an extraordinarily brief span of years—since 1898 to be exact—Campbell's Soups have become *the* American soups. Here are products sold in every food store in the United States today—known to every woman—served daily on millions of tables—trusted by the strictest housewives for deliciousness and quality. It is the way America—with its instinct for the best—prefers its soup.

WHY? QUALITY first. The familiar Red-and-White Label is accepted as a proof of the most exacting conscience for the best in food. Even now, there are a few housewives who insist on making their own soups. All honor to them. They want to *know* their soups will be good. So they have not yet even *tried* the Campbell's Soups that can be bought at the store. But surely the hosts of proud women who daily serve Campbell's Soups are every bit as jealous of the quality of the food on their tables. They *have* tried. They *have* tasted. And they enthusiastically approve. They have set the fashion in soups throughout America.

Convenience! Campbell's Soups require but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and simmering for a few minutes.

Variety! Twenty-one different Campbell's Soups all listed on the label. Every known, popular soup in the world—each the masterpiece of its kind. Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any Campbell's Soups you desire. 12 cents a can.

With my happy disposition
Thriving on your rich nutrition,
Campbell's Soup, I'm glad to greet you—
Better still, I'm going to eat you!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE WHEELBARROW

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

XIV

AMORY'S instant thought was that here Sol had out-maneuvered and trapped him. His next was that in that case he had not many more seconds to live. Then, as he did not move, but hung as he was, half in, half out of the trapdoor, the same voice said warningly, and in a tone that struck even on Amory's dazed senses as unlike the fashion of speech that Sol would be apt to employ:

"Come up, I said. Don't try to duck if you like your life. Come up out of that."

Amory slowly obeyed. Scuffling forward onto the floor, he stood blinking in the rays, which were so bright as to be painful.

"Hands up," said the curt voice. "Better not try to start anything."

"No fear," Amory answered. In his relief to discover with certainty that it could not possibly be Sol speaking in this brisk and official manner, the suspicious circumstances attached to what now appeared to be his arrest did not occur to him at all. He managed to clamber up and onto the floor, then stood in this position. The vivid light came closer, glared into his face with such intensity that he closed his eyes. There came a tug at the holster he had belted on.

Then his captor said tersely: "Drop 'em now, if you like. Who are you and what are you doing here?"

"It's a long story," Amory said. "Is this an arrest or a hold-up?"

"Call it arrest. What's your name?"

"Amory Payne."

There was a moment's silence; then: "Try some other. That one doesn't fit."

"It's the best I've got," Amory said; "and if you are a Coast Guard officer I wish you'd march me to a window at the upstream end of this barrack and call down to a friend of mine that everything's all right."

"Oh, do you? And get myself drilled? Thanks. Nothing doing."

It struck Amory that there was reason in this refusal, even if it were not based on what the officer supposed—which was evidently a bullet from some confederate of the man just captured. "Perhaps you're right," Amory said. "But there's a young woman outside waiting for me, and she's in some danger of her life from a fool who tried to slaughter us out on the bay, then chased us through the woods."

He Landed on Sol's Lobster Wharf and Met Jenny on His Way to the House. She Was Taken All Aback at Seeing Him in Uniform

"You don't say. Well, that's bad—very bad. Suppose you sing out to her yourself. Follow the shaft of light and don't try to side-step. You may be quick, but my gun would beat you to it. Step along."

He deflected slightly the beam from his flash light, to light the living room, yet holding Amory within its zone. As Amory started to walk back, the ray fell on the window looking out on the mill pond almost over the entrance to the flume. It was screened, but open.

Amory went to it and called out "Sabine!" There was no answer. Amory called again: "Sabine, it's all right! I'm arrested by the Coast Guard!" No sound came in answer to this information. Amory spun round. "Have some of you people taken charge of her?"

"Maybe. You're good. Who's this desperado that's been trying to get you and the lady?"

"Sol Whittemore." In the stress of his sudden anxiety for Sabine, Amory forgot his promise to Jenny. It no longer mattered, in any case. He had pledged himself to keep silent about her stepfather's criminal activities up to date and so far as they concerned himself alone. Amory did not feel himself bound to shield Sol's further murderous attempts, especially when they included Sabine.

"Sol Whittemore." The crisp voice was dry with disgust—a sort of bored contempt, it sounded like to Amory. "You get better and better. Why not John Phelps, patriarch of the sacred Chimney Corner?"

"Because," Amory said calmly, "Mr. Phelps is the stepfather of the young woman I just mentioned. If you people have taken charge of her, all right and good."

There was a slight pause. Then the officer asked in a tone of less assurance, "And if we haven't?"

"If you haven't," Amory turned quickly and tried to look past the glaring disk of light, "then it's an even bet that Sol Whittemore has grabbed her while you've been fooling along with me—killed her, very possibly."

"Why should Sol do that?"

"Because he knows that I am onto him, and Miss Phelps was with me."

"How onto him?"

Amory said with angry impatience, "Sol suspects me of knowing that he took charge of a corpse this morning—a murdered man. He believes I saw him hide it later. He thinks I've got enough to send him to the chair—and he may be right, at that. Sol tried to kill me here—right where I'm standing now—when I was waiting on the off-chance of seeing Miss Deforest. If you turn your light on the wall you'll see where his bullet smashed a dish. A little after dark he heard my dinghy in the fog. He fired several times—shooting by sound—then chased us through the woods." Amory glared over the dazzling disk of light where he judged the officer's face to be. "Now suppose you lay off me long enough to do something about Miss Phelps, unless you happen to know that she is safe."

"She's safe enough," said the officer shortly. "I'm getting a better sight on you, Mr. Amory Payne. It looks as if you were that person after all—the owner of the ritzy new schooner yacht anchored off the Reading Room."

"You're keen," Amory said sarcastically.

"Well, at this moment you look more like a wharf rat or sewer rat, maybe—and your maneuvers were like that, too, when I turned my torch on you, crawling up through the trap of that slimy old flume. Just what was the idea?"

"To get in here and arm myself from the gun case." Amory was tempted to tell this alert officer about the body of the murdered man. But the fear lest Paul Deforest might be *particeps criminis* deterred him from offering this information just yet.

"Why didn't you try the door? It wasn't locked."

"We were afraid that Sol Whittemore might have beat us here and be watching the house. Miss Phelps knew about the way in through the flume."

"Well," said the officer impatiently, "it must be generally known by this time that Sol Whittemore is one of our special agents. He has been that thing for some months past. If he overstepped his authority by firing at you, it was because he had reason to believe that you were up to some crooked business, and I'd say that he was right."

"Then you'd be wrong," Amory retorted angrily. "The first time he tried to get me I was on my way here to call on Miss Deforest, and the second time I was taking Miss Phelps back to the Chimney Corner in my yacht's gig."

"Better come clean with the whole of it, hadn't you?" said the officer. "I happen to know that Miss Phelps was out to help her stepbrother run a little hooch. That didn't interest me much—being after bigger game. It looks as if you were backing Miss Phelps' play. More than that, I'd say you had put it over—up to now. Where have you stowed it—underneath us in the old flume?"

A chill struck through Amory. What the officer had just said more than ever convinced him that Paul Deforest was known to be running rum in quantity in this locality, with which Paul was so thoroughly familiar. Sol Whittemore had probably discovered this and informed the Coast Guard. And now, if the flume were to be searched and the corpse discovered it would spell ruin for the Deforest family. Amory was no less certain than ever that Sol Whittemore was actually the murderer—a crafty old devil

(Continued on Page 36)

Libby's 100 Foods

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New ideas for salads and desserts in our booklet "Tasty Touches." Write for it. It's free. Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent, Dept. C-15, Libby, McNeil & Libby, Chicago. Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada

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Dill
Sweet Mixed
Sweet Mustard
Sliced Sweet Dill
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Sweet Cauliflower
Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon

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Queen
Stuffed
Ripe
Olive Oil
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Chow Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Relish

Canned Meats

Corned Beef
Corned Beef Hash
Roast Beef
Veal Loaf
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak & Onions
Ra-gon (beef stew)
Meat-wich Spread
Lunch Tongue
Deviled Ham
Potted Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Chicken à la King
Sliced Dried Beef
Chili Con Carne
Mexican Tamales
Mince Meat
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract
Chop Suey

(Partial List)

Fruits and Vegetables

Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Berries
Jellies, Jams
Prunes
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork & Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomatoes
Tomato Soup
Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 34)

who, for reasons of his own in which Jenny played some part, desired to land Paul Deforest behind the bars—even send him to the chair. But since Sol was a special agent of the Federal Revenue Service and had the confidence of this officer, to say nothing of his general standing in the community, then the evidence of Amory—a stranger, a visiting yachtsman and friend of the Deforest family—would not count for much against him. As for Sabine, the fact that she was known by this officer to be aiding Howard in his unlawful activities must make her own testimony scarcely admissible at all.

They were all of them, Amory perceived, caught up not only in a very tight but a horribly ugly jam. Paul, Howard, Sabine and himself had every aspect of being tarred with the same dirty brush. If now the grisly corpse in the flume were to be discovered, Amory doubted that any amount of criminal investigation could ever wash their names clean of the stigma which would result. What price his deposition that the respected if locally unpopular Sol Whittemore had tried to murder him? What value the bullet-smashed dinghy? Sol had only to say that he had tried to stop a suspicious craft and fired blindly into the fog. The man was vested with authority enough to get such an action past a court. He had been aware of this fact from the start.

In the few instants required for Amory's mind to seize all of the above—laborious only in narration—the flash light blazed mercilessly on his face.

Then the voice of the officer said coldly: "You don't look so good, Mr. Payne."

"I've been run a bit ragged," Amory said.

"You show it."

"Sol's bullet smashed out a frame and some of the planking below the water line of my boat," Amory said wearily. "I stuffed in first my cap, then my coat, to keep us afloat. You may not believe it, but I tell you that your trusted agent is a murderous old devil."

"That remains to be proved." The officer threw his light on the center table. "Suppose you light the lamp."

Amory did this with relief. Not only did he wish to see the man who had arrested him but the confusing glare of the flash light on his face, with darkness all about, was getting fearfully on his nerves. Also he was desperately anxious to create some sort of diversion from a possible inspection of the flume. The one chance of salvation for them all appeared now to be in the removal of that body from the place before its presence there should be discovered.

As the glow from the big table lamp rose to diffuse its mellow light, Amory looked at his captor. He proved to be a distinctly handsome and well-bred-looking young man in a trim blue uniform that was new and freshly pressed and a white cap with the Coast Guard insignia. Looking past him, and catching sight of himself in a mirror beyond, Amory was startled at his own reflection. His silk shirt and duck trousers were bedraggled and filthy, and the slime of the flume was even smeared over his face and into his hair. The scratches received that morning in his tussle with Sabine had been supplemented by fresh ones, and his collar was ripped away on one side.

"Gosh!" he muttered. "Sewer rat is right." He reached in his pocket for a handkerchief, and as he tugged it out something fell on the floor at his feet with a sharp clatter. Glancing down, surprised, he saw the watch and chain with its heavy charm—a compass in a gold steering wheel—that he had taken from the corpse. Amory stooped quickly to pick it up. But more quickly than his hand, the beam from the officer's light fixed on the heavy old-fashioned hunting-cased watch and its ponderous silver chain and gold charm.

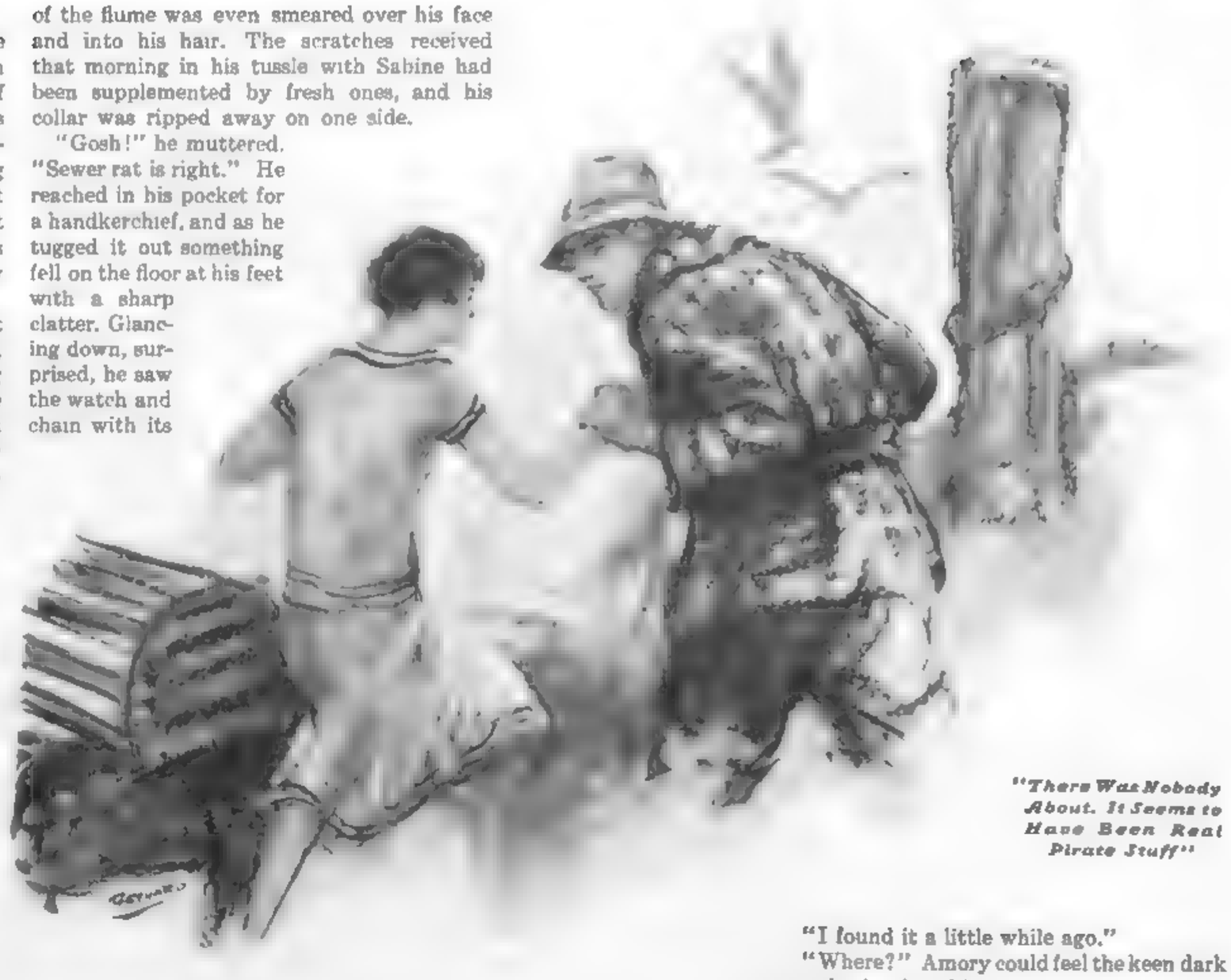
"What's that?" asked the officer sharply.

"Watch and chain," Amory muttered.

"Let me see it." And then, as Amory hesitated for the fraction of a second: "Hand it over."

Amory did so. The officer merely glanced at the objects, then dropped them into the side pocket of his coat.

"Yours?" he asked.



"There Was Nobody About. It Seems to Have Been Real Pirate Stuff"

"I found it a little while ago."

"Where?" Amory could feel the keen dark eyes boring into him.

"In the stream."

"Whereabouts?"

"Not far from here." Beads of sweat broke out on Amory's face and forehead. He was conscious of the moisture, and conscious also that the keen eyes of his questioner did not miss it, nor any slightest detail of voice and facial expression.

"How far? Precisely where and when? Better come clear now. I happen to know who was wearing this watch and chain no later than yesterday. As a matter of fact, we have been searching for that man."

The blow, Amory perceived, had fallen. More than that, it appeared to have smashed down directly on his own head. Further concealment could avail nothing, nor anybody. Such an attempt was bound, Amory perceived, to get himself into the mire still more deeply, without helping Paul Deforest.

But even before the officer had finished speaking, his eyes went past Amory to the trapdoor that was still open, resting back against the wall. The black square orifice yawned accusingly. The officer drew the pistol that he had replaced in its holster, and with it waved toward the trap.

"Walk over there. Mind your step. I'm not so sure about you now, Mr. Amory Payne."

"Well," Amory said heavily, "at least you can bear in mind what I told you about Sol Whittemore. It's his work."

The officer did not answer. He merely repeated the gesture that Amory precede him to the flume opening. Amory passed on to the far side of the trapdoor. He felt a sickening repugnance at looking down into that grisly hole—at what lay directly under the trap—the dead face squarely exposed to it. But as the officer directed the glare of his light down into the abominable place Amory's gaze followed it involuntarily.

He saw the stark features of what had been a stern-visaged man of about fifty. Also he observed in the round zone of vivid light what his exploring fingers had failed to reveal—a crimson splotch directly over the heart. Amory became conscious of a sudden gasp, a smothered "My God!" from the man opposite him. Then the light was shifted suddenly to his own face, for the single oil lamp on the table in the big living room lacked power to illumine the dining room more than feebly. (Continued on Page 62)

"I Never Was Your Kind," He Retorted With Heat. "None of Us are, Over Here"

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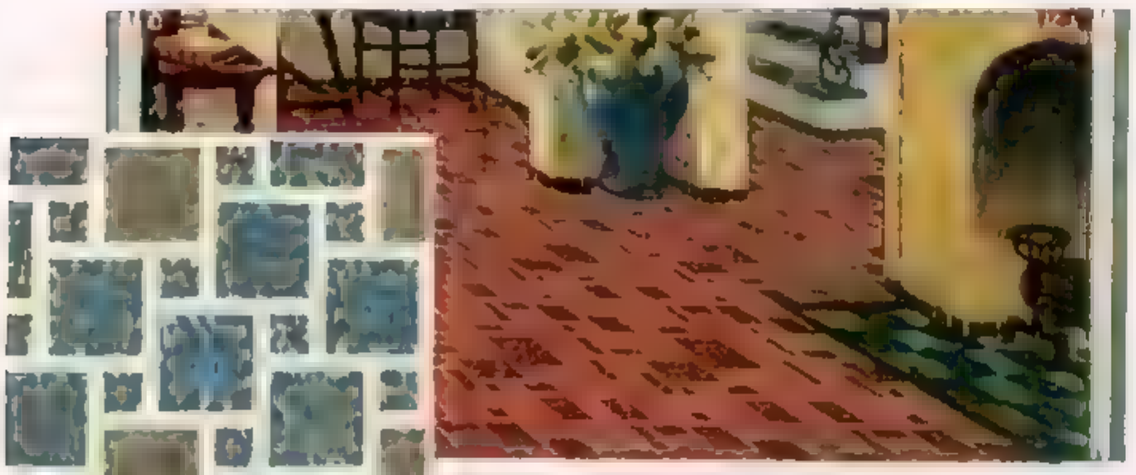

Above: Gold Seal Inlaid No. 1173/2
At left: Gold Seal Inlaid No. 2174 2

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THE DOCILE MEXICAN

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE last persons to investigate a given state of affairs are often the persons who live in closest proximity to it. Examples of this peculiar fact may be noted in the city of Boston, where a large percentage of residents have never climbed Bunker Hill Monument, and in the City of London, where many educated Englishmen are so unfamiliar with the distressing features of the London slums that they frequently deny their existence. It is also strikingly apparent in various sections of the Southwest, where the Mexican residents and the sections in which they live are unknown to their fellow townsmen of American ancestry.

There are, nevertheless, certain valuable bits of knowledge to be gained by Southwesterners in examining their Mexican sections with some care. Already two American cities, Los Angeles and San Antonio, are striving bravely—and with excellent chances of success—to become, next to Mexico City, the largest Mexican cities on the North American continent; and if the Southwesterners have their way the Southwest will at some not far distant date be sprinkled with cities whose Mexican populations will make those of San Antonio and Los Angeles work diligently to keep their commanding leads.

Mexican Shacks in the Belvedere Section of Los Angeles

The city of El Paso, late in 1927, was earnestly striving to increase its Mexican population. Earlier than that the secretary of its chamber of commerce appeared before the House Immigration Committee and testified that the population of El Paso is about 100,000, that 50 per cent of the 100,000 are Mexicans, and that the Mexicans cause no social problem and do not lower the living standards of the city.

"The Mexican," said he, "is not in our city hall, he is not in our county courthouse, but our city is run by Americans and has high American standards, culture and improvements."

Mr. Box: "You mean all elements of the population, naturalized and unnaturalized, constitute about one-half of the population of El Paso?"

Mr. Bandeen: "Yes, sir."

The Chairman (Albert Johnson): "As I understand it, you have a good American city, one-half Mex.?"

Mr. Bandeen: "Yes, sir."

This percentage, however, seems to be insufficient for El Paso. On November 27, 1927, the leading news item in the El Paso Times stated:

> The Phelps Dodge Corporation is considering -and with a most favorable attitude—construction here of a $8,000,000 copper-refining plant to employ from 500 to 1000 men at the outset. . . . The men employed would be only the first units of an ultimately much larger force. It would be the biggest thing in decades for El Paso. . . . Whether El Paso gets the refinery or not depends largely on the fate of the Mexican quota bill now pending before Congress. If that bill passes, El Paso will lose the refinery. It will lose other large industrial prospects.

In Spite of Warnings

"BUSINESS men of this, as well as other Southwestern cities," declares a news story in the El Paso Times on November 28, 1927, "already have an intensive drive under way to prevent passage of the Box immigration bill, which would place the total Mexican quota at 1500 annually, D. A. Bandeen, manager and secretary of the chamber of commerce, said last night. Working with us are the chambers of commerce of San Antonio, Laredo and other Texas cities. In addition, we have the support of many organizations outside of Texas. The people of New Mexico, Arizona and California—especially the southern part—are with us in this fight. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has passed resolutions against the Box quota bill and is making an active campaign at Washington as well as in California."

In proceeding to the Mexican Border, the traveler naturally drops off at San Antonio, a hundred miles and more north of the Border, home of the Alamo and Davy Crockett; a thriving, colorful city with a bamboo-festooned and electric-light-hung river meandering through the center of its business district like a Venetian lagoon. There are 225,000 people living in San Antonio; and 75,000 of them, say the chamber of commerce folk, are Mexicans. One finds large numbers of Mexican laborers loitering on the Plaza opposite the big market every morning and every evening, no matter what the season and no matter how great the reputed scarcity of labor—somnolent, slow-moving, brown-skinned men in clean gingham shirts and broad-brimmed hats, from under whose shade they watch the brisk and rough-spoken gringoes.

A Street in One of the Mexican Sections of El Paso

Practically all of the Mexicans who have come legally into the United States of late have been warned by the Mexican Government that wages are represented as being higher and work as being easier than the actual facts warrant, and that living conditions on practically all jobs are bad. The warnings, though heard, are almost invariably disregarded.

Extenuation

NEAR the Plaza there are labor agencies and the offices of charitable institutions and other sources of information concerning the Mexican. It is here that one begins to learn that some of the statistics that are so frequently produced on the Mexican must be viewed with a certain amount of doubt. One learns, for example, that nearly 90 per cent of the arrests for petty crimes—for theft and bootlegging and smuggling and pounding people on the heads with bottles—are of Mexicans.

There is, it seems, a reason for this, and the reason—according to the many people who profess an abiding affection for the Mexican—is due to the fact that the Mexican peon is very docile and amiable by nature, and eager to obey orders.

Consequently when a low-down, hard-boiled white man comes to a peon and says "José, I want you to carry this case of hooch to so-and-so," José obligingly and docilely does as he is told to do, and frequently is apprehended and hurled into the bastile while his white tempter goes free.

There are, it also appears, extenuating circumstances for the surprisingly large proportion of Mexicans in the San Antonio City and County Hospital—the Robert B. Green Memorial Hospital. If one takes a count of the patients in this hospital on any month out of the year he finds that the percentage of Mexican patients ranges from 70 to 85 per cent of all the patients—that, in other words, the city and county taxes are largely paid by native white residents, and that an unduly large percentage of the taxes is spent on Mexicans.

The same state of affairs is revealed in the free clinic of the Robert B. Green Memorial Hospital, where it is not at all unusual to find sixty persons receiving medical treatment in a day. Out of the sixty, fifty will frequently be Mexicans and the other ten will be colored or whites. Of the fifty Mexicans, about one-half are born in Mexico, while the other half are Mexicans born in the United States.

The extenuating circumstances are not quite clear to the person who hasn't spent his entire life with Mexicans, but briefly they are as follows: "It is unfair to think that Mexicans are apt to be a charge on the community because 80 or 90 per cent of the patients in the community's hospital are Mexicans. These Mexicans are poor peons without any money, so they have to go to an institution where they can have free treatment. Americans who have money do not go to a free hospital, where they would be put in with a lot of Mexicans, but to a hospital where they pay for treatment. If there was only one place where all the sick people in San Antonio were treated, it would be found that there are just as many sick white people as Mexicans."

(Continued on Page 41)

A SINGLE glance at the aristocratic lines and regal appointments of the new Cadillac must of necessity determine at once all question of social supremacy in motoring hereafter. The car bespeaks everything that is fine and substantial. In addition there is the assurance of the lithe and lightning-like performance and prodigious power of the highly developed 90-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine. Such a reservoir of instantaneously tapped energy no Cadillac and no other fine car has ever had.

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CADILLAC

A NOTABLE PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 39

Just what this argument proves is not definitely known, but there are some Southwesterners who think that it proves something.

One quickly makes an unexpected discovery when he prowls around among charitable organizations and relief workers that come in close contact with large numbers of Mexicans in the United States. Relief workers and representatives of charitable organizations that have to do with aliens—with Italians, let us say, or Greeks or Armenians—are almost invariably devoted to them and deeply resentful of all efforts to prevent them from entering the United States in large numbers. They are, they say, so sweet and so gentle and so appreciative, and America will be better for their presence.

There is quite a different attitude on the part of relief and charitable workers who devote their time and energies to Mexicans. There is the same sentimental appreciation of the individual, but there is a widespread and fixed aversion for the mass.

"There are enough of them in the United States now," they say—"more than we can handle. They ought to be prevented from coming; they're not like our people and they never will be like our people! What are they thinking of—these men that say we must have millions more of them to work in our fields and our factories? They should be made to live among them! Then they'd stop clamoring for more and more and more of them."

Even the Americans who have lived in Mexico for many years occasionally turn against the people who maintain that those who object to Mexican immigration have never lived in Mexico and don't know the Mexicans. An American woman in a Texas city supervises the medical needs of many thousands of Mexicans each year. She has, furthermore, lived in Mexico for many years. Her attitude toward Mexicans was distinctly unenthusiastic.

"We don't need them and we don't want them," she declared. "The whole thing is ridiculous."

The Mexican section of San Antonio is an edifying, though scarcely a pleasing, spectacle. There are supposed to be 75,000 Mexicans in San Antonio out of a total population of some 225,000, but there is reason to believe that the Mexican population is larger than the estimate. Those who work among them say that the increase in the size of Mexican families in the past few years has been very great. The size of a family, they say, will often increase from 400 to 800 per cent in three or four years, now that news of the easy money to be earned in the United States is being carried into every corner of Mexico.

A School for Mexican Children, Surrounded by Mexican Shacks, in Los Angeles. Above—A Bit of the Mexican Section of San Antonio

Many of the Mexicans live in corrals. Corrals are small courts with long rows of huts ranged around their sides. One may find, for example, a hundred-foot lot not far from the business center of San Antonio. Down one side of the hundred-foot lot are seventeen shacks. Opposite them, on the other side of the lot, are seventeen more shacks—thirty-four one-family houses on a hundred-foot lot. Between the two rows of shacks is a rough dirt courtyard, or campus, or community playground, whatever one chooses to call it. Large numbers of dusty and depressed-looking dogs are scattered freely around the dirt courtyard, and among them play an even greater number of Mexican children.

Cheap to Employers, Dear to the Public

EACH one of the shacks usually has two rooms—one a kitchen and one a bedroom; and in each shack live from five to ten people—usually, say the welfare workers, about seven people to a house, unless the family is taking care of a few brothers, sisters, aunts or grandmothers; in which case the numbers run much higher. That is a corral.

Some of the corrals are extremely foul and crowded, with next to no sanitary facilities, while others are moderately trig-looking. A house in a corral can be rented for as little as ten dollars a month; and ten dollars a month, it might be added, seems altogether too high for some of the houses.

One can ride for some time through the Mexican section of San Antonio on streets whose irregularities cause every bolt in an automobile to squeak for mercy, and never ride twice down the same street. There is block after block of houses built out of scraps of wood and flattened tin cans; houses looking like half a horse car; little houses looking like a piano box; little houses looking like dog houses. Sandwiched in between them are little drug stores, little meat stores, little barber shops, little soft-drink emporiums—stores so tiny and so meager in their furnishings that one visualizes each proprietor as being thrown into a cataleptic fit of amazement if a customer should appear—little vegetable stores, little brothels, little fruit stores, little hardware stores; and on all of them are Spanish signs and Spanish names, and around all of them clings a faint flavor of garlic and chili.

Occasionally one comes to a new, clean, trig, well-designed schoolhouse of brick or stucco set down among the little Mexican shacks. This proves, always, to be a school for Mexican children, built with the money of San Antonio taxpayers; and when one stops for a moment to listen to the children at play in the school yard, he finds that the children are speaking Spanish—no matter how old they may be or how advanced the school.

In the corrals and in the little shoe-box houses of these squalid Mexican streets live many Mexicans of pleasing appearance—smartly dressed youths with glossy hair, who may be seen strolling along San Antonio's main street in the evening; charming-looking maidens with the flashing black eyes so frequently mentioned in novels dealing with *señoritas* and other products of the chile-con-carne belt—maidens whose hair is bobbed and whose modish frocks reveal exactly the proper amount of silk stockings; prosperous-looking men with waxed mustaches, who may occasionally be seen bustling importantly in and out of San Antonio's hotels; blue-shirted peons with huge straw hats.

Those who do not know their Mexican sections are occasionally shocked to see the squalor from which Mexicans with imposing exteriors emerge and to which they contentedly return.

One learns, on returning to the Plaza, various facts that tend to support the contentions of Judge Box and of various other citizens of Texas and of other Southwestern states that Mexican labor is not cheap labor at all. As far back as 1921, the Dallas, Texas, News published an editorial pointing out "the fallacy of the idea that it is a cheap labor that we import from Mexico. Cheap it is to those who hire it, but it comes dear to the people of Texas when to the small wages paid to it are added the other consequences which result from the importation of it."

Those who know the Mexicans best assert that in spite of the large amount of money spent by Southwestern communities on schools for Mexicans, the money is largely thrown away because their intelligence, on the whole, is lower than that of children of native American stock, and because of their persistence in clinging to their own language.

One learns that the Mexican has become in certain parts of the Southwest, and may become in other parts, a burden on the political system. One finds that the political bosses in various parts of Texas are voting the ignorant Mexican vote in any way that they please, and that they frequently utilize the vote of Mexicans who are not citizens of the United States and have no right to vote.

A Mecca for Mexicans

"THE character of the body of our citizenship," comments Congressman Box of Texas, after introducing a large amount of testimony to show that Mexican voters frequently do not know or care for whom they are voting, "will be lowered by scattering tens or hundreds of thousands more of these people through some twenty or thirty states. Of whatever nationality a citizenship of the class of these people is composed, there are and have always been in every country those who would handle them in masses for purposes detrimental to the public good."

Samuel J. Holmes, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of California, comments on this attribute of the Mexican as follows:

"Is the Mexican going to be a help to us in making democracy really successful? I think not. He has not been particularly successful in his own country. Mexico has not been a model of democratic government throughout her history. And I think that the Mexican population, so far as our experience with it is concerned, is not on the side of political reform or more intelligent administration."

One finds that in spite of the preponderance of whites to Mexicans in San Antonio, 50 per cent of the community-chest budget admittedly goes to Mexican work, and that the amount actually spent on Mexicans is higher than this. This is due to the fact that when money is allotted to family work or institutional work more than 75 per cent of it is spent on Mexicans.

Los Angeles, because of the liberality with which charity is dispensed there, as well as for various other natural advantages, has become the goal of nearly all Mexicans in the United States who are able to indulge their fancies. It has become, in a manner of speaking, the great Mexican peon capital of the United States, and the best available estimates place the Mexican peon inhabitants of Los Angeles County at 250,000.

It is the contention of the Californians who work among the Mexicans of Los Angeles County that if those who clamor for more Mexican labor could travel with them through the Belvedere and the Maravilla Park sections of Los Angeles—these being the chief Mexican residential sections—and see the endless streets crowded with the shacks of illiterate, diseased, pauperized Mexicans, taking no interest whatever in the community, living constantly on the ragged edge of starvation, bringing countless numbers of American citizens into the world with the reckless prodigality of rabbits, they would realize that the social problems brought into the United States by an unrestricted flow of Mexican peon labor are far in excess of any labor problems with which the state may be confronted.

I accompanied members of the Outdoor Relief Division of the Los Angeles County Board of Charities through the Belvedere and Maravilla Park sections of Los Angeles late in 1927, and in no parts of Poland or of Southeastern Europe have I ever seen a more ignorant or more destitute class of people than the Mexican peons who were packed into the shacks that have flowed out over this former truck-garden district and in a few years' time buried it in slums.

Their shacks—thousands on thousands of them—have crawled up hills and down into valleys and over the edges of arroyos and up into crevices and gullies in sheets and layers.

One passes school after school—new and beautiful schools built to accommodate this ever-rising Mexican flood—the Indiana Development School; the Belvedere Junior High School; the Brooklyn Avenue Elementary School, with its flock of attendant bungalows to take care of the great Mexican overflow; and only a short distance away, also built to take care of the overflow from the Brooklyn Avenue School, the just-finished Riggin School, with eucalyptus trees behind it and a sea of squalid Mexican shacks breaking against its feet. Farther along is the Hammel School, and, spread out pleasantly beneath protecting eucalyptus trees, the Eugene Development School. They seem like American schools set down in a slum in Mexico

(Continued on Page 165)

A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

The Sidewalk Cafés are Open for Business at Nine in the Morning

VIENNA AND BUDAPEST

MADAME SACHER, pronounced Socker, is losing her sock. There was a time in the history of Viennese cooking when madame would have brooked no rivalry from Madame Schoener, pronounced Sherner, or from the Heumühle, which you pronounce any way you can. If any competitor had dared to open up as competition in the old days of the Empire, there is no doubt that Madame Sacher would have leveled that presuming idiot with a gentle sweep of her good right. She is a fine-looking, dignified woman with pure white hair. She is about seventy years of age, but her form is still trim and erect, even though her girlish figure is hidden under the fat of time.

Madame is monarch in that restaurant. I haven't the temerity to call madame's joint a joint, for it is the highest priced restaurant in all Austria. I should have said Republic of Austria, but I was in Madame Sacher's, which is still an unlimited monarchy, for the portrait of Wilhelm hangs high on the wall opposite the picture of Emperor Francis Joseph. She is not only faithful to the memories of incinerated empire but she proves her devotion to the ideals of the past by a more substantial method. She feeds broken-down royalty and members of the now extinct Hapsburg court. She doesn't forget the old days when her restaurant was the rendezvous for the power and beauty of Austria.

Keeping Tabs on Royalty

TODAY she treats these descendants of pulverized dignity just as humbly as if the double eagle still flapped over Central Europe. They are bowed to their seats, ponderous ancient chairs, at tables crowned with snowy, starched linen. Twelve shaded dome lights shed a subdued crimson glow over the rich maroon carpet and deep red tapestries. Everybody is in evening dress; there is no hilarity, no music, and the conversation is in whispers. For the baroness is dining in Madame Sacher's tonight and the baroness lives in the past. Her pendulous lower lip jerks with palsy as she fumbles around in an empty purse Madame Sacher asks the baroness if she has enjoyed her supper. The lower lip seems to quiver in the affirmative and madame signals for the waiter. He comes back and places a check before the baroness, who accepts his lead pencil with a trembling hand and signs a tab -a tab-she will never pay.

But Madame Sacher takes the tab, bows low and requests the baroness to dine with her again tomorrow night if court duties do not interfere. Then she goes to her little office and places the tab among a thousand other similar pieces of paper. Edward Sacher has been dead quite some years, but madame carries on the traditions of the past. Princes, dukes and kings have dined in her place and the tabs are little white bookmarks in the volume of memory. It required great tact to dine and wine the Hapsburgs, for self-indulgence, idleness and dissipation make hard taskmasters. But the Sachers weathered all storms. And Madame Sacher remembers the night when Crown Prince Rudolph dined there with the beautiful Marie Vetsera before they went to their mysterious and tragic death in the shooting lodge at Mayerling, a mystery which has had many explainers, but no explanations.

Though Sacher's is not so old as the Linde, a restaurant which has been in existence for more than four hundred years, I chose it for my first meal in Vienna, because madame's eccentricities are famous all over the Continent. She runs the entire business, doing all the marketing, overlooking the dining room and supervising the kitchen. Like other good Viennese restaurants, her chefs are all women. And she charges plenty for her dishes. When I looked at the addition, I was certain it was multiplication. The charge was sixty schillinge for a small meal for two people. A tip of five schillinge made a total of sixty-five, or nine dollars and ten cents. The schilling is now stabilized at a very small fraction over fourteen cents, so you can see that Madame Sacher thinks highly of her restaurant.

From the Blue Danube

ALL I had was soup, chicken, salad, asparagus, dessert and coffee. I can understand the ten cents, but I will go to my grave wondering what the nine dollars was for.

We started with the famous fish soup with roe. It is made with either the trout or the carp. If you want to have roe, you must use the carp. There are few other fish, for, after the numerous peace conferences, Austria has no access to the sea and its healthful food. They must fish in the mountain streams and the blue Danube, which is all right for a waltz, but bad for the diet. Here is the recipe:

Take one parsnip, one celery root, two onions and cut fine. Make a thickening of brown butter and flour, put your cut vegetables into it and fry for a few minutes. Add vinegar, a little claret, some clear stock, pepper corns, one laurel leaf, toasted rye bread, chopped parsley, chopped green celery, chopped thyme, the head, bones and all the meat of carp, and boil all this for one hour. The roe of the carp is boiled in salted water, to which vinegar is added according to taste. The soup is then passed through a sieve with a very fine mesh, after which the roe is put in. Serve with croutons of toasted bread fried in butter.

(Continued on Page 170)

A SUCCESSFUL SIX NOW WINNING EVEN GREATER SUCCESS

2-DOOR SEDAN
$745

Body by Fisher

The Nation Bestows Even Greater Success on a Successful Six

In its few weeks before the public, the New Series Pontiac Six has already won public acceptance far surpassing that of its famous predecessor.

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And emphasizing these important advancements were items unexpected in a car of such low price—dash gasoline gauge, AC fuel pump, foot controlled tilting beam headlights, coincidental transmission-ignition lock and many others equally important.

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PONTIAC SIX

NEW SERIES

TRAILING GEMS IN EUROPE

By Dr. George Frederick Kunz

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

IT TAKES an act of willful violence to destroy a gem, and therein lies its chief value. Gold may melt and run away; platinum may wear to paper thinness; but precious stones, unless brutally destroyed, outlast the ages. There have occasionally been such acts of violence, celebrated largely because of their rarity, as, for example, in the case of the destruction of the Pigott diamond by a dying khedive; of the famous wager with Antony which Cleopatra won by dissolving in wine "the singular and only jewel of the world, and even Nature's wonder"; of the passing of the great Gresham pearl, valued at $75,000, which Sir Thomas Gresham, who had wagered with the Spanish ambassador that he would give a more costly dinner to Queen Elizabeth than could the Spanish grandee, reduced to powder and drank in a glass of wine to the health of the queen. Fortunately there are few such acts of violence, and any less determined attempts at annihilation are apt to go astray. For even if—as in the case of the noted Peroz pearl, owned in the fifth century by a king of Persia—the gem be flung to the winds, as King Peroz, in the heat of battle and the certainty of death, is reputed to have done in order that it might be worn by no man after him, there is always the chance, indestructible as it is, that it may eventually be recovered as, indeed, this same Peroz pearl was rumored to have been.

Hardness will not of itself rate one gem higher than another. Today, for example, the emerald costs more per carat than the diamond, yet it is not nearly so hard. Nevertheless, durability is a most important determining factor in valuing a gem, and it is due to the rigid application of this principle in modern times that many gems held precious by the ancients have been relegated to semi-preciousness. Among these are the nonmineral gems.

I have already spoken of amber as one of the nonmineral gems which have lost caste on that account, being no longer considered precious. The greatest stores of it come from Samland on the Baltic Sea in Germany.

The Empress Eugenie, of France, Who Bought One of the Greatest Pearls Ever Found in American Waters—The Tiffany Queen Pearl

Unearthed by the Arizona Ants

STRANGE the substances that, with the passing of centuries, acquire sufficient hardness and beauty to be used as gems—the lazy polyp, the active little squid, the delicate tendrils of moss, and now the gum of a tree. Amber, though the softest of gems, is the hardest of all fossil gums, and that is what gives it its supremacy. It isn't a tree of the past century or even several centuries ago that yields this gum, but a prehistoric tree, in order that the golden ooze may have its long dark ages to lie in the earth and harden. We can better appreciate the unequaled hardness of the diamond which, from century to century, loses none of its weight, when we consider that in the short space of a lifetime a string of amber beads which were originally round or oval will wear down to flat disks only half the original thickness. A century is a long life for an amber necklace

Although the milky, pale yellow amber is delightful, it is the transparent golden variety, which, when faceted, is intensely brilliant, that is the most valuable. It is the golden-brown amber of Burma, usually made into strings of 104 beads—each bead a prayer—that is the most prized of all. When one sees a string of these beads sparkling like a sort of transparent gold, wouldn't honey, one thinks, or sunlight, if it could be gathered and stored, perhaps look like this if it lay some thousands of years hardening in the earth?

I said in an earlier article that the only gem formed during a period of time conceivable to man is the pearl. Well, that isn't strictly so. There is one other. The peridot is formed in a few days, but, whereas the formation of other gems is a long, sleepy process which goes on without man's cognizance and certainly without disturbing him, it takes a terrific convulsion of Nature to produce the peridot—no less than a volcanic eruption. So perhaps, on the whole, we'd rather worry along without it. It is formed in the molten volcanic mass, and the lava, cooling, gradually separates out these exquisite little gems.

I speak of them in connection with Germany, not because they are found there but because no finer collection of them exists than that I saw in the Cathedral of Cologne. In the catalogue of the church treasures we read, "Collection of emeralds"; and this group of stones has generally been valued at some millions of dollars on the basis that they actually are emeralds; whereas, as a matter of fact, it isn't worth more than some thousands. Though we can't grant they are emeralds, we will unreservedly admit that they are the finest peridots in the world. It was with no intent to deceive that the church authorities misnamed them. Doubtless they were really believed to be emeralds, and they came, like most of the fine peridots in the world, from the island of St. John off the coast of Africa.

Some of the most unusual mining I know of is done on these peridots—not the peridots of St. John, but those of our own arid Arizona, where they are found associated with some of the most remarkable garnets in existence, both of volcanic origin. No gems are easier to obtain than these, for all one need do is to walk along and pick them up, as one picks shells from the seashore. There they lie, green and red, winking up at you, as handy as beach pebbles.

They weren't scattered about in this careless way by Nature. With her usual care for her rare treasures, she buried them deep beneath the surface; but they were in the way of some very extensive and particular building which was going on down there and had to be gotten rid of

"I say, old man," said one indignant ant to another one bright spring morning, "just look at this wretched thing I've found exactly where the plans for this house call for a hall. Isn't that the limit? Great, ugly green lump! Honestly, I don't see how I'm going to move it. It's ten times as big as I am and I'll bet more than ten times my weight. Yet the boss says it's got to come out. These architects! Why don't they look over the ground before they begin operations? My opinion is we'd better move this structure a few feet farther along."

"No use," grumbled the other. "If you think that's a load, I wish you'd seen what I carried out yesterday, right where we were putting one of the best bedrooms. It's just the same all around these parts. You find these green lumps all over. Here, look alive and I'll lend you a hand."

And so between them they lugged the huge peridot to the top of the ant hill and left it there where it didn't interfere with their symmetrical architecture—and certainly didn't add anything to the beauty of the exterior either, they decided.

Cellini Admits His Worth

AND so the peridots and garnets of Arizona were mined—fine peridots, too, and garnets which, though they seldom weigh more than two carats, are the true pyrope and a richer red than any others known. Many of these ant-mined garnets bring higher prices than any others in the world.

From Austria also comes a genuine pyrope garnet—called Bohemian garnet—of volcanic origin like those of Arizona, but very small and of color so dubious that it has to be set with a foil. In olden times this was considered a perfectly legitimate procedure, though today it would, to put it mildly, arouse suspicion. It is a trick never resorted to by scrupulous dealers, and yet the great Benvenuto Cellini himself did not scorn this process—nay, prided himself on his skill in such matters.

The Shah of Persia With His Pearl Crown

When the triumphant emperor, Charles V, was in Rome after his Tunisian victory, he presented His Holiness, Pope Paul III, with what was then considered a magnificent diamond, for which he had paid 12,000 crowns, or about $100,000 at the present time. Says Cellini:

"His Holiness sent for me, and giving me this diamond, said I was to make a ring to his measure. About this business there came to me four of the first jewelers in Rome. The pope had heard that the diamond had been set by the hand of the most famous jeweler in the world, a Venetian called Miliano Targhetta Now, as the stone was somewhat thin, it was too difficult a matter to set about without much consultation." [This from Cellini, who had the highest opinion of his own genius and wouldn't brook a word of advice on his famous bronze statue of Perseus!] "I had a high opinion of those jewelers, though among them was a Milanese called Gaio, the most conceited beast in the world, who knew less than any of the others, and thought he knew most of all. The rest were very modest and capable men. Messer Gaio, before them all, began to speak thus: 'Preserve Miliano's tint, and take off your hat to it, Benvenuto; for as tinting a diamond is the most beautiful and most difficult process in the jeweler's art, so Miliano is the greatest jeweler that ever lived, and this is the most difficult of diamonds.' Then I answered it would be all the more honor for me to compete with so first-rate a master.

"With the greatest diligence I set about the work, the method of which I shall explain in its own place. Without a doubt, this diamond was more difficult to treat than any

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Swiftness

It is for those times when moments are really precious that for the wanton abuse of speed — that the ability to traverse swiftly in comfort and safety, becomes so desirable to those who drive and ride.

Motor cars upon which we proudly place our name

In them you will find the reflection of our ideas of distinguished appearance, of thoroughgoing comfort, of dependable construction, of fully satisfactory performance, and substantial worth.

A wide variety of models and body types —prices beginning at $860 f. o. b. Detroit. Illustrated is Model 629, 5-passenger sedan $1985.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM
PAIGE

GRAHAM-PAIGE

(Continued from Page 44)

other I have met with before or after, and that tint of Miliano's was made with very great art. However, I had no fear and, giving my very best brains to it, I produced what not merely equaled but was far better than the other. Then seeing I had surpassed my rival, I now strove to surpass myself, and made a new tint by new methods, which was ever so much finer than my first attempts. So I sent for the jewelers and first tinted the diamond with Miliano's tint; then, after cleaning it, I retinted it with my own. When I had shown it to the jewelers one of the principal of them, whose name was Raffaello del Moro, took the diamond in his hand, and said to Gaio, 'Benvenuto has surpassed the tint of Miliano.' Gaio, who was unwilling to believe this, also took up the stone and said, 'Benvenuto, this diamond is worth two thousand ducats more than it was with Miliano's tint.'

"Then I answered, 'Since I have beaten Miliano, let us now see if I can beat myself,' and I begged them to wait a little. So I went up to a little cupboard, where, out of their sight, I retinted the diamond, and then brought it back to them. Gaio cried out, 'This is the most wonderful thing I have ever seen in all the days of my life, for now this diamond is worth eighteen thousand crowns, while we estimated it at hardly twelve!' The other jewelers, turning to Gaio, said, 'Benvenuto is the glory of our art, and before his tints we must duly bare our heads.' So Gaio ran to His Holiness and told him all, and the Pope sent three times that day to ask if the ring was finished." And in conclusion Cellini tells us that the Pope sang his praises before all the world for thus improving his gem.

The tremendous strides the jewelry profession has made in the past 400 years could not be better illustrated than by this anecdote. In that day all the talent of the greatest goldsmith of that time or any other was devoted to disguising the faults of a stone; whereas today, such a stone, whatever its size, would probably be discarded from a fine stock. A gem must stand on its own merits today. Any attempt to hide a flaw or even to set it to the best advantage is considered unethical. A stone must be perfect, or marked imperfect. There are some jewelry stocks where every diamond is perfect or bears a label stating its imperfection. By perfect I mean without flaws of any kind. This rigid standard cannot be applied to emeralds and rubies, for they almost never occur without flaws, even though properly cut and correct in color.

In Cellini's day they had not brought the cutting of gems to anything like the perfection it has reached today, nor was there then any such quantity of magnificent diamonds in existence as now pour from the mines of South Africa. Hence their attempts to beautify with the only means at their command the stones they possessed, poorly cut and polished for lack of modern methods, were considered justifiable, and this explains the pains that a great artist like Cellini could put into this work. The process Cellini used was the application to the surface of the stone of a wash composed of various vegetable oils and tinged with a specially prepared mixture, one ingredient of which was lampblack. He also placed beneath the diamond a thin layer of crystal, so adjusted between the foil and the diamond that it did not touch the latter—a trick that today would decrease rather than increase the value of the ring, as being an attempt at deception.

Playing the Host in Vienna

BUT we were speaking of the gems of Austria-Hungary when Cellini so pleasantly interrupted us. And before we can get well started on the stones of this country, he will interrupt us again, this time with a great treasure of his which today reposes in the Imperial Hoffmuseum of Vienna, and which I saw with unusual interest, having read this artist's own description of his work and his naïve delight in it. This little masterpiece is a salve box carved from a single enormous emerald weighing nine ounces and measuring four inches by two and one-half inches—one of the three largest emeralds in the world.

Cellini did not carve the box itself, but made the delicate gold-and-enameled stand that supports it. We have in America only one example of this great artist's handiwork—a wonderful *coupe* in gold, enamel and gems in the Metropolitan Museum—but it gives us an idea of the degree of perfection to which this phase of the jeweler's art can be carried, and which is epitomized in this salve box.

In Vienna I became well acquainted with Dr. Aristedes Brezina, the director of the mineralogical collection of the Imperial Museum of Austria. Naturally I was most anxious, while there, to see the Austrian crown jewels, which were kept in the treasury, and looked to him to arrange this. But when I broached the subject he only shook his head.

"I'm afraid it can't be done, Kunz," he said. "Much as I should like to oblige you, I'm sorry to say that it isn't possible. Even you can scarcely expect to examine the crown jewels when I've never seen them myself."

I was amazed. Who in Austria, if not one of their foremost mineralogists and a director of the Imperial Museum, would be expected to have the entrée to this treasure? However, I was not to be discouraged, and one day a week or so later I invited Doctor Brezina to luncheon with me.

"Look here, Doctor," I said, "I'm not going to leave Vienna without seeing one of the greatest gem collections in Europe and ——"

He looked at me reproachfully.

"I've already told you there's no one in the world I'd more gladly oblige, but ——"

"I'm not asking you to oblige me, Brezina; I'm going to oblige you." And I pulled from my pocket a card which I showed him. His eyes fairly popped out of his head.

"You don't mean to say ——" he stammered.

"Just that!" I laughed. "I kept right on until I got to the right person and made him see it my way. Hurry up with your coffee. We're going now, and we want all the daylight we can get."

As time goes on and I never meet or hear of anyone else who has ever examined these treasures, I grow less surprised at the incredulous amazement with which my friend regarded me. I sometimes wonder how I did it myself.

Not to Be Caught With a Paintbrush

COMPLETELY surrounded by armed guards, as an island is surrounded by water, we entered the room containing these famous jewels, saw them taken from their vitrines, laid reverently in our hands, one at a time, by their custodians, and then, followed by many guardian eyes, returned to their covert. Among these jewels was the famous Florentine diamond, a fine cinnamon-colored stone of 139.82 carats. I found, on taking this little ball of concentrated wealth into my hand—it made me feel as though the sunlight of ages, stealing into the earth, had slowly congealed and hardened into this scintillant blob—that it had one strange peculiarity; namely, three facets at the back that had never been cut. This did not constitute a defect, but would serve to identify the gem anywhere—if it needed any further identification than its many beauties.

The examination of these imperial treasures was particularly interesting, as no inventory and valuation had ever been published and I was granted the first opportunity of doing this. I made a most careful estimate of all the pieces in this collection, paying special attention to the pearls. The total weight of the pearls in all the ornaments included in the Austrian crown jewels is four and a half pounds avoirdupois, and they were worth $4,000,000—a figure to remember when considering the value of a single little pearl tippet belonging to the Shah of Persia which I shall speak of in a moment.

It gives one a very special sensation to hold in one's hands such jewels as these, not so much because of the intrinsic value—one could hold a handful of pearls from some great jewelry house of today that would far outvalue all the pearls in the Austrian regalia—but because of the shadows of romance and history that cluster thick about one. Most celebrated of all the gems in this regalia is the pearl of Rudolf II, weighing 104 grains—the largest of all. It is slightly uneven, and the color, although white, is not that of a fine new pearl; but who would expect that of the oldest known unchanged pearl, having a direct and authentic historical record covering 306 years?

It is the opals of Austria-Hungary which have been, until recently, its chief claim to fame as a gem country. In the vicinity of Dubnik, until the discovery of the infinitely more productive mines in New South Wales and New Zealand, were found for centuries some of the finest opals in the world; but now Hungary is completely outclassed—so much so that these mines have now been closed down.

I went direct to the owner of these mines, who lived in Vienna, to make my purchases and studies, and there looked over some of the loveliest opals Austria ever produced. One of the finest ever found is the one—four inches long and exquisite in its multiplicity of wavering color—which I secured at this time and later placed in the Field collection with other fine Hungarian opals.

I never see these exquisite stones without thinking of what Sir Philip Burne-Jones once said to me. He was at the time on a visit to this country and was a member of the party, with Governor Odell, which went to Stony Point for the dedication of Stony Point Battlefield as a state park in the custody of the organization of which I am still president. I still have the amusing little drawing which the artist made to commemorate the event.

We got on the subject of gems, and Sir Philip Burne-Jones said: "Do you know, gems are the only thing an artist should never attempt to paint. A sunset, all right—even a star or a whole constellation of them—but a gem, never. A paintbrush can conceivably hold sunshine, but not diamond shine. And as for the opal ——" He threw up his hands.

And while on the subject of opals, just a word concerning the superstition connected with them. This is not, as in the case of most gems, a superstition handed down from ancient times, but one of fairly modern origin. There is no gem old enough to have gathered unto itself legend and tradition but has some superstition—often many—attached to it; as, for example, that the amethyst will cure drunkenness, the coral quell tempests, the diamond bring victory, the emerald foreshadow coming events, and lapis lazuli prevent melancholy. The bad repute which the opal once had seems to have been largely due to the imagination of one man—Sir Walter Scott, who, in Anne of Geierstein, wove such a tale of sorrow around this stone as succeeded, without intention on his part, in making it a symbol of misfortune. Fortunately—for it is one of the most beautiful of stones—this superstition has gradually died out.

I recall one day discussing this matter with Marion Crawford, who, like most artistic people, was particularly fond of this stone.

"Too bad—too bad—this silly superstition about the opal," he said. "I'm not against superstitions. They've helped me out many a time with a tale. But I only believe in fine, old, well-established superstitions, not these newfangled ones. The opal doesn't deserve its bad-luck reputation and I'm sure that these new black opals that are coming on the market from Australia will kill that evil reputation. They're far too desirable to be set lightly aside because of a fancied omen." He twinkled. "Personally I go about saying that black opals bring good luck."

And it is true that today the black opal is believed to bring good luck. One of the most beautiful as well as most amazing opals I have ever seen was one found in Australia in 1909. In speaking of the origin of opals, I said that they are formed by the heated waters containing soluble silica eating into bits of bone and other soft substances embedded in rock. Well, some upheaval of Nature once caught a small serpent unawares and buried him in rock without breaking a bone of his body. Then came the creeping waters, eating him gradually away, but leaving in his place a deposit of exquisitely colored mineral. And so, a few years ago, the miners took a perfect and complete reptilian skeleton of pure opal from the rock—more beautiful a hundred times than if it had been ingeniously fabricated by man, and one of the unique gems of the world.

We have in the Magyars a people less—well, perhaps we should say less modern than ourselves. If there still remains a touch of—of primitiveness in their make-up, a half barbaric love of finery—well, where would we be without this abundant source of costumery for our Viennese operettas? And where, may I ask, will you see, in several blue moons, anything more splendid than one of these Magyar nobles, such as I saw over there before the war, dressed in his light blue uniform, skin-tight trousers, high black patent-leather boots, gold braid, white fur hat, short cape swung jauntily over one shoulder, and *cocarde*, sword sheath, girdle and ring, all of emeralds bordered with diamonds? Where will you see the like of this today except in some musical comedy?

The Gems Found in Russian Soil

THEY were strong on emeralds, those Magyars, and now that "the old order changeth, giving place to new"—now that nobility is poor and emeralds are higher in favor than ever—one after the other these gorgeous regalias have been broken up and sold. Many of the stones have found their way to this country, but, as I have already said, some of the most reputed European gems fail to satisfy our fastidious tastes. I have seen many of these large emeralds, and few of them can be used here in their original size and shape. Most of them must be cut down and down until only one tiny spot—a fractional part of the whole crystal—remains—but worth to us more than the entire gem.

The nearer we approach the dark continents the closer we come to the real gem wealth of the world—deep in the black bowels of the earth, sprinkled on the silver sands of the sea, gleaming in yellow silt at the bottom of streams, embedded deep in vast reaches of rock. And in Russia one isn't very far away from these treasures of Africa and Asia. "A Russian is an Oriental with his shirt tucked in," and just as he himself is partly Oriental, so is his soil. Russia boasts far more gem wealth than any other European country.

I shall mention in a later article those marvelous amethysts—like no others in the world—which are found in Russia, but here I shall speak of other almost equally celebrated Russian gems.

In Russia the love of the pearl is almost as great as in Persia or India, where one-third of the portable wealth of the country was in jewels. This love has been fostered by the

(Continued on Page 188)

What Is Success?

By E. L. Cord

Auburn has grown from a company of less than a million dollars assets four years ago to control of over sixteen million dollars assets today. Auburn sales have doubled every year for the last four years. Already, every conservative estimate indicates Auburn sales will double again this year, due to the intrinsic value of the car itself.

Is that success?

In our belief success must be progressive, every step upward adding greater obligations. It is not a prize to be won for what has been done as much as a demonstration of ability to do more.

That is why Auburn has acquired control of important parts companies, enlarged its production capacity and greatly improved and strengthened its position in many ways in order to return to the public the benefits of the increasing consumer-demand for Auburn cars.

The test of any automobile manufacturer's success is not the size of his business today as much as whether it is so inherently sound that it will enable him to pioneer better cars and bigger values tomorrow.

Auburn is rededicated to principles that made possible its success today in order to deserve the privilege of serving more people tomorrow.

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

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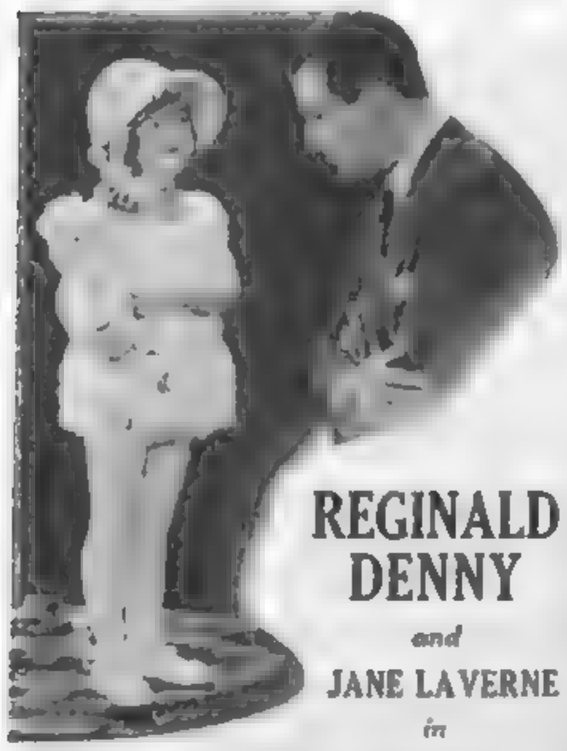
Our Weekly Chat



REGINALD DENNY

and

JANE LAVERNE

in

"That's My Daddy"

REGINALD DENNY assuredly had a bright idea when he wrote the comedy ***"That's My Daddy,"*** and incidentally he revealed a generous streak in giving a five-year-old girl the "fat" rôle. It is one of the most delicious comedies I have ever seen, and little JANE LA VERNE is bound to capture your hearts.

JIMMY NORTON, discovering that he is late for his wedding, puts on mile-a-minute speed and is caught by a motorcycle cop. His excuse is that he is on his way to the hospital to see his little girl. And the cop, Irish and sympathetic, but careful, insists on going with him.

In the hospital JIMMY is about to confess the lie when the cop discovers a little girl, brought there that day, and assumes she is Jimmy's daughter. And his conversation inclines the baby girl to the same notion. There is nothing left for Jimmy to do but to take her to his home. And then ensue complications which almost break up the wedding.

Take notice: Three UNIVERSAL PICTURES which are attracting widespread favorable comment are ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** all-star cast; ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** with LAURA LA PLANTE and a full cast of stars ***"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris,"*** with GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARRELL MacDONALD. See them by all means.

Have you wondered why I am so loud in my praise of LAURA LA PLANTE? See her pictures and you will understand.

GLENN TRYON has advanced so rapidly as a comedian that I am looking for the best stories to exploit his talent.

I wish you would write your comments on all Universal Pictures to me personally, and I'll answer in detail.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

SELLING OTHER MEN'S BRAINS

(Continued from Page 17)

One of the first stars with whom I had dealing was Richard Harding Davis, and this transaction represents one of my early thrills. It was at the time that Mr. Wilson instructed the American Navy to get the salute from Huerta, then dictator of Mexico. A literary agent, who is a man who markets the writings of an author for a 10 per cent commission, approached me with a proposition that Mr. Davis go to Mexico as a war correspondent for the syndicate, but being a canny agent and knowing ours to be a young organization, he wanted to know how he could be sure the money would be paid. Having no pride, we agreed to deposit the guaranty in a bank in a special account which could be tapped only for the purpose of paying Mr. Davis. This was satisfactory and Mr. Davis departed from Galveston for Vera Cruz with the Funston expedition.

There was a sequel to this expedition which turned out to be beneficial to me. When the War Department orders came for Funston to move to Vera Cruz, a dance was being held at the Galvez Hotel. It was a gay affair, resplendent with the color of the dress uniforms of the Army and Navy officers and the evening gowns of beautiful women, and crackling with the excitement caused by the knowledge that the troops would move at any moment. It was at the height of the dance the orders came, and the scene quickly changed from a social one to military, and the dress uniforms to khaki. Mr. Davis described all this vividly in his first story, beginning it: "There was a dance at the Galvez Hotel tonight."

Two years later I arrived in Galveston for the first time early one Sunday morning with a single dollar in my pocket—enough to pay for the taxicab to the hotel. I sought out the proprietor and explained to him I was the head of the newspaper syndicate which had sent Mr. Davis to Mexico and reminded him how Mr. Davis' story had started. Then I asked him if he would cash a check for twenty-five dollars, which would carry me along until I got to Houston.

"I won't cash a check for less than a hundred," he replied.

Heroes of Youth

To be Richard Harding Davis' employer handed me a big kick, for as a youngster his books had given me my greatest thrill, and he had long been one of my heroes. Incidentally, he looked like what I expected he would—a soldier of fortune. His Mexican expedition was more of a success than the Government's, because he wrote fine stories and went to Mexico City on the assurance of General Huerta that he would be given safe conduct to get an interview. The general changed his mind and instead of giving Mr. Davis an audience threw him into jail. The British ambassador, finally obtained his release. If there was one quality that Richard Harding Davis had it was courage.

So successful was this first venture that when the World War started in 1914 I approached Mr. Davis direct with a proposition to go to France as a correspondent, and he accepted. This time we did not deal through a literary agent. We met in the Lambs Club in New York and agreed on terms. He told me how much he wished sent to his wife weekly. The rest we were to hold for his return. There was no letter, no contract—only a nod. We operated on that contract all through the war, and again it was most satisfactory.

In my youth I had admired two men very much—Col. Theodore Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis—and here I was associated with one on terms of intimacy.

It was shortly after the war began that Charles M. Lincoln, then managing editor of the New York World, asked me to come to see him, and the visit resulted in the following conversation:

"We would like very much to have Colonel Roosevelt cover the war for us, but because of the editorial attitude of the World, I doubt whether he would listen to a proposition from us. Therefore we want you to make him an offer, with the definite understanding that if he accepts, we are to have the publication rights to his dispatches for the New York territory. Offer him $2500 a week and we will underwrite you."

I had never met Colonel Roosevelt, but with Guy T. Viskniskki, then associated with me, we set out for Oyster Bay and Sagamore Hill. On the way we got a great idea, and I believe the inspiration belongs to Mr. Viskniskki. He suggested that if the colonel declined the proposal that he go to Europe, we get him to write a series of articles telling America what it would learn from the World War.

The Big Stick and the Pen

After we had made our offer to Colonel Roosevelt, he thought for only a moment and then replied:

"That is a very handsome proposition and I would like to go, but I don't see how I can without its reflecting on the dignity of the country and the position I have held, which is the highest in the land."

I had suggested that he go not as an ordinary correspondent but as an international observer who would send back dispatches when he felt it was worth while. After he had refused the first offer we submitted the second, which was he should write a series on what the United States would learn from the war.

"That is a good idea," he responded, "and you will hear from me on that."

"There is one more thing, Colonel Roosevelt," I added. "Have you any objection to our selling these articles to the New York World?"

"I don't care whom you sell them to," he replied, with a characteristic grin.

As I recall it, there was no talk of terms. Big men are the easiest to make contracts with. In a couple of weeks we received four articles from him along the lines we had suggested, and he promptly accepted a guaranty of $1000 an article, which would be a fairly low price in these days of big pay for authors. There was also a percentage arrangement that provided the colonel should receive more if our sales went over a certain amount.

Feeling very much pleased with myself, I went back to the World and reported that Colonel Roosevelt had turned down the original idea but that we had arranged for a substitute series and I had gotten his consent to sell it to the World. It was turned down. We offered it to the Hearst papers, but an editor declined the series. The Times bought the series for New York and about one hundred and fifty other papers grabbed it. He wrote twelve as interesting articles as were turned out on the war in those early days. The Times did not agree with the colonel's views editorially and said so frankly, which delighted this fine old fighter.

He remarked to me one day with a grin, "I am having a debate with the Times every Sunday."

He took great pains in preparing these articles and his manuscript copy was corrected and interlined until it was hardly legible. I wish I had saved some of it. These articles were later published in a book called America and the World War, and he generously gave us credit for the idea in the preface. I have an autographed copy of it.

After the first series ran out we wanted him to write an article every other week on the developments of the war and politics. He had even decided on the first four subjects, always being fearful he would run short of interesting material if he did twenty-six a year. The Metropolitan Magazine came along and offered him as much for twelve a year, and he accepted for the reason he thought he wouldn't run into any thin spots on the latter basis. Several times afterward he expressed his regret that he had not taken the newspaper offer, because he could get his views into print so much sooner than he could in a magazine. He was hot to say something the day after the Lusitania was sunk and he had to wait five or six weeks, because a magazine must be put together so far ahead of the publication date.

One more suggestion I made to the colonel and this was late in 1916. I had already spoken to Victor F. Lawson, then the owner and publisher of the Chicago Daily News, to get his views on the idea and to see if he would help finance it. He was enthusiastic about both. It was to buy a daily newspaper and make T. R. the editor and try to make it a national publication. At first the colonel was receptive toward the suggestion.

He said a little sadly and wearily, "I'm afraid the people are out of sympathy with my policies."

Then politics put on a burst of speed and the United States got into the war, and Mr. Viskniskki and I got into the Army, and when we came back this great man was dead. The contact and friendship with T. R. was one of the high spots of my life and I still have my discharge from his division, which Mr. Wilson would not permit him to organize.

In the meantime Mr. Davis had gone to England in 1914 and found that the British War Office would accredit only one American correspondent to the British Army, this man to be selected by the American Secretary of State, then William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Davis cabled us these facts and we approached Mr. Bryan with the suggestion he be designated. The secretary refused.

Other newspapermen and war correspondents seemed to resent the fact that Mr. Davis liked to wear evening clothes. They thought he was conceited. The New York Tribune was publishing his stories in New York, so he visited the Tribune bureau in London in the evening wearing a dress suit, whereupon some fresh correspondent said, "Do you know there is a war on?"

When the Germans Came to Town

Richard Harding Davis knew it, for without credentials he went to Belgium and wrote the best news story, I think, that was turned out on the war, that masterpiece of the gray-green ghost army marching through Brussels. His critic was still safe back in London and may be there yet for all the world has heard of him. I quote the introduction to that historic story by Mr. Davis for the benefit of the younger readers who did not see it and the older ones who would like to read it over again:

Brussels, Friday, Aug. 21, 1914—2 P. M.—The entrance of the German army into Brussels has lost the human quality. It was lost as soon as the three soldiers who led the army bicycled into the Boulevard du Regent and asked the way to the Gare du Nord. When they passed, the human note passed with them.

What came after them, and twenty-four hours later is still coming, is not men marching but a force of Nature like a tidal wave, an avalanche or a river flooding its banks. At this minute it is rolling through Brussels as the swollen waters of the Conemaugh Valley swept through Johnstown.

At the sight of the first few regiments of the enemy we were thrilled with interest. After for three hours they had passed in one unbroken steel-gray column we were bored. But when hour after hour passed and there was no halt, no breathing time, no open spaces in the ranks, the thing became uncanny, inhuman. You returned to watch it fascinated. It held the mystery and menace of fog rolling toward you across the sea.

The gray of the uniforms worn by both officers and men helped this air of mystery. Only the sharpest eye could detect among the thousands that passed the slightest difference. All moved under a cloak of invisibility. Only after the most numerous and severe tests at all distances with all materials and combinations of colors that gave forth no color could this gray have been discovered. That it was selected to clothe and disguise the German when he fights is typical of the general staff in striving for efficiency to leave nothing to chance, to neglect no detail

(Continued on Page 50)

Every small home needs a *roof* which *protects* and *beautifies*

To enhance its value, to reduce upkeep costs, the small home should have a roof which is permanent, fireproof and beautiful

Your home is probably the most important investment of your lifetime. If, as is the case with most of us, yours is a place of modest proportions, it is particularly necessary that you do everything possible to keep it attractive, to enhance its value and to prevent useless expense and annoyance.

One of the first points by which your house is judged is its roof. A trim, neat-looking house may be spoiled by a cheap, flimsy roof. A house of rather commonplace appearance can almost be made over by a new roof constructed of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles.

In the pictures we print here we cannot show you the warm, harmonious colors, the pleasant blending of shades. You may see these by looking at our colored advertisements appearing in Liberty or Collier's and many monthly publications. Our free color guide also shows the beauty of these everlasting, fireproof shingles. Send for it today.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are Not Expensive

You can roof your house with cheaper materials than Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. But if you do you may have to re-roof in a few years. Anything less than the complete protection of a Johns-Manville Shingle exposes you to continuous fire risk.

The wise plan is to *end roofing expense forever.* Whether you are building a new home, or re-roofing your present home, Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles will give you a permanent roof. Their slightly higher cost will be saved several times over because they will never have to be replaced.

Besides this, the beautiful, smart, blended colors, and the substantial appearance of these sturdy Johns-Manville Shingles will make your house more valuable and improve its entire appearance.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles on your home are an investment in beauty, in pride of ownership and in actual cash value. You cannot afford to use any other roofing.

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For every type of flat-roofed building you will find the ideal covering to be Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofing. World-renowned engineering organizations such as General Electric Company use this roofing for their buildings. It also protects theatres and baseball grand-stands, as well as warehouses, railroad stations, office buildings and factories all over the country. If you have anything to do with the construction or maintenance of any flat-roofed building, write to us. We shall be glad to tell you in detail about Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofing and put you in touch with our approved roofer.

Hexagonal shingles on a cottage

Colorblende Shingles as the roof of an early American style house

A Johns-Manville Shingle Roof on a Dutch Colonial House

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Name

Address

Week of March 12th

South opens the bidding with four Hearts on the Radio Bridge Hand below. What would you say if you were in Mr. Whitehead's (West's) position? See if you are a clever enough Bridge player to figure this hand as Mr. Whitehead does. Hear the answer by Radio.

Mrs. Guy U. Purdy, Omaha, Nebraska, dealer, South—

Spades	6, 4
Hearts	A, K, Q, 10, 7, 6, 4, 2
Diamonds	5
Clubs	6, 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, West—

Spades	K, J, 7, 2
Hearts	None
Diamonds	K, Q, 10, 7
Clubs	A, K, 9, 8, 4

Milton C. Work, New York, North—

Spades	Q, 9, 8
Hearts	J, 9
Diamonds	A, J, 9, 8, 6
Clubs	Q, J, 7

W. B. Byrnes, New York, East—

Spades	A, 10, 5, 3
Hearts	K, 5, 3
Diamonds	4, 3, 2
Clubs	10, 5, 3

Tues., March 13, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WJAR, WLW, WOC, WGN, WGR, WGV, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ

Tues., March 13, 8:30 P.M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix
KFUM	Corley Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs
KFYR	Hoskins-Meyer	Bismarck
KGBX	Foster Hall Tire Co.	St. Joseph, Mo
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KOB	Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts	State College, N. M.
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.	Fargo
WDBO	[illegible]	[illegible]
WEAA	[illegible]	[illegible]
WFBM	[illegible]	[illegible]
WHEC	Hickson [illegible]	[illegible]
WJOD	[illegible]	[illegible]
WJAX	[illegible]	[illegible]
WJBO	[illegible]	[illegible]
WKY	[illegible]	[illegible]
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & [illegible]	[illegible]
WPG	[illegible]	[illegible]
WRVA	[illegible]	[illegible]
WSAZ	[illegible]	[illegible]
WSUN	[illegible]	[illegible]
WWNC	[illegible]	[illegible]
WWVA	[illegible] & Investment Assn.	[illegible]
CFAC	[illegible]	[illegible]
CFL	[illegible]	[illegible]
CFCF	[illegible]	[illegible]
CHNS	[illegible]	[illegible]
CJCA	[illegible]	[illegible]
CJGC	Free Press	[illegible]
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	[illegible]
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can.
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.
CKCI	Le Soleil	Quebec, Can
CKCO	Radio Ass'n.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg, Can.

The U. S. Playing Card Company
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Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York

BICYCLE and CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

(Continued from Page 48)

The sequel to this story may interest the reader. Mr. Davis, not having yet been accredited to any army in those hectic first days of the war, was attaching himself to the fast-moving troops and sending back history-making stories. As the tail of the German forces swung through Brussels, Mr. Davis fell into step and marched along with the goose steppers. He wore the khaki uniform of a correspondent which he had worn in the Boer War and on his blouse were some of the decorations given him for his services in South Africa.

It was not long before his presence was discovered by a German officer, and he was passed along to the commanding general with the recommendation that he be shot as a British spy because of his uniform and decorations. It was practically decided that this should be done when a German major on the staff who had lived in America and had heard of Richard Harding Davis interceded and persuaded the higher command to give him a chance. Fortunately, this German major had read and liked some of Mr. Davis' books. The war correspondent was finally given a map with his route back to Brussels clearly marked, and an order to be there within twenty-four hours. The order instructed any of the Kaiser's officers or men who discovered Mr. Davis off this route to shoot him without asking questions. No one ever followed a road map more religiously.

In the meantime, pleased by the story of the German Army in Brussels, I had approached Count von Bernstorff, then the German ambassador to the United States, with a suggestion that he arrange to have Mr. Davis accredited to the German Army because of the excellent story he had written. Just when he was carefully considering this, Davis filed another story telling of his treatment by the Germans and the sack of Louvain, which decided the question without taking it up with Count von Bernstorff further. Thereafter Davis was attached to the French Army and wrote many more thrilling stories of the first days of the conflict. He was always a writer and always a patriot, and when he died in 1916 it was from heart trouble in the telephone booth at his home in Mount Kisco while he was talking to the mayor of New York, then John Purroy Mitchel, supporting some patriotic program. It is a shame he did not live to see Uncle Sam take off his coat and go into the war.

Inspiration for a Story

Before going along to the lighter side of the syndicate business, there is one story of Richard Harding Davis which should be told. During the winter of 1915 and 1916 he went to Saloniki, where there was considerable activity, still representing my syndicate. Several American correspondents were quartered there in one big room. The group included, besides Davis, John McCutcheon and William Shepherd—covering his first war. It was a dreary cold winter, even in the hotel room. One morning a young American covered with mud fresh from the trenches blew in on the correspondents, and when the caked clay was scraped off it was seen he wore a British uniform.

Without preliminaries he said, "One of you lend me a suit of civvies." He was already pulling off his filthy uniform as he talked. "I come from Iowa and I'm going back there. I joined this war to see the sights, and I've seen all I want to. I was hit on the Somme and when I came out of blighty they sent me here, and I've been in those stinkin' trenches ever since. See that boat across the street?" He pointed to a steamer with stacks smoking at the wharf. "She sails for America at seven tonight and I'm going to be on her on my way back to Iowa. I'm fed up—through. A suit of civvies!"

Davis turned to his companions. "Would you fellows mind going out for a walk?" he said.

By this time the soldier had stripped off his clothes. The others left, and when they returned in about an hour the American was back in his dirty uniform, still looking longingly at the steamer across the way, with smoke pouring out of her stacks. He had got to Saloniki on two days' leave. He went back. Davis had persuaded him.

Months later Shepherd met this same soldier in London and recognized him. He was wearing the ribbon of the Victoria Cross.

"What do you think of me?" he said. "When I was figuring on deserting out there in Saloniki, they were fixing to give me this"—pointing to the prized ribbon on his chest—"before a regiment drawn up on parade. It was for something or other I did when I was on the Western Front."

"Did you know Davis was dead?" asked Shepherd.

"Dead?" said the soldier. "Ain't that a shame! And he died thinking I was yellow, too, didn't he?"

And the last short story Mr. Davis wrote was called The Deserter and was based on the incident in Saloniki.

Many artists and writers are good shoppers when their contracts are about to expire, and go from one syndicate to another to get the highest bid. One cartoonist always has his father make his contracts, and he could give a lawyer lessons on the art of drawing contracts. Some celebrities are lucky when it comes to picking fathers.

A Free Tour of Paris

On the whole, though, most of the star performers are easy to do business with, and it is the little guy who makes the trouble. I have never had a contract with Montague Glass, and besides being a fine performer he is an amusing companion and a great story-teller. Some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent in my life were at his home in Deauville last summer with Bugs Baer and him. If there is any truth in the maxim about laughing and growing fat, I should have weighed three hundred pounds when I left there.

George Ade is a pattern of precision when it comes to preparing his copy. Another contributor who would rather have a comma in the right place than own Central Park is Mabel Herbert Urner, who started writing The Married Life of Helen and Warren about the time Parker ran for President. She has a file of everything she has ever written and a secretary whose brain is an index.

Some of my best friends in the business are controlled by rival syndicates—perhaps that's why they are my best friends. Take Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist—but don't keep him long, because I want him back.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg were good enough to invite me to dine with them one night in Paris, and when we came out of a Montmartre restaurant about two the next morning, Rube was faced by a Frenchman with a camera trained on him and told that the man behind the gun would take his photograph for two francs.

"For two francs," replied Rube, "I'll make a picture of you."

The puzzled Frenchman agreed, so Mr. Goldberg sketched his picture on an envelope and gave it to him, and he gave Rube his two francs. Then a nice-looking taxicab driver—oh, yes, they have them in Paris—stepped up and, to show his appreciation of Mr. Goldberg's art, offered to take us any place in Paris we desired to go if the artist would draw a picture of him. It was the cheapest taxi ride we ever had, and took us to Isadora Duncan's at about three or four in the morning. There she was, in Greek draperies and a long shawl—probably the one which was afterward responsible for her death in Nice, when it caught in the wheel of an automobile in which she was riding and choked her. When we dusted a couple of sand dunes off the phonograph box and started it scraping a dance record, she got up and did a few steps. Her age and weight faded before her grace.

We told Miss Duncan that Marcel, the taxi driver, was a great dancer and we would have got away with it had he not at the precise moment tripped over nothing and crashed with an enormous tray of beer he happened to be carrying. He stumbled over the excitement of seeing so many celebrities. Poor Isadora. We left at about six and two months later she was dead.

Marcel lived up to his bargain by refusing to accept a sou.

Just a sequel to the visit to Isadora. The proprietor of the hotel where she was living in a small cheap room was then threatening to evict her and she needed money. I had read her life story, which was a fairly judicious mixture of art and romance and famous names. She had written it herself, and it was well done. She wanted me to offer her cash and give it to her that night, but I have long made it a rule never to discuss or transact business of any kind in Paris after midnight, so I told her she would hear from me shortly.

I proved to be a poor prophet. I fulfilled my part and cabled her an offer of $1500 cash for the American syndicate rights to her story as soon as I got back to New York. The next day I read in a newspaper that she was dead. She told me the last night I saw her she was fearful she would die in an automobile accident, as her two children had at Versailles.

From the French post office about a week later I received an official notice that the addressee had left the address in Paris to which I had sent the cable and had gone to Nice, where my cable had been forwarded by mail. But when it arrived poor Isadora had gone on and left no forwarding address where the French Government or newspaper syndicates could reach her. A friend of mine named Jed Kiley, who lives in Paris and had introduced me to Miss Duncan, wrote me he thought if my cable had arrived in time the great dancer might still be alive. He felt that worry over money had contributed to her tragic death.

Perhaps the reader of this article might be interested in ghost writers, which is the professional way to describe the man or woman who does the actual writing of a piece to which the name of some celebrity is signed. Many ball players, prize fighters, princes, jockeys, actresses and even presidential candidates use ghost writers. Bobby Jones refuses to permit anyone to dot an *i* or cross a *t*. He writes all his own stuff.

From Teething Ring to Niblick

For years Bobby Jones declined to write for the newspapers and efforts to persuade him to do so brought no results. Then one day he wrote to his friend Grantland Rice and told him he had decided to try to become an author, because he could not show a profit studying law at Emory University, and he was married, with the expenses which go with that happy state. Mr. Rice, a friend of mine, told me about it. I wrote Mr. Jones.

A few days later this great golfer arrived in the office and we agreed on the terms in no time. Then he hauled a bunch of yellow sheets of paper out of his inside pocket and handed them to me. The article was in pencil.

"I did this coming up on the train," he explained. "See what you think of it."

"Will you actually write the stuff or will O. B. Keeler?" I asked him.

"I'll do it," answered Bobby. "I want to see if I can get along on my own."

O. B. Keeler is the golf writer on the Atlanta Journal and Mr. Jones' constant companion since the youngster first started to swing a golf club, which was about the time he threw away his teething ring. Somebody—I think it was Stewart Maiden, the professional—noticed he had a good follow-through when he tossed off that teething ring and handed him a mashie niblick. The real reason the husky Mr. Jones took up golf was because as a young boy his health was so bad some of the doctors were doubtful as to whether he would survive to manhood, and recommended the game as a tonic.

During the period a few years ago when every ball player of any prominence "wrote" stories on the game the practice of ghost writing was very much abused, and I must confess I was not altogether guiltless. There is the story of one player who

(Continued on Page 52)

THROUGH THE NIGHT

A COLD night, crystal clear, with skid chains ringing on the frozen highway, the keening wind cutting like a knife through cloth and fur, a silver mist of frost dazzling the moonlight . . . a night to be snugly indoors! *Yet the great mail plane drones overhead!*

Whether it is a night of cold or a night of heat, thunderous and oppressive, with clouds of dust spiralling upward even in the dry darkness . . . or a night of drizzling rain, with the pat-pat-pat of waves sending fear into the hearts of those who live by the banks of rising rivers . . . these couriers of the sky fly on their appointed courses.

Above the flood or on the edge of the blizzard they are blazing new routes to serve a higher civilization than the world has yet known.

For the most modern forms of industry and the most modern needs of commerce definitely demand greater speed not only in communication, but in transportation. Telephone and radio have tremendously increased the exchange of constructive ideas. The automobile has speeded up the interchange of products.

He who can command safe speed in excess of his competitors in the performance of contracts will almost infallibly take the lead in nation-wide business.

This country is now measured not in terms of political frontiers, but in terms of trade areas. And trade areas are clearly limited by transportation facilities. Is it not significant that by June of this year air-mail planes of the United States will be flying 25,000 miles daily—a distance equal to the circumference of the earth at the Equator? With 80 station stops, these planes will be serving trade areas that embrace 62,300,000 people!

The weight of mail carried on airways between New York and San Francisco, with some duplication, during 1927, was over 750,000 pounds! The value of bank checks transmitted was approximately $7,200,000,000! Mail and express included publications, photographs, jewelry, moving-picture films, samples.

These figures are for mail and express only, exclusive of freight; *for the Ford lines alone, operating between Detroit and Cleveland and Detroit and Chicago, transported in* 1926 *a total of* 1,730,000 *pounds of freight!*

The Ford Motor Company, because of its extraordinary knowledge of transportation trends, is in a particularly fortunate position to gauge the commercial importance of this great industry that is being born. Do not measure the service of commercial planes in terms of wartime standards; for they are types of a new epoch, designed for safety, speed and utility—looking upward and outward to an expansion of swift safe service that will reach to the ends of the earth.

Already the industry has reached the stage of close competition in passenger traffic . . . in production . . . and in increasing demands that exceed the available supply of dependable equipment. *By the performance of air-mail and commercial planes both in America and abroad, flying day in and day out on regular schedules, you may best judge the capabilities of the most modern planes.*

It is in such planes . . . products of Ford factories, and of the factories of equally far-sighted pioneers of the commercial epoch in the air . . . that the mail is being carried from end to end of this country. . . .

Prophetic is the inscription on the façade of the New York Post Office:

"*Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.*"

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Dermutation does it!

Until you use Mennen, you have yet to know *dermutation*. And until you know *dermutation* you have yet to realize the perfect shave—for *dermutation* is that special property in Mennen Shaving Cream which softens and mollifies the toughest beard; which relaxes and levels the microscopic skin peaks at the base of each hair, so that the razor glides swiftly and smoothly without nicking or scraping these tiny mounds. No soreness; no rawness; no burning; no free alkali. And Mennen lather contains five grateful, soothing emollients which tone up the skin, leaving it soft and smooth for hours to come. Made both with and without menthol.

For after shave:

There's a dash of brisk coolness in *Mennen Skin Balm* that's a delightful accessory to the perfect shave. And *Mennen Talcum for Men* with its neutral invisible tint tones down that full-moon, shiny-face effect so objectionable to everybody. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

MENNEN
The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 50)

severely criticized a team mate for his performance and was called to account for it by the target of his criticism the next day when he read the paper. His critic made this classic reply:

"Before you get sore, wait till I read the paper and see what I said about you."

In one of the series between the Giants and the Athletics there was a young third baseman on Connie Mack's club named Frank Baker who could certainly smack that old apple. He hit one of Rube Marquard's fast ones out of the park and broke up the ball game. That night Christy Mathewson and I were preparing Matty's story, as I was playing the part of ghost writer to Big Six.

"You can say," Matty told me, "that Rube pitched wrong to Baker." We did.

But unfortunately the next day the Old Master himself was in the box, and Baker rapped one over almost the same knot hole in the fence. Well, Matty and I had a tough story to write that night.

The old boy, though, was always very kind to the other players. I recall when he pitched that historic deciding World's Series game in Boston, when in extra innings it looked as if he had the battle won until Fred Snodgrass, the Giant center fielder, let the ball slip out of his hands and missed the easy catch. It cost the players the winners' end of the series—and show me a Big Leaguer who cares nothing about the winners' end!

"What'll I say about Snodgrass?" I asked Matty that night.

"It wasn't his fault," answered Big Six. "It was just a tough break. Anybody is liable to do the same thing."

When Firpo Wrote English

It wasn't long before Matty began actually to write his own stuff, and good stuff it was, too, for he knew the game.

Jess Willard, the big prize fighter, was under contract to us for the description of his fight with Dempsey when he lost the championship, and we furnished the subscribers to the service a daily story for two weeks before the battle. In this Willard usually told how he would pulverize the pretender. His ghost writer, who happened to be me, would consult with him and then transcribe his views, always tempering them in the cause of modesty, although the result did not paint Willard as a shrinking violet.

Perhaps some of you recall the appearance of big Jess when that battle was over. The big fellow looked as if he had been run over by a tank, and I decided that I could do as good a story without talking to him, and did. I wasn't sure he could talk.

Firpo, who could not speak any English—and when Dempsey got through with him couldn't speak any Spanish for an hour or two—was writing in excellent English with the assistance of William Slavens McNutt, his ideas on the Dempsey quarrel. His own description of the battle was on the wires before his seconds had hauled him back to his corner and were administering first aid. That is fast newspaper work.

Several athletes insist on writing their own stuff. Eddie Collins is one. Knute Rockne, the Notre Dame coach, is another. But a lot of ball players and fighters still depend on ghost writers. Some of these authors wait to see how the stuff goes and claim authorship if there is a favorable reaction and blame their amanuensis if it is a bust.

The practice I try to follow now, having attained some success and respectability with it, is to say frankly when the author does not do the actual writing, using some such line as By Christy Mathewson, as told to John J. Copyist. If the author really does the writing of course his name is signed, with no apologies.

Ink as a Beverage

Many aspirants call on a syndicate for work, hoping eventually to succeed to big salaries and fame. A young artist years ago asked Bud Fisher if he minded having him hang around the office and watch him work. No one kept more regular hours or copied cartoons more faithfully. Mr. Fisher used to let him run errands for him and hold his coat, which pleased the youth greatly. One evening Mr. Fisher, another cartoonist and I were talking of arts and letters before the youth, when secretly the other artist and Fisher slipped some charcoal tablets in their mouths, which made their lips and teeth black.

"No cartoonist ever succeeded," declared Mr. Fisher, "who could not drink ink." And he picked up a bottle and pretended to take a swig. The other artist did likewise and each rubbed his lips and opened his mouth, showing the dark interior caused by the harmless charcoal tablets. Before we could stop him the novice grabbed the bottle and took a good-sized shot of ink, and we all had to rush out to a drug store to find an antidote. The young man lived and is a well-known cartoonist today, which shows what perseverance will do—and maybe ink.

The cartoonists make the biggest money in the business when they get a good strip or three-column cartoon. The top pay runs as high as $200,000 a year, without including the income from novelties such as toys, books, and so on.

Although Ring Lardner's humor is usually kindly, sometimes he puts in a biting piece of satire that hits the reader like a punch on the chin. For example, in a recent article describing the ordinary day of a heavyweight fighter whose manager thought

(Continued on Page 54)

A Country Road, Roxborough, Pennsylvania

No BACK-TALK *for 20 years at least!*

BY that we mean: A roof that can be forgotten—a roof so free from trouble that the building owner never has to give it a thought!

When a Barrett Specification Roof is laid, a Surety Bond is issued guaranteeing the building owner against repair or maintenance expense for the next 20 years*—until 1948.

And 20 years is not the whole story—not by any means. During the past several years, our advertisements have shown pictures of some of the surviving American business buildings of the 70's, 80's and 90's. All these old timers are topped by Barrett Roofs of coal-tar pitch and felt—a type very similar to the modern Barrett Specification Roof. And what is more, these old roofs are in first-class condition after 30, 40 and even 50 years of service.

Considering these records, it is not surprising to find that a great proportion of our finest modern buildings are protected with the Barrett Specification Roof.

When this roof is laid all work must be done by an experienced roofer who is approved by The Barrett Company—a Barrett Inspector supervising each step of the job to see that The Barrett Specification is followed every inch of the way.

Directly after the roof is down the Barrett Inspector makes the famous "cut test." And not until this test is made does his O. K. release the Surety bond.

Two years after the roof is finished the Barrett Inspector again checks up—makes a thorough re-examination of the roof.

Little wonder that Barrett Specification Roofs give dependable service many years after the 20-year guarantee has run out. For complete information about these trouble-free roofs, dictate a brief note to us.

*The Barrett Company also offers a Specification Type "A" Roof which is bonded for 10 years. This type of roof is adaptable to a certain class of buildings. The same high-grade materials are used, the only difference being in the quantities.

Depend on
The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York City

IN CANADA.
The Barrett Company, Limited
5551 St. Hubert St., Montreal, Quebec

Barrett Specification Roofs

(Continued from Page 52)

he was going to be world's champion, and in which view evidently Ring did not concur, he wrote of the various exercises the battler took in the morning, his road work, and so on, and then shot in this comment:

"From twelve to one he reads a sentence."

That was all, but it was enough.

Most folks go in for fancy Christmas cards, but not Mr. Lardner. Here is one he sent out a few years ago to his friends, typewritten on plain copy paper:

We've got so many aunt-in-laws
Who seem to think we're Santa Claus
That we just can't afford to spend
No money on a casual friend.

And what did you give us last December?
Nothing, so far as we remember.
So all you get is Merry Christmas
From Mr. Lardner and the Mrs.

Mr. Lardner's idea of a Christmas card for 1927 follows:

We combed Fifth Avenue this last month
A hundred times if we combed it onth,
In search of something we thought would do
To give to a person as nice as you.

We had no trouble selecting gifts
For the Ogden Armours and Louis Swifts,
The Otto Kahns and the George F. Bakers,
The Munns and the Rodman Wanamakers.

It's a simple matter to pick things out
For people one isn't so wild about,
But you, you wonderful pal and friend, you!
We couldn't find anything fit to send you.

"To what do you attribute your success?" I once asked Mr. Lardner.

"To cigarettes and a family with extravagant tastes which always needs money," he replied.

Lardner is a good musician, and John Golden, the theatrical manager and retired song writer, says Ring has the most accurate ear for music of any man or woman he has ever met, and Mr. Golden has met a lot of ears first and last.

Mr. Lardner has now been on the water wagon for more than a year, which is a long time to do a head spin, as Bugs Baer once remarked. When he first went to Chicago to get a job he stopped in the office of the Chicago Tribune and encountered Hugh Fullerton, then the sports editor of that paper. Ring had a letter of introduction to him.

"Let's go across the street to Stillson's and get a drink," said Fullerton.

"I don't drink," answered Ring.

"You'll be in a fine fix around here if you don't."

"Well, that's what they told me to say when I asked for a job," declared Ring.

They got the drink and Ring got the job, in the order named

Most high-priced performers get temperamental, and a syndicate man has a lot of prima donnas to deal with. Each one thinks his stuff is the best in the world and that he is getting the worst of it. For big important features the usual arrangement with the artist or author is to guarantee a flat sum per week against a percentage, so that if the feature sells extremely well he makes more on his percentage. If it is a flop, as the show boys say, the syndicate loses the money because of the guaranty.

So I go on trying to sell other men's brains, which is a tough assignment, but—and I speak from experience—I sell women's brains, too; which is no bed of roses. The secret of success, if any—and this is the last secret—is to please the author and persuade the newspaper editor you have the best features in the world.

ART AT COST

(Continued from Page 15)

mixing concrete before they awoke to the fact that Cubit Roach had given this new enterprise a shove forward while he retreated in person to the delights of the city.

"How much concrete is in dis memorial projeck?" a perspiring committeeman inquired early in the afternoon.

"Seems like a millium wheelbarrers anyway," a brother in distress answered the inquiry.

"Don't mix dat concrete so wet, else it gwine to slop out clean into de ocean."

"You got dat stovepipe set solid fo' de flagpole?"

"Sho is, an' got it anchored wid plenty of balin' wire. Come a-runnin' wid dat concrete!"

"Whah you git dat come-a-runnin' talk? Swing onto dis wheelbarrer yo'self whilst I rests wid dat shovel, an' den see how much come a-runnin' you does!"

The concrete base of the statue engaged the memorial committee for a full week. Fringed by a scrubby thicket, it sat between the highway and the ocean shore.

"Afteh us gits de statue raised up is plenty of time to chop down de brush round heah," Cubit Roach orated. "Meantime, fo' all beach barbecue purposes, mebbe dis li'l' bunch of timber comes in mighty handy to screen us one an' all f'm de gaze of de igrump public. De less de white folks knows 'bout dis bizness de betteh. Dey got dey own statues. Brothehs, befo' dis projeck is oveh wid, mebbe it's gwine to be de bigges' thing whut eveh started. Ise glad to announce dat de treasury is so bulgin' wid money dat nex' Sat'day night, an' lastin' all night, de great preliminary unveilin' of dis projeck will take place. De refreshment committee has started work already, an' de liquid ration will be three times whut it was at de last ruckus. Spread de news. Bring yo' lady friends an' git ready to watch de flag of freedom unfurl to de evenin' air above a scene of joy whut ain't neveh been equaled in dis country since Columbus found it."

In confidence and with some apprehension, "Whah you gwine to git de money fo' de main part of dis statue?" the Wildcat asked Cubit Roach. "You got a li'l' ol' rock of concrete built an' you sez dat all de money 'cept enuff fo' nex' Sat'day's white mule is somehow went."

"Lissen, boy, you is presidump of dis projeck. Dat's a fack. Well, go ahead an' presidump days, nights an' Sundays f'm early mawn to dewy eve. Presidump yo'self plenty. Presidump yo'self high, lots an' mighty—but don't try to treasure none 'less you craves to burden yo'self wid so much grief an' woe dat de coromer will verdict a justifiable suicide over yo' demised carcass."

On Saturday night the refreshments and the flag afforded enough diversion to prevent embarrassing questions relative to the statue part of the memorial, but throughout the following week, when memories of the event had cooled, Cubit Roach faced an intermittent inquisition which forced him into a reckless statement.

"Brothehs, de statue will be unveiled nex' Sat'day night at nine o'clock, along wid fittin' ceremonies."

"Whah you gwine to git dat statue?" the Wildcat asked his associate on Friday, after the two had retreated from the impromptu rally of the paying members.

"Come along wid me. It's gittin' dark, an' right now us gits dat ol' piece of sculpin' an' sets it up."

"Whah you gwine git it?"

"Come along wid me. I shows you."

Leading the Wildcat, Cubit Roach walked from the Clover Club to an establishment on Columbus Avenue wherein assorted creations in plaster of Paris stood grouped in the chilly atmosphere of the Pagliacci and O'Brien Art Factory.

About him in the dim light of the storage shed, the Wildcat saw angels and stags, cherubs, Venus at her coy best, Columbus gazing into the future and a few forgotten heroes of assorted nationalities.

"How much you want fo' dat man oveh dere on de horse, widout de horse?" Cubit Roach inquired, pointing to an equestrian statue of Bolivar.

It developed that Signor Bolivar could not be sold without the horse. Signor Pagliacci held that both would die if separated, the horse and the rider having been poured from the same batch of plaster.

"How much fo' dat man wid his hand to his brow, lookin' into de future like a cigar-store Indian?"

"Colombo. For Colombo, the greatest man in the world, one t'ousand dollars."

"Lissen, mistuh, sposin' you takes a chisel an' cuts de fame offen dat boy, how much would he be then?" Columbus and fame were inseparable. "All I wants is a image of a stevedo' soldier, like dey was two millium of in de A. E. F. war."

Ha! Why had he not said so before? Over in an obscure corner of the shed stood a statue which would fill the bill in an admirable manner.

"He is one-third part of the American Spirit of '76."

"Lemme look at dat fraction."

The art committee viewed a dilapidated replica of the fife-playing member of the heroic trio.

"Whut he got his hands up in de air fo'? Looks like he was a welterweight," the Wildcat observed.

"Nemmine whut he looks like," Cubit Roach broke in. "Ise seen de jazz trio he come out of many a time." Turning to Signor Pagliacci—"How much you want to bust his left arm off, paste a pair of plaster overalls on dem skimmy laigs, an' fix dat right hand up to his forehead in a right-hand salute, like dis?" Cubit Roach went through the motions of a new soldier meeting an officer and stopped midway of the gesture.

"Lafayette, us is heroes!" The Wildcat was unable to restrain his admiration of the patriotic pose. "Dat will make a mighty fine statue if de man kin git it done in time."

"Along wid how much does you want fo' dat statue an' fo' makin' de changes, tell me how soon kin you git it changed."

The changes could be accomplished by six o'clock on the following evening. The price of the statue, with alterations, was one hundred dollars, payable right now before a wheel was turned.

"Dat's fair enuff. Heah's yo' hund'ed dollahs. Us comes back tomorr' night wid a wagon an' gits dat soldier. Main point is, make him look like a hero. Dat's all you has to do. Heah's yo' money."

Driving the growling truck, the Wildcat called for the remodeled statue on the following evening. Cubit Roach had ducked this part of the work on the pretense of having to rig a canvas screen around the site for the statue, so that when the time came the unveiling could be accomplished smartly, in accordance with the best traditions of similar ceremonies.

"I rigs dese ropes round dis place an' hangs dem ol' canvas curtains f'm 'em so dat when de orator pulls de strings de statue stands fo'th. I got plenty to do, Wilecat, if I does dat. You go on alone in dat truck an' git dat statue. De man kin help you load it."

"Go ahead an' stay heah den, Cubit," the Wildcat agreed, "but bear in mind de bloodhounds in case you figgers on a pussonal retreat."

The man helped the Wildcat with labor and advice: "Be careful an' drive easy. Plaster of Paris is not marble."

"Us transports dis hero real gentle so he ain't gwine need no wound stripe no place. Mighty soft springs in dis here truck. Much obliged fo' helpin' load him. Th'ow dem sacks oveh dat boy. Dere you is. I rides him easy."

The easy ride ended abruptly at a point where a track-repair gang had left a ten-inch trench open in the pavement for half a rail length. The trench was protected by a sign and a lantern, but the Wildcat was too busy looking up at traffic semaphores to pay any attention to the roadbed.

A nose dive and a crash, and then the wheezing truck climbed back to normalcy and went along as if nothing had happened.

"Lawd gosh, Ise got to be keerful of dat street!"

Thereafter the Wildcat fixed his eyes on the pavement ahead of him until, by skillful work on the part of Lady Luck, he managed to avoid, in a collision with an ice wagon, anything more serious than a smashed fender and a volley of rich and homelike profanity.

"Yass, suh. . . . Naw, suh. . . . Yass, suh! . . . Sho I is. Ise gwine right away. Naw, suh, ain't nothin' hurt heah. Yass, suh, sho was my fault—I heahs what you says." To himself, a little farther on: "How dat boy could orate! Sounded like ol' Cap'n Jack de time I let go de ladder. Lawdy, wid so much bizness bein' conducked in dese streets, I got to look out all round me, else dis ol' mud hero an' me gwine to need a lot of fust-aid help."

The highway along the ocean was comparatively clear, and here the Wildcat was enabled to make up some of his lost time. He rattled along at forty, taking the bumps easily, and before he really needed his headlights he had arrived at his destination.

"Come along heah, Cubit," he called. "Heah's yo' hero. Come along help me unload him."

"Hush up yellin' so loud, boy!" Cubit Roach admonished after he had answered the summons. "Fust thing you know some of de brethren gwine to be rallyin' in heah, an' us don't want to look like we was still buildin' dis statue."

"Ain't dat de truth? Haul dem sacks offen dere, Mistuh Treasure, whilst I lif's f'm dis end." The Wildcat took hold of the statue's head. "Ready wid his feet—lif' easy, Cubit." He braced himself for a hundred-pound heave. "Lawd gosh, mighty light hero!" The sacks dropped away from the Wildcat's burden and revealed nothing but the hero's head in the lifter's grasp. "Hol' on, Cubit! Now look whut you went an' done! Hero is got his neck fractioned."

Cubit Roach, seeking appropriate language, had discoveries of his own to announce.

"Hush up talkin' so loud! Some of de brethren might heah you. Look at dis!" Cubit Roach waved aloft a plaster leg. "Dat hero is busted into nuthin' but fragrance. Lif' up dem sacks, Wilecat, an' see how bad is de entire disaster. . . . Doggone it, now look whut you done! Kain't paste 'em togetheh so dey looks like nuthin'. I tol' you ——"

"Nemmine whut you tol' me, Cubit. Tell me right now one mo' thing—whut us gwine do? Dem hero vetrums gwine to make some quick trouble 'less us does somethin' sudden."

The question struck home, and Cubit Roach seemed to stagger under the impact. Without knowing it, the Wildcat had reminded Cubit Roach of his financial obligations. The treasurer realized that a fairly desperate company of veterans would be mighty apt to follow up embarrassing questions with action which would mean acute physical distress.

Fast thinking and lots of it seemed to be the Roach program. Flight—not so feasible with probably a dozen of the veterans already roaming around near the scene.

"Lissen, Wilecat, git in yo' truck an' some place along de way th'ow out dis busted statue. Keep a-goin' on yo' way till you gits whah dem secondhand stores is on

(Continued on Page 59)

MOTION PICTURE HEADQUARTERS, WEST COAST, entrance to Paramount's 26-acre Hollywood Studio. The 2700-acre Paramount Ranch is the largest motion picture property in the world.

motion picture headquarters

Harold Lloyd* · Clara Bow · Richard Dix · Bebe Daniels · Emil Jannings · Pola Negri · Adolphe Menjou · Wallace Beery · Ray Hatton · Esther Ralston

FAY WRAY and GARY COOPER, Paramount's Glorious Young Lovers in a scene from "LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED."

Thomas Meighan · George Bancroft · Florence Vidor · Fred Thomson · W. C. Fields · Chester Conklin · Ruth Taylor · Fay Wray · Gary Cooper · Louise Brooks

THE New York Times names six Paramount Pictures on its list of the ten best pictures of 1927. Photoplay Magazine awards the 1927 "medal of honor" to Paramount for "the most consistent line of pictures of the year." ¶ And 1928 hits are even greater! "The Last Command," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," "Legion of the Condemned," Harold Lloyd in "Speedy"*—to name a few. ¶ Stars and stories attuned to this breathless age! Eager, daring showmen! Youth—and the courage to pioneer, backed by tremendous resources, world-wide organization and unlimited man power! ¶ For fifteen years—Paramount—Motion Picture Headquarters!

MOTION PICTURE HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK Paramount Building and Theatre, Times Square, the Cross Roads of the World. When in New York do not fail to visit the magnificent Paramount Theatre, and the Paramount Tower, atop the Building, commanding an impressive view of Greater New York.

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town."

Paramount Famous Lasky Corp. Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., New York

*Harold Lloyd Comedies, produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation, released by Paramount.

Thrilling Performance

Now the Bigger and Better Chevrolet offers elements of smoothness, power and acceleration, not only sensationally new—*but proved on the world's greatest proving ground.*

Just drive the new Chevrolet! New smoothness at every point on the speedometer... new power that sweeps aside the hills... new acceleration and new four-wheel brakes that make traffic driving a pleasure! And while you're still marveling that such performance could be provided in so luxurious a car at so low a price, remember this fact: Chevrolet performance is proved performance, for the Bigger and Better Chevrolet is the result of millions of miles of testing at the great General Motors Proving Ground.

Q U A L I T Y A T L O W C O S T

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

New Low Prices

The Touring or Roadster	$495	*The* Sport Cabriolet	$665
The Coach	$585	*The* Imperial Landau	$715
The Coupe	$595	Utility Truck *(Chassis Only)*	$495
The 4-Door Sedan	$675	Light Delivery *(Chassis Only)*	$375

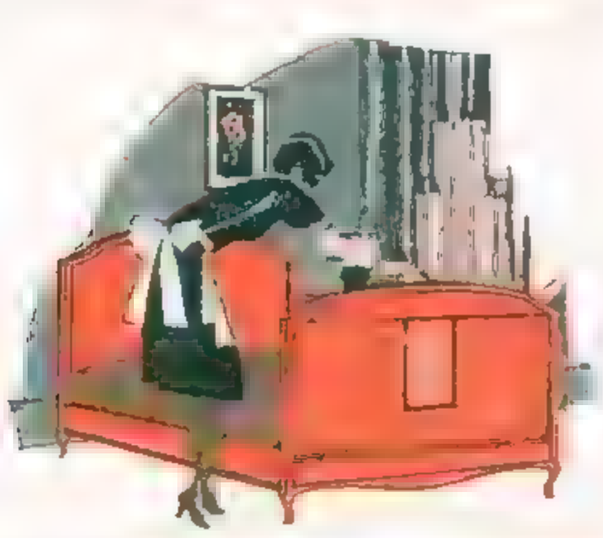
All Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Check Chevrolet Delivered Prices

They include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

Like the magic touch of Aladdin's lamp

DUCO floods your home with color



Why not start planning now a new color scheme for your bedroom! Duco has made home decorating simple, easy, practical—with lastingly beautiful results

This chair was becoming next-door-to-shabby—Duco will make it look as though it had just arrived from the smartest furniture shop and it will be dry in a jiffy.

Everything baby uses ought to be finished with Duco. He can't help but be a happier baby when he is surrounded by the cheerful, sparkling colors of Duco-finished furniture.

The lustrous color of this chair when finished with Duco will brighten up the porch for many seasons to come.

Don't neglect the scars and scratches on the body or fender finish. Touch them up quickly and easily with Duco

Everybody in the family can help you bring into your home the bright new glow of lasting color with Duco.

THERE'S color everywhere in the home of today. Cheerful blues and greens in chairs and tables; warm reds and yellows in desks and dressers. The kitchen cabinet has blossomed out in a gay hue; white bathroom fixtures have given way to delicate shades of rose or yellow.

And all of this has been made possible by Duco, for with Duco has come lasting color, enduring beauty.

With Duco you too can easily make your home the sparkling, brilliant home of color. Bright, clear, richly textured Duco colors enable you to realize the most subtle harmonies, the most lovely color schemes. Once a surface has been refinished with Duco, it remains lustrous and unfaded for years to come A Duco finish is enduringly brilliant—lastingly beautiful

Duco is so easy to apply that, no matter how little you've handled a brush, you can rely upon a thoroughly satisfactory result. You can use either a brush or a small hand sprayer. Its quick drying eliminates the usual fuss and bother of home decorating. And on the Duco color chart you will find not only virtually every color on the artist's palette, but four rich stains and a transparent Clear Duco as well. There is a du Pont dealer nearby who carries the real Duco, made only by du Pont. Let him help you make your home the home of color—and bring new charm, new beauty into every room in your home.

Realizing the importance of expert advice on home decoration, the makers of Duco have asked a group of famous interior decorators to prepare a book of approved color combinations. This book, "A Color Scheme for Every Room," is filled with illustrations of model rooms, with instructions that will enable you to achieve, in your own home, the same effective results.

"A Color Scheme for Every Room" will be sent you free. With it you can decorate your own home under the direction of famous authorities. Send for your copy

DUPONT DUCO REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Dries quickly
Easy to apply

DUCO - *Made only by du Pont*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc
Dept. S P-2, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Will you send me free and without obligation the book, "A Color Scheme for Every Room"?

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 54)

McAllister Street. Right in de middle of dat row is a place wid a stuffed bear out in front. Chances is dey got him took in by now. But min' whut I tells you—buy dat bear. Git him an' come rattlin' back whilst I socializes round wid de brethren."

"I knows de bear you means. Cubit, how is I gwine to git him? Ain't got no mo' money dan a whale has wheels." The Wildcat was careful to forget a heavy bank note parked in his shoe.

"Heah's some money. You ought to git dat bear easy fo' fifty dollars." Indiscreetly, Cubit Roach displayed a bank roll that contained more than three-fourths of the contributions which had been made to the cause.

"Lawdy, boy, whah at you git all dat money?" He sought to cover up his superfluous questions with another one. "Whut a ol' bear got to do wid a stevedo' vetrum?"

"Nemmine whut a bear got to do. Dis California, an' a bear is de emblem of dis Golden State. Us makes dis de Stevedo' Chapter of de Golden State. I 'splains it all to de brethren. Heah's fifty dollahs. On yo' way! All you got to do is git back heah wid dat bear. When you 'rives back, sneak in gentle an' set him up whah he belongs an' den stroll out in our midst like nuthin' had happened."

"Gimme dat mon..y. Ise on my way. . . . Gits de ol' bear an' sets him up on dat concrete," the messenger planned. "Den mebbe Cubit kin 'splain whut I don't see how kin he right now. Nemmine, I don't botheh trouble 'less trouble bothehs me. Git outen de road, Trouble, befo' me an' dis hack runs oveh you!"

At the McAllister Street secondhand store the Wildcat's first question was answered by a boost for the bear. A better bear had never been seen in the state of California, bar none.

"I believes whut you says 'bout how good is he, but de main point wid me right now is how much money will you take fo' him?"

If there ever was a thousand-dollar bear in the world this one was it.

"You means a ten-dollah bear. Whah I come f'm folks gives away bears if dey has enny. Ketch a boy wid a bear, he's mighty glad to let you take it, whah I comes f'm."

That being the case, the best bear in California could be sacrificed at half price.

"Half of what price? You still retains yo' visions. Lissen, ol' man wid whiskers, dat ain't no solid-gold bear. Us gives you fifty dollahs cash fo' dat bear, or else you keeps him." The Wildcat threatened the bear's owner and proprietor with fifty dollars in currency, and then, blinking rapidly, the buyer realized that the currency had been removed from his hand and that the sale had been accomplished.

"Lawdy, speakin' financial, how shrunk dat bear got!" He turned to the stuffed animal parked beside the open door of the store. "Come along heah, cinnamon, you an' me rides." He boosted the stuffed bear into the little truck and laid him down in the débris of the shattered plaster of Paris statue. "Lay in dere wid dat ol' busted hero an' ride easy, bear. Us aims to burn de hubs on de way back. I th'ows a couple of sacks oveh you, 'case you gits chilly. Dat's dat. Gangway fo' de mighty hunteh. When I starts out fo' bears I gits my meat."

The mighty hunter broke his record for half the return journey. In a comparatively deserted stretch of the highway, he paused long enough to heave the fragments of the broken statue over the side into the gulch which adjoined the road.

"Good-by, hero, you is all expense an' no proficks, jus' like lots mo' heroes. Come along, bear, see kin you ride. You think you been burnin' speed—bear, you been standin' still. Us is overdue now."

Nearing the scene of the prospective ruckus, the Wildcat slowed to a legal speed until, abreast of the thicket wherein the concrete foundation for the memorial statue had been erected, he turned the car and headed straight for his objective. He nosed the truck through the stunted trees until, feeling loose sand under the front wheels, he stopped it.

"Bear, us kain't ride you no furder. Got to carry you de rest of de way. On'y about fo'ty feet."

From beyond the canvas inclosure he heard a chorus of voices raised in a ceremony in which a pair of clicking cubes played a prominent part.

"Lawdy, Cubit an' de boys is shootin' money an' Ise A. W. O. L.! Mebbe it's a mighty good thing dey got dat game goin'. Nobody pesters me whilst us 'ranges dis ol' bear. Dere you is, ol' bear; stan' up dere on dat concrete whah you belongs. Does you git cold feet, remembeh it ain't no mo' dan whut Ise had eveh since dis hero uprisin' begun. Dog-gone it, whut's dat?" A fluttering cloud of winged insects seemed to surround the bear. "Lawdy, us might of knowed you was 'flicted wid company. Dog-gone li'l' wool eagles. Neveh seed so many butterflies since ol' quartermaster in de Army issued dem fust blankets. Look out dere, wool eagles, Ise gwine to desecrate you."

The Wildcat pulled a cigar stub out of his coat pocket and shredded it to fragments. He petted the bear with this impromptu insecticide for a moment, but the cure seemed to result in fresh clouds of moths.

"Huh! Gwine to look mighty funny to unveil a millium bugs wid one li'l' ol' bear standin' in de middle. Nemmine, I fixes dat wid de ol' cootie cure."

The fixer walked back to the parked car and returned a moment later carrying a gallon can of gasoline. He baptized the bear with the chilling fluid, sousing him thoroughly from head to foot. No more moths came from the shaggy pelt of the stuffed bear, and presently the hovering cloud of insects, seeking woollier pastures, floated inland on the evening breeze from the Pacific.

"Thank de Lawd, dat pest is cured. Now I betteh git ol' Cubit an' reconcile him dat all is ready fo' de grand orashum."

A steady chorus of exclamations emanating from the momentary owner of the galloping cubes announced that the crap game still held the center of interest for the assembling stevedore veterans.

"Mighty handy dat de game is goin' on," the Wildcat reflected. "Dat holds 'em whilst I sagitates round careless like whah at Cubit is." The sagitater reached in his pocket and pulled out another half-smoked cigar. He fumbled for a match. "I strolls in easy an' gentle, smokin' dis see-gar, an' bids de boys a howdy-doo. Den I gits Cubit off to one side an' ——"

The Wildcat struck a match to light his cigar. The rest of his plan was lost in a burst of flame that roared around a blazing bear.

Midway of a set of ten-foot jumps which landed him well outside of the canvas stockade—"Hot dam, lemme out befo' dat bear shoots again! Lawdy, I neveh seed nuthin' blaze so quick as dat bear since de time Lootenant Hudson dropped his pistol! Now whut us gwine to do?"

The retreater was met near this point by an excited delegation which had left the crap game in search of bigger and better excitement.

"Nemmine, boys, git calm! Dat ain't nuthin'!" Explain it or die—that was the Wildcat's slogan for the moment. "Dat ain't nuthin' 'ceptin' de fust chapter of de ceremony whut is gwine to desecrate mighty sudden now. Whah at is Cubit? Somebody tell dat treasure dat de presidump wishes to have a conf'ence wid him. Tell him de presidump is waitin' right heah fo' a private conf'ence. Stan' back dere, I got to git confidential wid Cubit. Whah at is he?"

"Heah I is!" Taking his cue from the Wildcat's first announcement—"Is de beginnin' of de ceremony commenced, Mistuh Presidump?"

"Treasure, it is. Stan' oveh heah wid me, Cubit, whilst I whispers de temp'rary by-laws in yo' ear."

In the dying light of the flaming bear, Cubit Roach's eyeballs gleamed with an incandescent curiosity. A recently revised estimate of the temper of the assemblage fluttered around in the Roach brain and this private knowledge added nothing to his peace of mind.

"Whut about it?" he asked in a desperate croak, when he and the Wildcat had withdrawn from the local center of population.

"Dat ol' bear burned up. He got so 'fested wid flyin' cooties dat he bust out in splendiferous combustion widout sayin' nuthin' to me about it. Like to singe my tail feathers gittin' away f'm him. Neveh seed a bear inflammagrate so sudden."

"Lissen, Wilecat, dey's mighty apt to be two mo' pussonal holocausts, de way de boys feels, 'less us does somethin' mighty quick 'bout dat statue. Whut us gwine do?"

The Wildcat did some electrified thinking. "Lawdy, why does all de trouble rally round me?" Then, to his panic-stricken companion, after an instant devoted to mind reading: "Nemmine 'bout runnin', Cubit. Stan' yo' ground. Us gits on back wid de boys an' acks nachral. Keep ackin' nachral whilst I thinks. . . . Lissen a minnit! I done thought. Lemme tell you 'bout it!"

The Wildcat revealed his plan in a dozen choppy sentences. The bewildered Cubit found himself unable to do aught but approve this plan. The treasure nodded his head in agreement until his action became almost chronic.

"Rally round now," the Wildcat ordered. "Quit noddin' yo' haid an' conduck yo'self like I says an' de chances is us recuperates outen dis fix. Come along wid me."

Trailing the president of the Heroic Stevedore Veterans, the wilted Cubit Roach walked back toward the center of the festive throng, where the crap game was still going strong. In a daze he heard the Wildcat orate a few remarks:

"Brethren an' fellow heroes," the Wildcat began, "de fust gran' pyrotechnic fireworks is sot fire to. Fo' a li'l' while me an' yo' treasure will lend a hand wid de social part of de preliminaries, afteh which de great unveilin' will proliferate. Boy, hand me dem dice! Shoots five dollahs. Fade me, Cubit, since you honed yo'self into de fadin' place."

Still in a dream, Cubit Roach reached mechanically for his bank roll and covered the Wildcat's five dollars.

"Fire when ready," he assented.

"Dice, donate yo' dividend. Li'l' elefump tuska, fang me dat five dollars. Trust yo' trainer —— Wham! An' I reads fo'-trey! Fo'-trey, I lets it lay. Showeh down, Cubit, coveh de ten dollahs. Dere you is! Bam! an' it's a faithful five wid de ol' dog trey. Five-three on de Crismuss tree. Slow but lazy, drives me crazy. Lazy bones, agitate yo' eight. Li'l' pale pills, save my life. Radio rattlers, broadcast yo' eight. Battered bones, find yo' side meat! Bam! An' dey twins fo' an' fo'!

"Shoots de twenty dollahs. Stay on board, Cubit, till de train stops. Stan' back, folks, an' gimme elbone room. Rollin' wrecks —— Wham! An' de eight repeats wid a six-dooce in de caboose. Craves me a eight. Leapin' leopards, who trained you? Adam an' Eve dice in de Garden, Eden me eight —— Bam! An' dey reads nine. Try again, see kin you shrink a single. Frog dice, hop on dat eight—an' I reads six-dooce!

"Lawdy, lawdy, shoots de fo'ty! Starts li'l' an' gits big. Fade me, Cubit, an' fall back. Dere you is, an' heah you goes! Li'l' freckled seeds, sprout yo' finance! Bam! An' I sees Nature in her mildes' mood. Six-ace on her smilin' face. Eighty dollahs. Stan' by me, Cubit; ride me, boy, I got to die some day. Mebbe it's now.

"Shoots de eighty—fade an' fear not! Dere us is! Lady Luck, rally round. Circus cubes, leave me 'leven on de big top. Pork bones, git yo' lard. Candy cubes, git sweet! Wham! An' de five-dooce cut loose! Hot dam, boys, looks like a big night. I drags down gin money! Leaves de hund'ed fo' action. Fade me dat hund'ed, Cubit.

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Youse de treasure wid all cash rights an' privileges. Ain't got much mo' time befo' de big unveilin' starts in—fade me fast.

"Shoots de hund'ed. Somebody bound to lose sometime; mebbe it's me. Dere's de ol' treasure money! Jury dice, whut's de verdick? Wham! An' de judge says, 'Fo' specks wid Faith, Hope an' Charity! Dat's a seven, jus' like heaven. Shoots de two hund'ed 'fore you gits a chance to revive. Showeh down, Cubit. Mebbe you loses yo' money, but you keeps yo' health. Dice, fly an' flutter! Wham! An' dey reads ten. Mawnin', ten, come again. O-tenshun, ten, tell me when. Once mo' on de flo'! Whuff! An' de six-fo' come th'ough de do'. Folks, dem bones sho is fraternal!

"Shoots de fo' spot—fo' hund'ed dollahs. Ennybody whut wants it, afteh Cubit gits de fust chance. Fade me fraternal! Dere's Cubit grabbin' it all! De boy sho craves blood. Somethin' tells me he gwine to git it. Tiger dice, live an' leap! Bam! An' dey stands at ease on de six-ace! Money, at rest. Ennybody fade dat eight hund'ed dollahs? Enny boy? . . . Dat's right, Cubit, coveh me f'm de chillin' breeze. How much you got?"

"Got it all." An analysis of the Roach reply would have revealed all the emotions on the hopeless side of the menu of misery. "Got it all—you kain't last eternal!"

"Dat's de truth. Kain't last fo'eveh, but I got to once mo'! Dice, git permanent! Ravenous ramblers, roll fo' yo' rations! Bouillon cubes, drip yo' soup! Wham! An' de top side is de fatal six-ace. Brethren, my pussonal ree-call is blew! Dat li'l' nachral 'scludes me f'm de momentary joy. I thank you."

The Wildcat reaped his harvest with one swing of his right hand, and then, to Cubit Roach—"You betteh instigate loose f'm dese festivities befo' you goes bust, ain't you?"

Blinking his eyes at the added injury, but at a loss for an appropriate protest, "Yes, I betteh," Cubit Roach agreed.

"Sho you had. Cubit, you an' me got to git into de second stage of de great unveilin' scene. Come along heah wid me befo' us delays de festivities."

Old Man Trouble's hypnotized slave followed meekly at the heels of Lady Luck's favorite son. When they were in the clear, regaining his speech, "Wilecat, you know whut all dat money is whut you got?" Cubit Roach asked.

Knowing full well the source of the money, the Wildcat made haste to elaborate his ignorance of its origin: "Money jus' like enny otheh money enny otheh time. Nemmine 'bout dat money. Whut's a li'l' ol' two thousan' dollahs when a coupla hund'ed ajile vetrums aims to charge bayonets on yo' physical welfare wid razor blades? Hurry up, Cubit, ain't you heard whut dem boys was growlin' about? Dey aims to git a cash refund or else raid yo' carcass."

"I heard plenty. Lawdy, le's git in dat hack an' leave f'm heah!"

"Sho as you does dat yo' nex' stop is de cemetery. Come along heah whah at yo' concrete foothold is whilst I 'ranges you. Dat's de on'y way to hold dis mob right now. Stan' up dere on dat concrete. Strip yo' shirt off an' th'ow dat hat away whilst I gits de grease."

Returning from the parked truck with a can of grease, the Wildcat found the treasurer of the Heroic Stevedore Veterans of America collapsed at full length on the concrete pedestal.

"Roll on yo' side an' lay yo' haid on yo' arm, like us vetrums mostly done in de war. Dere you is—at rest, whilst I greases you so you glitters like a solid brass memorial. Nemmine 'bout dat grease bein' cold. You warms it up. Remembeh one thing, boy—afteh I switches de spotlight on you an' cuts de curtains down, you got to hold steady till de last vetrum leaves heah. No matteh if dey stay till midnight, you lay still. Dey gwine to be somebody lookin' at you all de time, an' does dey see you move—boy, I hates to perdick whut one li'l' move might cost you. Move a inch an' de brethren moves you to de morgue. Lay still an' nemmine 'bout nuthin' else. Hol' steady whilst I rubs dis grease in yo' scalp. . . . Dere you is! Now you looks like a statue. Lay still now whilst I makes de final oratium."

The Wildcat began his address ten feet away from the recumbent living statue and orated loudly toward the near-by assemblage:

"Vetrums of de Heroic Stevedo's whut carried de Army all oveh France, us is gathered heah tonight fo' a solemn event. To remind you of all de long days an' de long nights whut you went th'ough durin' de war, I cuts de rope in a minnit an' reveals to you a statue of everlastin' brass whut is bound to excite de mem'ry of one an' all. Remembeh yo' rations, remembeh yo' transportation in dem box cars when yo' feet froze; remembeh all dem times de quartermasteh neveh did have no raiment an' lef' you almost nekkid. Den look on de pleasump side of de picture an' remembeh how few an' far between wuz de chances whut you had to git a li'l' rest. Whilst you remembehs dis last detail, gaze upon de memorial statue which de Hon'able Cubit Roach, actin' as yo' treasure, got hold of. When you looks at dat statue, look at it once mo' an' bow yo' haids in thought. Dat statue rep'esents de last high heaven whah at us Heroic Stevedo' Vetrums of de colored race is headed fo'. De last thing I tells you is don't come closer dan de ropes, 'cause if you does you loses all de art whut de art man sculped into dis memorial whilst he labored wid his sculpers. One an' all, o-tenshun!"

In the flickering gleams of the distant bonfire near which the crap game had lived and died, the Wildcat stepped quickly toward the canvas barricade built around the concrete pedestal supporting the recumbent Cubit Roach. He slashed three ropes with his knife and the canvas fell away from about the memorial which should endure until long after the pyramids were dust.

"Fellow vetrums, dere you is!" The master of ceremonies walked up to the parked automobile and turned on the headlights. In this sudden glare the memorial statue lay revealed. "Vetrums, dat's art!"

The Wildcat noted with some satisfaction that the prostrate art endured the spotlight without moving.

"Hope he don't git to tremblin'. Wondeh whut ol' Cubit got on his mind 'sides dat grease? How nachral dat busted treasure looks! Lady Luck, stan' by me fo' one mo' minnit an' I ain't gwine to need you fo' a long time to come."

The president of the Heroic Stevedore Vetrums faded into the darkness and walked lightly along the soft sands in the direction of a bigger and better future.

You can stop thinning hair!

Worrying—a little—about your hair?

Yet thinning hair can be restored to thickness and vigor—hair loss can be checked—with this simple, daily care:

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

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Evenings at home become a real pleasure when living-rooms sparkle anew with colorful interest

GOOD ideas are worth copying—especially when they concern that all-important family affair, the living-room.

Above, you see pictured such a room alive with good taste and good cheer. This room is also alive with a good idea—a happy idea for the woman who plays hostess to a family.

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THE WHEELBARROW

(Continued from Page 36)

The curt voice of the officer said, with a hint of fierce scorn, "Well, you nearly put it over. I wasn't interested in the case or two of liquor I suspected you of having stowed away in the flume. Intended to let it lie, in fact, rather than mix up a fairly decent fool of a boy and his fool stepsister in this dirty business. But now it looks as if it couldn't very well be helped. When did you do him in?"

"I didn't do him in," Amory said heavily.

"No? Then why didn't you come across—come clean through with it when I collared you crawling out of that flume?"

"Because Miss Deforest happens to be a friend of mine. I ran in here particularly to see her."

"What's Miss Deforest got to do with it?" There was a note of anger in the tense voice.

"Nothing at all," Amory said. "I merely wanted to save her and her family the notoriety of having this body found here. I've every good reason to believe that this is a plant to throw suspicion on them."

"Are you crazy, man—or are you still stalling?" There was a note of fury in the officer's voice. "A plant by whom?"

"Haven't I managed to make that clear in all this time?" Amory cried savagely. "Or are you dumb?"

"I think you must be off your chump," said the officer more quietly. "All you've done so far is to rave along about Sol Whittemore."

"Well, why not? He's the man ——"

"What man?"

"The man that did it," Amory cried frenziedly—"the murderer. That's why he tried so hard to pot me this afternoon, and again tonight, even if he had to kill the girl too. He thought I might have seen him lug this body into the flume."

"This body? Hold on everything! I think I've got the light. Now, just a moment. Where did you really find that watch and chain? Tell the truth! It's apt to mean a lot to you."

"I took it off the body. A fool impulse, I'll admit. I wanted proof that I'd found it there, in case Sol Whittemore came back while I was gone, and removed it. But first I wanted to make sure that Paul Deforest was all clear."

"Paul Deforest?"

"Yes—the youngest Deforest boy."

"But why? What reason had you to suspect he might be involved?"

"None whatever, beyond the fact that his sister had told me that he was off at sea—she didn't know where, nor what he had aboard. I was afraid he might have thrown in with the rum crowd and that Sol Whittemore knew it and, for reasons of his own, wanted to hang something criminal on him. Because I'm as certain as I am of being a fool that Sol Whittemore murdered this man and brought his body here."

The young officer stared intently at Amory for a moment, then slipped his pistol back into its holster. He said, in a voice that had suddenly become gentle:

"Listen, my good but mistaken friend. This body is the corpse of Sol Whittemore and I am Paul Deforest."

XV

AMORY moved dazedly back into the living room and sank into a big chair. For a moment he stared at Paul. Then suddenly he came up out of the chair in a bound.

"Hell's bells! If that's Sol Whittemore, then who the blazes is this gory pirate that's been after us? And where's Sabine? Have you really got her?"

Paul Deforest stiffened suddenly in his tracks. "No. That was the bunk. When you were drooling along about Sol Whittemore I knew she was safe enough. I never ——"

Amory wailed, "Then that hellhound must have got her after all. He slaughtered Sol and grabbed off his boat. And now he has grabbed off Sabine—or worse. Come on, do something. Let's get going."

"Wait a minute. Describe this man. What does he look like?"

"Here, I'll show you." Amory thought of the character study in Yonne's portfolio. This still lay on the side table. Amory strode over and picked it up; then curiously enough drew out the sketch—that of Sol Whittemore in her conception of him as a pirate chief.

Amory took out the sketch, glanced at it and handed it to Paul. The effect of it on that officer was galvanic.

"Cr-r-ripes! But that's a scoundrel named Jules Lenore. Sol and I got him shoved a year ago for lobster stealing. I thought he was in Thomaston with time still to go."

"Well, he's out," Amory moaned—"and came back here to get Sol. And now he's got Sabine."

"And I'll get him," Paul said tensely. "Look here, you're all in. Come upstairs and have a wash and rig-out in clean things. Then get yourself a bite out of the grub locker and come to the lobster pound. Just follow the road. I'll start things going. I've hopes of nailing this bird. You can help."

"Good. What's the game?"

"I'll tell you when you come to the pound. No time to lose. Besides, I've got to break this to Jenifer. It's going to hit her hard." He started for the door.

"Where's Yonne?" Amory asked.

"She's over at the Whittemores', trying to calm them down. There's a crowd that wouldn't stop at anything at all due to land on this point of woods tonight."

"In this fog?"

"That helps. I ran in to see if Sol had anything to report. Then he disappeared, and I stuck on to look for him." His face hardened. "Well, I've found him."

"You think this Jules is working with the rum gang that's due here?" Amory asked.

"Sure thing. He may have broken jail or he may have got out on good behavior, but it looks to me as if he had planned to sneak back here and get Sol, then take his boat and impersonate him until his crowd barged in. You see, we gave Sol plenty of leeway to work up his stuff, so if we were to see him and his boat alongside a stranger we'd be apt to lay off. Jules probably knew that, or found it out. He's cute as a fish crow. I think he pleaded guilty to that lobster-stealing charge to make an alibi for something worse. There was a hijacking job and two men were killed about that time. Sol and I didn't know that when we got Jules shoved. The dates clashed. We think now that Jules got himself framed for a lobster thief. About fifty of my lobsters were found in his car. He probably had one of his gang put them there."

He had been talking rapidly, with his hand on the latch of the door. There were a number of questions in Amory's mind, but his anxiety for Sabine—that some sort of search, however hopeless, be started immediately—kept him from asking them.

Then, to hearten him, Paul said, "This Jules is very cunning. He was run out of Maquoit years ago and has hung round here off and on ever since. Ran a liquor bumboat under cover of lobster buying before the war. Maine was dry, you know. If he has nabbed Sabine he wouldn't harm her. He'd know who she was and probably what she was up to."

"Helping Howard run in some liquor?"

"Sure thing. Jules would see a chance for hush money. He's the avaricious sort that would rather squeeze a few dollars out of a mortal enemy than kill him. Sol was tighter than a drumhead too. He had one soft spot, though—and that was Jenifer. She had the key to him. But Jules would see the chance for blackmail or ransom if he grabbed Sabine. He's not the sort of scoundrel to waste a girl with millions back of her. Well, I'm going out to reconnoiter the premises a little and then I'll be on my way."

"I'll go with you," Amory said—"to reconnoiter, I mean."

"All right. You go up the road a little way and stop to listen. I'll look over the landing."

They went out together. Amory, following Paul's instructions, walked silently up the road, with frequent pauses to strain his ears in the direction of the woods. There was nothing to be heard but the sad dripping of the fog from leaf and twig and branch. He soon gave up this blind reconnaissance as useless and returned to the house. A few moments later Paul came in. Amory noticed that his trouser legs were slightly fouled and dripping wet.

Paul said casually, "I crossed the dam and listened over in the woods. About as much use as trying to salt the tail of a horned owl."

"What are you going to do now?" Amory asked wearily.

"Organize a land search for Jules, and as soon as daylight comes, shove off and start a close patrol. I think Jules expects a vessel here on the coast. We shall have to let the body lie until I can send for it. That will be in three or four hours. Mrs. Whittemore ——" He checked himself to spin round quickly, and his light sent its brilliant beam into the dining room.

A tremulous voice said: "It's I—Sabine." She came through the door from the pantry.

Amory gave a long sigh of relief, as if a ponderous weight had just been eased off him. Sabine, pale of face and much bedraggled, shielded her eyes with one hand, holding to the jamb of the door with the other.

"Is that Paul with you, Amory?"

"Yes. We had him all wrong, and Sol too. As a detective I'm a flop. Why didn't you answer when I called, Sabine?"

"I thought I heard somebody prowling round. What are you up to, Paul, and what's this about being arrested by the Coast Guard? Or was that a bluff to put Sol off?"

Her voice trailed off, weary to the point of collapse. Paul went back to the table and relighted the lamp. At sight of him in his C. G. uniform Sabine gave a low, nervous laugh.

"Gosh! So that's it. And Yonne worried sick for fear you were in the other camp. . . . What was that about Sol, Amory?"

Paul said softly, "Don't tell her. She's all in."

Sabine said irritably, "What are you whispering about?" She came into the living room and dropped into the big chair by the table. "Some night, I'll tell the world."

"That's what you get for trying to make an outdoor sport of crime," Paul said severely. "I know all about Howard and Ravanel and you."

"Oh, you do? Where's Howard then?"

"Home and in bed by this time, probably. One of my men collared him straying through the woods early this morning. He brought him aboard. I gave him some advice and sent him back to the Chimney Corner."

"Then you didn't get him with the goods?" Sabine asked, relieved.

"No. If I had I'd have taught him a real lesson," Paul's voice was austere. "You rich and idle lawbreakers make me sick—claim yacht privileges and then abuse 'em."

Sabine yawned. "Well, at least we're not renegades to our kind, Paul, dear."

"I never was your kind, thank God!" Paul retorted with heat. "None of us are, over here. We've always worked hard for our living and if we haven't liked the laws, we've obeyed 'em, anyhow."

"And now you've turned to and are enforcing 'em," Sabine said. "How noble."

Amory, impatient at this bickering and cold to the core at thought of the dead man lying almost under them, said shortly:

"Paul's going back to the lobster pound, Sabine. Yonne's there with Jenny. You had better go with him."

"And you?" asked Sabine.

"I was going to start a blindman's bluff for you." Amory's fatigue muddled his words a little. Sabine laughed. "But now," Amory said sharply, "I think I'll stick on here."

"Then I'll stick with, by and to you," Sabine said wearily. "I'm all in. Couldn't walk another step, even to get away from Sol. What was that about your having got him wrong?"

"A mistake of identity on my part," Amory said shortly. "I got the wrong sketch."

"He got the wrong portfolio," Paul said—"1925, instead of this year." Amory drew out the character study of Jules and laid it in front of Sabine. "Ever see that foul bird?"

"Gosh, yes! That's Jules Lenore. He was the Chimney Corner bootlegger before the rest of the country had need for them."

"Yes," Paul interrupted curtly, "and your esteemed stepfather and a few other old whited sepulchers in the Reading Room blind tiger used to buy short lobsters and smuggled Havanas from him, and dig one another in the ribs and giggle. Sly old dogs—putting something over on Mrs. Wilmerding and the state of Maine."

"Oh, shut up!" Sabine snapped. "You make me tired, Paul! Coming back here all uniformed up and using inside information to drag out the family dirty linen and stick an INFECTED label on it."

"He hasn't," Amory said sharply. "He thought I was in on Howard's game and was caching hooch in the flume when he collared me halfway through the trap, and he was going to let it lie and turn me loose. Paul has a bigger game going, and he thinks this Jules devil is running it."

Sabine's heavy lids lifted higher. "Really? So Jules was the little rascal that gave us such a merry-go-round by land and sea. I couldn't match it up with Sol. Well then, Paul, hadn't you better start?"

Her flippancy, coming so close on the series of ordeals, and worse yet, his gruesome knowledge of the dead man almost underfoot as they talked, struck horribly on Amory's nerves. Also her insistence to remain with him alone in the house grated on a sense of propriety less infrequent than one might believe in a rich young bachelor of the modern period. But Amory had never been an idler, and since the war he had ably managed the large estate and enterprises left him by his father. The romantic quest that had brought him to this more or less peaceful coast was the first vacation he had taken since graduating from Yale, and even this was to include a reconnaissance of his properties in the North Woods.

An hour earlier, hounded through the brush with Sabine and offering her aid and comfort with pure and classic method, Amory had felt vaguely that if ever they got out of those same woods unscathed, his romantic quest might find its rainbow's end beside this strong, courageous and lovely girl. But now something rose in him to cloud this vision. Paul, he thought, might be quite right about her and about the class she represented. Rich, pampered, idle, self-willed and regardless of the responsibilities entailed by power and position, it offered a criminally bad example to the other classes held outside its pale. *Noblesse oblige* of aristocracy was lacking, as was that respect and dignity demanded by this upper stratum but not commanded by it. Lawbreaking by such people was not a sporting event. It was vulgar. It sold their patrician birthright for a dirty mess of bootleg. Amory was not a model young man, but he was fastidious. His sense of values and proportion was fairly exact, so that now Sabine's

(Continued on Page 67)

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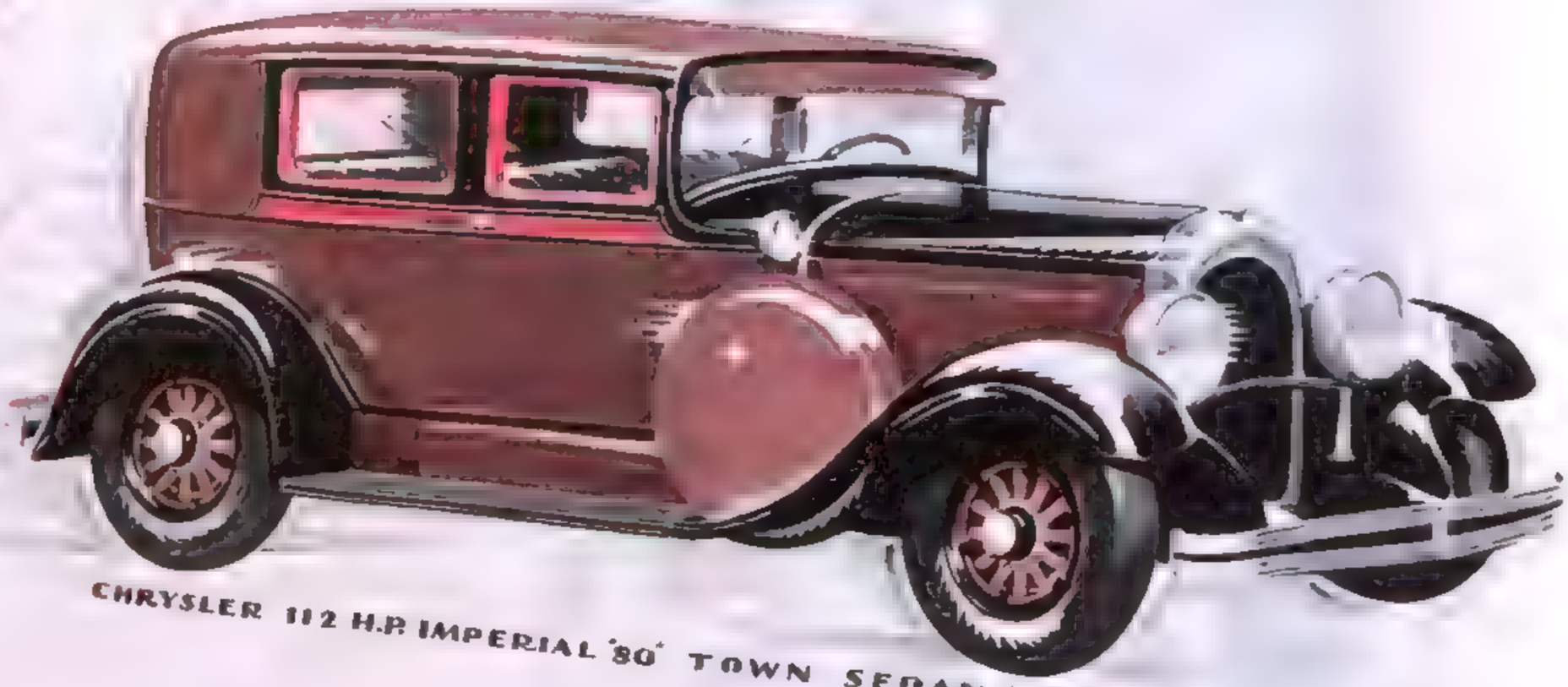

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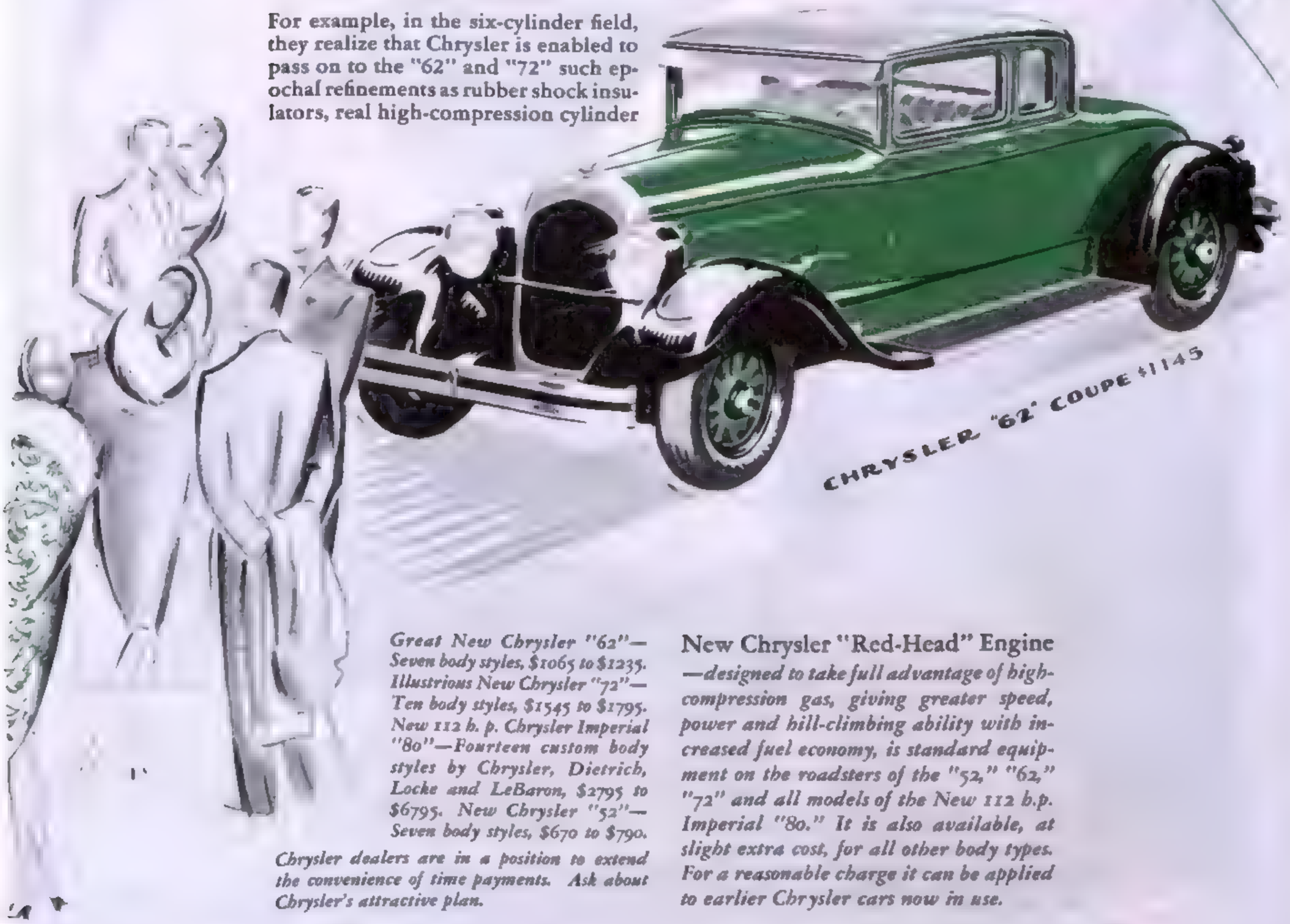

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MARCH
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Interwoven
THE MOST COMFORTABLE SOCKS

(Continued from Page 62)

suggestion that Paul clear out and leave them there to bivouac for the night in Paul's own home—itself a temple of high endeavor—jarred on Amory's nerves.

So, most evidently, it did on Paul's, for he said in his crisp, curt voice, "I was on my way when you climbed in by the back porch. You'd better come with me."

"I tell you I'm all in," Sabine said angrily. "We've run through the woods for miles. I'd flop before we walked a hundred yards."

"You don't have to walk. I rowed around here. You can flop in the stern of the boat."

"Thanks, but I've had enough boating for one night—in this jolly boating weather. Besides, we might bump into that slimy octopus of a Jules."

"That," Paul snapped, "is where he would be apt to bump off. No such luck. Well, I'm going. Suit yourself, as per usual, Sabine. Evidently the fact of you and Payne spending the night here by yourselves says nothing to you at all."

"No more than that we've already spent the best part of it together in the woods," Sabine answered with cool indifference, and added: "Do they give you an intensive course in deportment when they teach you how to be a rum chaser, Paul?"

"Oh, no. Some of us are born gentlefolk," Paul retorted—"just as some of us are born rich and rotten."

This, Amory thought, was getting a little stiff.

But Sabine said indifferently, "Paul was always that way. So upright he rakes aft a little, like the masts of a Chesapeake bug-eye."

"All the same, I think he's right," Amory said slowly. "I'd better show you something, Sabine. We've thought it best to spare you, but you might as well know that just at this moment your maidenly conduct is about the least of Paul's several pressing cares." He rose, taking the light from his trousers pocket. "Come this way."

"Oh, I say—hold on, Payne!" Paul protested. "She's only a fool girl."

"I've found her more than that," Amory answered. "She'll weather it out, I guess. Anyhow, she seems to be asking for it."

"Asking for what?" Sabine demanded.

"An object lesson in the folly of flirting with crime," Amory answered shortly. "We wanted to spare you, as I've said, but perhaps it may do you no harm. It might even do you quite a lot of good, and your stepbrother too. I was going to shift into dry clothes and join Paul at the lobster pound later. But now, since you've reported, none the worse for wear, I think I'd better stick round here."

"What are you trying to say, Amory?" Sabine demanded.

"Follow me. See for yourself. Then, if you still want to stay, I shan't object, for one; could do with a little company, in fact—conventional or unconventional."

He walked into the dining room, stepped down and raised the trap. Sabine followed him. Paul followed Sabine closely, standing by to catch her if she fell.

Amory turned his light down into the dark hole. "Look there——" he began, then suddenly checked himself. "Good ——"

Sabine looked down. "Well, what is it?" she demanded.

Paul, close beside her, also looked down. He gave a stifled aspiration. For the clear water flowed through the flume unimpeded. The body of Sol Whittemore had disappeared.

XVI

AMORY was the first to speak: "While we've been chattering here he's sneaked back and got it."

"Got what?" Sabine asked. "A consignment of hooch? Don't tell me it was champagne—or real Canadian *spiritus frumenti*."

"We shan't," Paul said impatiently. "It was the body of Sol Whittemore, whence the spirit had entirely fled."

"Poor joke, Paul."

"This sea snake of a Jules murdered him," Amory explained patiently, "and hid the body in the flume. I fell over it just under the trap. And now Jules must have come and made off with it while we have been discussing points of etiquette."

Sabine looked from one to the other with a pallid face. "If you two are trying to get a rise out of me, then you win," she said. "But if this is all real—and that seems to account for the ghastly feeling that came over me at the mouth of the flume—then you can't start any too quickly for me, Paul."

Paul ignored her. "Just what do you make of it, Payne?"

"I think that after we lost him in the woods, Jules guessed that we would make for here. He went back to his boat and sculled round. I think he must have been watching the house and discovered you here. What were you doing before I slunk in like the sewer rat you very properly likened me to?"

"Oh, stow that! I had sent Yonne off to Jenifer's in the car, then was sitting here at the table writing a letter when I heard a noise under me. I guessed that somebody must be crawling through the flume. As the house was wide open, as per usual, the idea of burglary was out, so I hit on hiding booze here as the next bet. I heard you fall and scuffle round, then, after a moment or two, lift the trap. When you seemed to be starting upstairs, I waited. Then when you came back to go down again, I threw the light and gun on you."

"Jules was probably peering in and saw that," Amory said. "He would have reasoned that I was in all wrong. Then, if he listened and heard our talk and saw you march me to the trap, he'd have decided that I was in too deep to wriggle out again. But there may have been something about the body that wouldn't stand close scrutiny, and let me out. So he decided to crawl in and remove it, and leave the burden of the doubt on me."

"That would be to suggest an accomplice of yours," Paul objected.

"Well, that was all right for Jules," Amory said. "I believe he knew that Howard was hiding some hooch in the woods this morning, and thought that I was with him and that we had collided with somebody—whether you people or Sol or other rum runners."

"Then you mean," said Paul, "that Jules hopes to get this job put on you and Howard?"

"Looks that way to me," Amory agreed—"as if Howard and I had been here together, and when you nabbed me, Howard crawled in and removed the body."

"Why should Jules think that you had collided with somebody in the woods?" Paul asked.

Amory looked at Sabine, who said impatiently, "Oh, give him all the dirt. That's what he's out for. It's what he's paid for."

"And largely supplied by rich and silly self-indulgents with a whole lot of time and nothing to fill it with," Paul retorted. "Forge ahead, Payne."

Amory narrated quickly but in detail the whole of his morning's activities. Though he dwelt lightly on his tussle with Sabine, Paul looked at her with a grin of malice.

Paul said reflectively, "This all seems to check—tallies with your theory just now. But there's one detail that tallies too well to be so good for Howard."

"What's that?" Sabine demanded.

"He was pretty well rumpled up when my men collared him. Face bruised and one eye the worse for hard wear—or hardware, maybe—looked as if somebody had sidewiped it with the flat side of a shovel. Know anything about that, Sabine?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "It was a canoe paddle."

Amory felt a still further cooling of the admiration with which this girl had at moments inspired him. Sabine, he reflected, had told him that Howard and his pal were early at the rendezvous, so that she had missed them, then seen Howard wheel a load of something into the woods. She had also mentioned having heard a shot fired about five minutes before her meeting with Amory, or rather, seeing him as he found the watch in the brook. This, she had given him to understand, was the extent of her knowledge of the affair and Howard's part in it.

Paul asked curtly, "Whose canoe paddle?"

"Mine."

"Who hit him with it?"

"I did."

Sabine's tawny eyes held the same leonine yellow glare that Amory had that morning observed in them just before their struggle and at odd moments during it. She looked, he thought, as if she would much like to serve the young officer in similar fashion with a similar utensil—an oar—the butt end of it.

"Why did you hit him?" Paul demanded.

"Because he refused to get in the canoe with me. He was in no shape to try to stow away any booze. He'd already stowed too much of it."

"When was this family fracas?" Paul asked.

"Just when I landed. I offered to take the load, as we had arranged, but he wouldn't trust me with it."

"Why not?"

"Because he thought I'd chuck it overboard," Sabine said hotly—"and he thought right."

This, Amory felt, was a little better. Still, it did not check up with Sabine's attitude to him and what she had told him. He failed now to see why Sabine should have omitted this quarrel with Howard, and his condition, in her story to him over in the woods. She had lied, in fact, when stating that she had arrived too late, seen Howard at a distance and trailed him into the woods.

Or else, Amory decided instantly, she was lying now. That was more likely. She had answered affirmatively Paul's query if she knew anything about Howard's bruised face, and quickly invented an answer that was plausible enough to anybody who knew her temperamental traits.

Paul was staring at her with a frown. "What," he asked, "did Howard do about that?"

Sabine answered promptly, "He twisted the paddle out of my hands, then grabbed me by the arms and shoved me back against the canoe so that I tripped and fell into it. Before I could scramble up he gave the canoe a hard shove that sent her well clear of the shore. By the time I managed to paddle back with my hands he had gone into the woods with the wheelbarrow. I landed and followed him at a distance."

"Did you see or hear anybody else?"

"I heard a shot about five minutes before I met Amory."

Paul nodded. "I heard that too. Was Howard armed?"

"No."

"He was when my man stopped him," Paul said grimly. "Also, though he had evidently been drinking, he was steady enough—scared and sullen. Now tell me something else: Why did you tackle Payne and put up such a fight to get this wrist watch?"

"Because I took him for a nosey rum beagle, like you," Sabine answered hotly. But it seemed to Amory that her husky voice held a false note.

Paul evidently caught this, too, for he said in a hard, metallic voice:

"Not good enough, Sabine. You would never have jumped on the neck of a revenue officer merely to save Howard from being collared with a couple of cases of hooch. You knew or suspected that Howard was armed; you knew that he was drunk; you had heard a shot, and you feared the worst—which was that Howard might have been challenged by somebody in authority and that he had lost his head and shot him. And that," Paul concluded slowly, "may be precisely what happened, for all we know."

Sabine's angry color faded, to leave her deathly white. But she did not break down.

"Who could he have shot?" she demanded.

"Sol Whittemore."

(Continued on Page 69)

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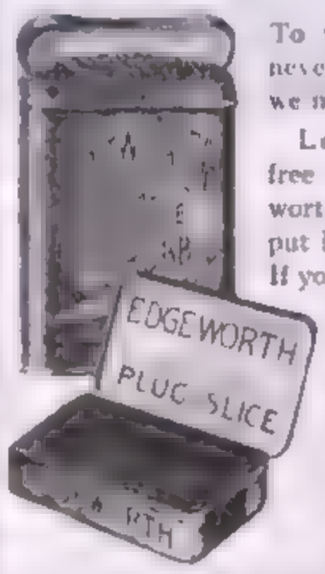
Yours very truly,
C. V. Delepine, M. D.



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AS STANDARD AS HAMMERMILL BOND

(Continued from Page 67)

"Are you crazy, Paul Deforest? If Howard shot him, who put the body here in the flume?"

"Jules Lenore."

"But why, for mercy's sake?"

"Because Jules was skulking in the woods and saw or got wind of it and mistook Howard and yourself for Jenifer and me. You had on her camp rig and had come in her canoe. Howard and I bear a superficial resemblance to each other. Nobody in this place but Sol knew that I was in the Coast Guard, in command of a chaser, and he only found it out this morning. Jules was in no position to make charges, because he's a jailbird. He might have spied on Howard, found where he had hidden the body, then brought it here and put it in the flume to stick suspicion on me. Now, as Payne points out, he has probably discovered his error and taken it away again."

"Where to?" Sabine asked.

"Back to where he found it."

"Then why has he tried so hard to kill Amory?"

"Because, as Amory points out, Jules thought Amory was here in the house when Jules hid the body in the flume."

There was a moment's silence. Sabine, white, haggard and badly shaken, stared at Paul with the look of a lioness that longs but fears to spring on its hated trainer.

She said then, in a strained voice, "You're talking a lot of rot, Paul. Howard would never kill Sol or anybody else to keep from being collared with a couple of cases of booze."

"A man that's been drinking the stuff they run today is apt to do most anything," Paul answered gloomily. "That's the chief reason I'm out to stick it."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" Sabine asked.

"For the moment I am going to focus on trying to nab Jules. I don't think he came back here entirely to settle his score with Sol and me. I believe that was partly expediency and fitted nicely with his plans for a game he's got going, and in which a part of his play is to impersonate Sol."

"Then you do believe he killed him!" Sabine cried eagerly.

"I sure do. I've merely been pointing out that there's also evidence enough on which to indict Howard."

Sabine leaned toward him across the table. "Paul, you wouldn't do that. Nobody but you and Amory and I know that there's any evidence at all against Howard. Amory has already promised me to keep his mouth shut. Won't you do the same?"

"I'll promise nothing," Paul said curtly. "Why should I suppress evidence to save you rich, pampered, useless people over in Snoberia? I've never been of you or with you or one of that 'big happy family' your smug old Pharisee of a stepfather is eternally yapping about. None of us here in Tide Mill Cove but Yonne ever wanted any part of that ice box you call the Chimney Corner—and she took a chance on chilblains only to be polite."

Sabine rose. She stared at Paul with eyes of agate hardness.

Even Amory, who inwardly sympathized with Paul's attitude, felt that the young officer had stated his position with brutal candor.

Sabine said, in a low, purring voice, "All right, Paul Deforest. If you want to turn against your own class and kind ——"

Paul interrupted fiercely, "You are not our class and kind. Our families may have the same social background, and there it stops. You people are wasters of time and money and opportunities of accomplishing anything worth while. You are spenders without ever having been earners."

"Oh, come, Paul!" Amory protested.

"It's true. Sabine's had this coming for a long time, and now she's getting it."

"She's not the right one to get it," Amory said harshly.

"Why not? She's come down off her lofty perch to scavenge, like any other sea gull. What price her pearly plumage when she admits herself that she was out to help her fool stepbrother in the filthiest sort of scavenging—which is putrid booze? It's just cost the life of one strong man—to break a poor girl's heart—and it's come within a few inches of costing her own and yours. It may cost some more, before we get through with it. I have reason to believe there's a vessel out there in the fog right now all set to run in booze and dope enough to blight this lovely coast the way the pine-rust blister is blighting our splendid pines. Jules knows what he's about. There's no place like a jail to get in touch with criminal activities, and he's just out of it. That's bad enough, God knows, but what makes me sick is that while this stuff is being pulled by a band of the country's worst, here's a little coterie that claims to be the country's best up to precisely the same game—which, in their case, they choose to consider a little sporting venture. And now I'm asked to waive any action that might smirch their bright plumage—to spare the Chimney Corner my tar brush and to use it only on the gurry-smeared outfit that plays the game professionally and has no amateur standing at all. Lay off the blessed rich—oh, my sainted aunt's Persian cat!"

Sabine said quietly, "Come on, Paul. Don't take it so hard. Nobody's going to try to pry you from the path of duty any more. Let's go—if you still want to escort me to the lobster pound. I'll promise not to try to vamp you into betraying your trust, or strangle you or anything. Perhaps I can help with Jenifer. She is apt to need some."

Paul looked at her with eyes that were slightly congested from his passionate outburst. They were dark, glowing, burning at this moment, and now it seemed to Amory that they kindled in a warmer, softer flame

"Thanks, Sabine. Sorry I blew up that way. Not often that my feeling about all this stuff takes charge. But I've been smoldering all day. Howard gave me several large mouthfuls in the line you took just now. The class-renegade, traitor, snake-in-the-grass and serpent-in-the-bosom bunk. I haven't been a serpent in any of your bosoms, Heaven knows."

"Certainly not in mine," Sabine said. "And something tells me that if you had you might not be so noble." She shot a golden gleam at Paul between the long lashes that were black in comparison to her tawny hair and eyes. "I wonder now, if it came to a tug of war in you between love and duty, who'd win?"

Paul glanced at her, then looked quickly away.

"No fear," he growled. "There's only one in command of any ship I run."

"Well, let's go," Sabine said. "What about you, Amory?"

It seemed to Amory that he caught in her brief glance a distinct invitation to remain. Acting again on impulse, he accepted it. An added reason for this decision was that his mind had seized on an idea that he desired to develop. He turned to Paul.

"Is that launch of yours at the landing ready to go?" he asked.

"Yes," Paul said, "but I planned to go back to the lobster pound in her. Want me to set you aboard your yacht?"

"No, thanks." He glanced at the tall clock in the corner by the stairway. It was nearly one. At that season—the tenth of July—even with the fog, there would be daylight in three hours. "I want to do a little investigating on my own. Can't you swear me in as deputy C. G. officer?"

"I have no such authority," Paul said. "But all the same, I will. Do you hereby swear—and so on, and so on."

Amory raised his right hand. "I do."

"Well then, consider yourself a deputy C. G. officer. Here." Paul reached in his pocket and handed Amory the confiscated revolver taken from the gun case. "You might as well be armed."

"Thanks," said Amory. "I'll temper zeal with discretion." He slipped on the belt. "So here I am, all set."

Paul nodded. "A bit irregular, but let it ride."

"Well, then, I'll get on the job as such as soon as it's light enough. Meanwhile I can do with a wash and brush up and a few winks."

"Help yourself, old chap," Paul said. "My brothers are about your size. Their rooms are right over us, abaft the studio. Overhaul their slops."

"Thanks. I shall probably be back aboard my boat before ten. And by the way, have you got a wheelbarrow on the premises?"

Paul gave him a puzzled look. "Yes—in the garage. But what do you want of that?"

Sabine said, "It wasn't their wheelbarrow Howard had. I told you about that."

"I remember. But I want to make sure."

"Well, let's hope you turn up something." Paul spoke impatiently and walked to the front door. Sabine followed him. On the threshold she paused, turned and gave Amory a slanting look. It struck him as significant of something, but he could not say of what.

"Good night, good luck," she said, and followed Paul out into the black wet plush of the night. A few moments later Amory heard the motor start with a whir.

Sabine, he reflected, was not precisely the direct and foursquare girl that he had rashly esteemed her—merely tempestuous, temperamental, but scorning feminine wiles. She would have more under her saffron mop than a pretty face and a pair of amber eyes. And now, one battery of her armament having failed to score, she would bring to bear on Paul some rapid-fire ordnance of a different and perhaps greater efficiency. The bitter fore-and-aft raking, with a broadside or two, that Paul had given her had not, Amory opined, more than temporarily silenced Sabine's guns.

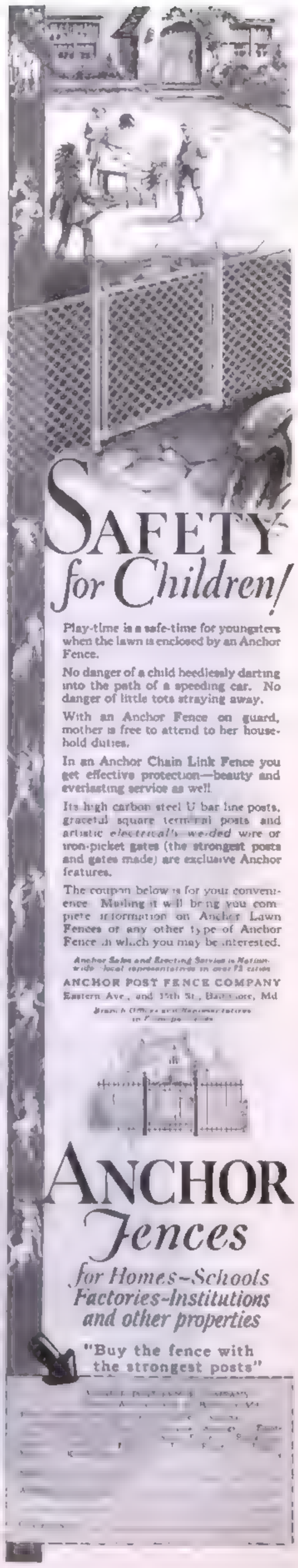
But Amory's sentimental aspect of this girl had suffered a good deal of a shock. That was all right too, because if one grabbed a live wire inadvertently one must receive a shock. Paul, knowing her potentiality, was insulated to the gills. And yet, Amory wondered, was Paul sufficiently insulated, at that? This young man impressed him as a complete if unconscious artist, more true to the family form perhaps than any of its other members. Paul, having cast himself for a rôle, would play it for all that he was worth—and that, Amory decided, was quite a lot.

At this moment Paul was playing the part of zealous, conscientious defender of his country's interests and orders in his capacity as Coast Guard, and whether or not he really felt himself to possess the almost fanatical fervor he had shown and the hatred of what was at that moment the country's most dangerous enemy, he believed he did, and would behave accordingly. He believed also, no doubt, that he despised the type of citizen Sabine represented—which is to say, bad citizen. Thinking this and acting on it, Paul very likely believed himself thoroughly to despise Sabine herself. But somehow, Amory had an idea that Sabine would change all that—and soon.

Paul might be in love with Jenny, as Sabine had said, and at this moment Paul was dreading to carry and break the news of her stepfather's death. He bitterly resented Sabine and all her Chimney Corner set as sheer social nuisances. He had ripped into Sabine like the buzz saw that formerly operated here had ripped into a white-pine log. She had yielded where Amory had expected a fight, and her submission had seemed to mollify Paul to soften him. Amory had a strong conviction that this unlooked-for submission would carry on and Paul would continue to soften until Sabine got what she wanted. She was, he began to believe, the sort of girl to use all she had, without figuring the cost, to gain her ends. She died as she fought—right off the reel.

Paul had been right in refusing to believe that Sabine would have pitched headfirst into a presumable Coast Guard officer to keep Howard from being collared with a couple of cases of liquor. It would have

(Continued on Page 72)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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

(Continued from Page 69)

been more in character for this girl to have wanted him disciplined, Amory thought, because he now believed that she had never been Howard's accomplice at all in his rum-running venture, but had learned his plans in some way and paddled over to the cove not to assist but to thwart them. She might have told the truth about her clash with Howard, and it looked now to Amory as if she had pitched into himself because she knew Howard to be armed and in the drunken humor to shoot any official who might try to place him under arrest. The shot she had heard might have been fired by Howard at somebody he had caught sight of spying on him—Jules, perhaps.

In any case, it had developed into a dreadful tragic affair. Amory was, however, infinitely relieved to know that the Deforest family were clean of it all. He decided to follow Paul's advice and tidy his person, then borrow the dory at the landing and row back across the bay to his yacht. The private investigation half formed in his mind could wait until he was rested and refreshed.

He took the lamp and went upstairs, found a room belonging to one of the other brothers, and there selected from a sufficiently well-stocked wardrobe some fresh white-duck trousers and such other garments as he needed, and which proved a proper fit.

Then, having bathed and dressed, he picked up the lamp and went downstairs, and was about to go to the landing when he heard the sound of a car approaching. It was the one, Amory recognized from its clamor, in which Yonne had arrived in the afternoon of what was by this time the day before.

She now arrived again alone, and seemed very much surprised to be greeted by Amory.

"Hello," Yonne said. "What in the world are you doing here at this time of night? Who's with you?"

Sandy, the big Airedale, got down stiffly from the car, stalked up to Amory and sniffed suspiciously at what he must have recognized as the phenomenon of his master's scent mingled with that of a comparative stranger.

"Your brother Paul has just left in the launch with Sabine," Amory said. "We hit a rock with my dinghy and came back here."

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of on a night like this," Yonne said.

"The boat's bottom was ripped out," Amory continued, "and we got soaked getting ashore. Paul was in a hurry to get back aboard his chaser. I borrowed some of your brother's clothes and was just going to take the dory and row across the bay."

Yonne got out of the car. "Well, you had better wait for daylight now. . . . So you know about Paul. I was never so surprised in all my life. After worrying myself sick for fear he might have got himself mixed up in rum running, here's Paul bobbing up in command of a C. G. boat, full of zeal and high endeavor. But then, nobody could ever tell which way Paul might jump. He's the one real artist of us all. . . . Come in."

She led the way into the house. The Airedale lingered outside. Amory closed the door. Yonne walked to the center table and dropped into a chair beside it.

"What a night. I've been having a miserable time. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer and beat it home."

"You'd better call it a day," Amory said. He was himself too tired to talk carefully. It was even with some difficulty that Amory reminded himself that Yonne knew scarcely anything about what had been going on in that neck of woods, and this was not the time to enlighten her.

"What about yourself? You look worn ragged."

"I'll tuck up on the couch there, if you don't mind, until daylight."

Yonne nodded. She had sunk in the easy-chair beside the table. Reaching for a cigarette, her elbow brushed the portfolio. Something about it caught her attention—perhaps its weathered cover. Her eyes then fixed on the date—two years before.

"That's odd," she said.

"What's odd?"

"Somebody's been overhauling my studies of two years ago. Who and why?"

"That was the portfolio you gave me this afternoon when you told me about Capt. Sol Whittemore."

"Was it?" Yonne looked puzzled, then her face cleared. "I see. I've an order to illustrate a period pirate story and I got that out to use a sketch I made a couple of years ago of a real pirate—a local one that should have been behind bars—and now he is."

"How did you get him to pose?" Amory asked.

"Paid him to. This man Jules Lenore would do anything for money—even a little money."

Amory did not pursue the topic. He wished that Yonne would go to bed and let him rest. But she settled back in her chair as if set for a talk.

"What do you think of Paul's *démarche*, Amory? How does that service stand?"

"No service anywhere has a more splendid record and traditions than our Revenue Service and Coast Guard," Amory said. "No other could ever show them anything for efficiency and heroism. Young officers like Paul are doing it."

"How do such officers stand?" Yonne asked.

"They never got the credit they deserved, even in the past," Amory said. "Of course there has always been and always will be a hostility by a certain class of the public against a policeman of any sort. In England the Preventives were looked down on by the coastal gentry and the R. N. And in France the *Gabelous*—as they call the Coast Guard—are unpopular where they function. But anybody that knocks Paul's service in this country has got maggots in his citizenship. It's not all rum chasing, by a long sight."

"Well," Yonne said, "at any rate it stands higher than rum running, so Paul's belittlers can go choke. The curious part is that the man you'd have expected to be most pleased is furious."

"Who?"

"Capt. Sol Whittemore. He never knew a thing about Paul's billet until Paul landed from the boat he commands. Sol has been a secret agent for some time, and turning in reports, but Paul hadn't communicated with him direct over his own name."

"How did Sol react?" Amory asked, suddenly roused from his lethargy.

"Not the way you'd expect. Paul landed on Sol's lobster wharf and met Jenny on his way to the house. She was taken all aback at seeing him in uniform. He laughed and gave her a kiss. There was nothing in that, as we all played together as children. But Sol saw it through the window of his boathouse by the head of the pier, and came boiling out with a face like a black squall. He didn't recognize Paul until close up, and then, instead of being relieved to find that Jenny wasn't being kissed by some smarty of a C. G. officer, Sol burst"

"Why?" Amory asked. "I thought he was a family friend."

"He always has been. But about a year ago he got down on Paul. I think he suspected him of designs on Jenny. Sol's ambitious for her—wants her to marry money and position, and Paul hasn't a sou and no prospects in sight."

"Did he want her to marry Howard?" Amory asked bluntly.

"I think so. He disapproved of Howard, but Sol's the sort to make a lot of allowances for a gay young millionaire of top-hole position. If Paul behaved like Howard he'd have called him a dirty bum, but with Howard it's 'boys will be boys,' and the wild oats a licensed privilege."

Amory nodded. "*Droit-du-Seigneur* stuff." (Continued on Page 74)

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(Continued from Page 72)

"Yes," said Yonne, and added dryly: "Within limits. The limit would be holy matrimony. Sol would see to that."

Amory did not miss the inflection. "So it is possible," he said, "that Sol saw in Paul a source of danger in his ambitions for Jenny."

"That or worse," Yonne murmured.

Amory did not try to unmask her meaning. It was as if she had told him that Sol, a man of suspicious nature, had leaped to the conclusion that there was, between his stepdaughter and Paul, something that, if reaching Howard's knowledge, might thwart his cherished plans for her. Amory did not care in the least whether or not this suspicion of Sol's had any actual basis. The man was dead and thus removed as a source of danger. But what Yonne had just intimated explained for Amory the bitterness of Sol's vindictive efforts.

Yonne went on, as if to hedge a little: "I don't know now just what it was all about tonight. Mrs. Whittemore is one of these pretty but flighty women and only eighteen years older than her daughter. She began to fret about Sol's being away so long, and when this left Jenny cold, she started to perform. This didn't cut deep with me, because I happened to know that she and Sol haven't got on for the last few years. Sol's the early Yankee skipper type—church elder at home and hard-bitted autocrat on the high seas. Besides, I'm none so sure about his prohibition principles—not for himself, but when it comes to making a turnover."

Amory was silent, thinking of the granite-hard face with the clear water flowing over it in the glare of the torch.

"I should think that Mrs. Whittemore would be the one ambitious for Jenny," he said finally.

"That's the one point of intersection between her course and Sol's. She's secretly ashamed of his simple, rugged personality that makes a hit with the summer colony. Paul claims that, as their favorite, Sol's been widely overbet, and I guess he's right. All remote regions where some of the pioneer stock linger have their symbolic type of early days—the local grand old man. Sol is that here, though he's not old—fifty and odd."

"What about his neighbors?" Amory asked.

"They hate, fear and toady to him. He's managed to mop up most of the local money. Sol's got the reputation of being a bad enemy, but I never heard him described as a good friend."

Amory asked directly, "Is Paul in love with Jenny?"

"I don't know. I doubt if he does. A boy can't grow up six months in every year alongside a girl as pretty as she without having his rushes of ardor—especially a boy like Paul."

"Did Sol pitch into Jenny after Paul had gone?"

"From what I've heard tonight, I'd say so. Jenny hasn't any too much ballast for her sail area and is easily heeled down, but she's got spirit, and the chances are she righted herself and held her own. He disappeared then and they haven't seen him since. When her mother started in to blame her tonight about not seeming to care what might have happened to Sol, Jenny blew up. It got pretty thick and I cleared out."

Amory was silent. He was struggling to bring the legal training of his mind to bear on the case in its present status.

As a prosecuting attorney would view the evidence, here were three separate chains of it, each linking, as to time and place and motive, in the slaying of Sol Whittemore. Howard might have killed him in a drunken rage, then wheeled his body in a detour to the old tide mill and hid the body in the flume. Jules Lenore might have killed him, then carried the body in his boat and across the short strip at the end of the promontory to hide it in that place. Paul might have killed him, possibly in self-defense, if Sol, in an excess of the insane fury by which older men of primitive nature are sometimes possessed, had trailed Paul to the Deforest home and tried to slay Paul from the trapdoor.

There were also various combinations possible to the crime. Sol might have been killed by one person, and the corpse, for reasons of malice or self-protection, disposed of by another. Jules might have taken Amory for Paul when he had tried so hard to get him in the building that afternoon. Paul stood in the way of Jules' operations, and the man might have been working at some crafty stratagem to play off Sol and Paul against each other.

As matters stood, it was all too complicated for Amory's sleepy brain. The only way, he felt, would be to run down each line of evidence separately. But meantime Yonne must be warned against saying anything about Sol's enmity for her brother. This knowledge was safe enough with Amory, and he was now very glad that the corpse had so mysteriously disappeared from the flume. Paul, when he had gone out for a few moments to reconnoiter the premises, might easily have slipped into the outlet of the flume, hauled the body through the short remaining distance and given it to the current, which was still running out. In that case there was no telling whither the tide might carry it, or if it would be discovered subsequently. There was an offshore drift at this point—the Labrador current—an icy one—setting out from the coast to its point of dissolution somewhere off Cape Cod, a hundred and odd miles beyond and across the Gulf of Maine.

"Paul," said Amory, "believes that Sol has met with foul play."

"Nonsense," said Yonne. "Who'd want to do Sol in? Or if he did, who'd dare? All the same," she added, "he's not the sort of man to slam off in a rage because he lost his head and made a fool of himself to Jenny."

"Did he do that pretty thoroughly?"

"Yes, but his violence had a paternal camouflage. Told her that he wasn't going to see her throw herself away on any penniless rum chaser like Paul—that he was going to take her aboard his schooner and start for Nova Scotia then and there. He's got a twenty-ton power auxiliary that he goes there with from time to time—lobster buying. Then he tried to take her."

"By force?" Amory asked.

"Yes. All this was down in his boathouse by the shore."

"At what time?"

"About nine this morning. Mrs. Whittemore and the cook had driven to town in the car. There was nobody about. It seems to have been real pirate stuff. He might have managed it with most girls, but underneath her curves Jenny's strong as a young donkey." Yonne smiled. "She's a trained athlete, too—been athletic instructress in a girls' camp. She managed to break away and bolt into the woods. Sol followed for a way, but couldn't catch her."

Amory thought of the time—about the hour at which Howard had been wheeling his barrow through the woods from the cove not far down the shore from the lobster pound. He thought of the shot Sabine had reported to have heard.

"What happened then?" he asked.

"Jenny got away and went back to the house. Sol did not return, or hasn't shown up since. Jenny kept it all to herself throughout the day. But tonight, when her silly mother started nagging her about her cold-bloodedness, her nerves gave way and it all came out."

"How did Mrs. Whittemore take it?"

"As one might expect. She's never grown up. Doesn't know her mind from one minute to the next. First she was tirading against Sol for staying away; then, with a sort of hysterical relish, she began to imagine all sorts of horrible things that might have happened him; then she turned on Jenny for not seeming to care. It was then that Jenny lashed out—spilled the whole dish of beans. They were having a shrieking match when I decided that it was no place for me."

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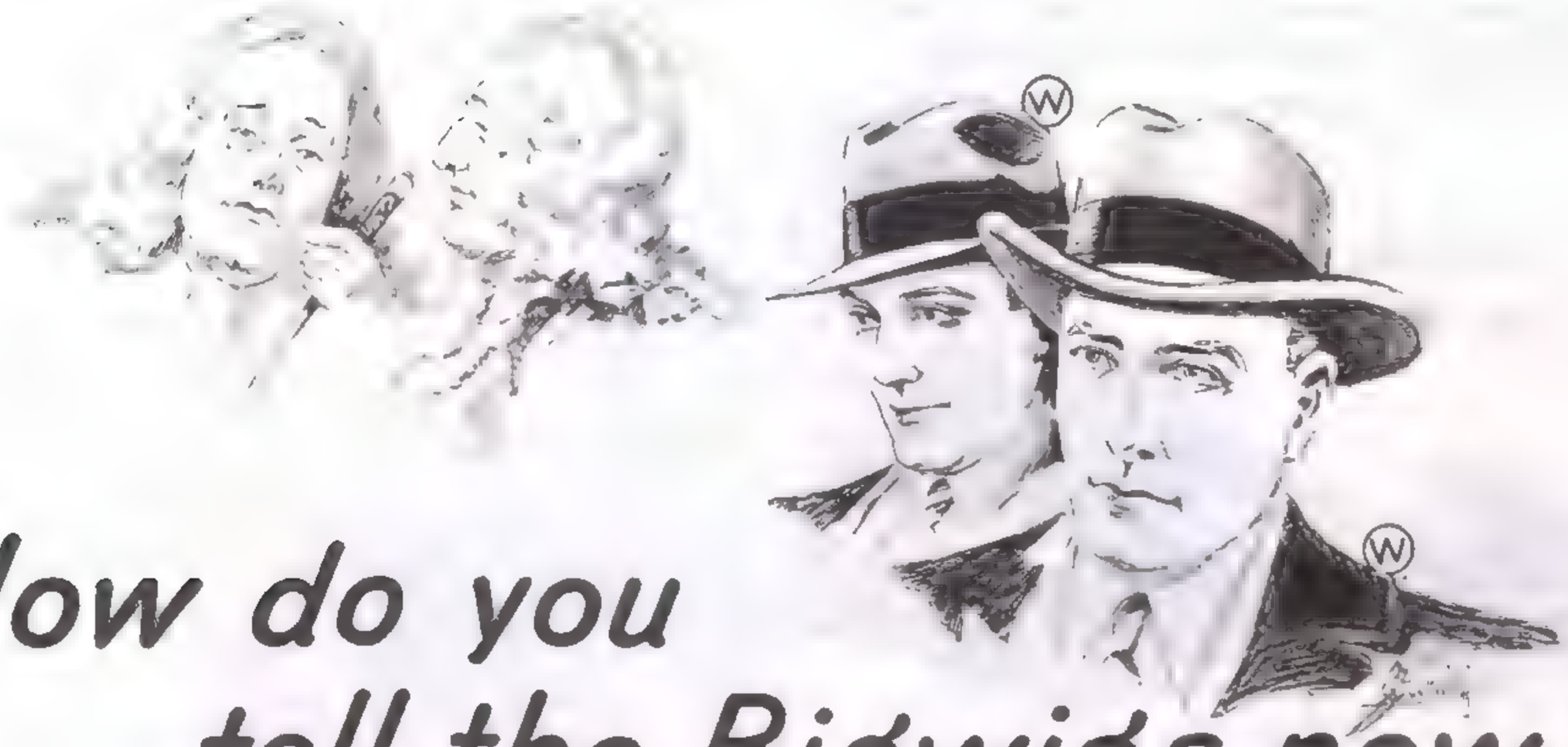

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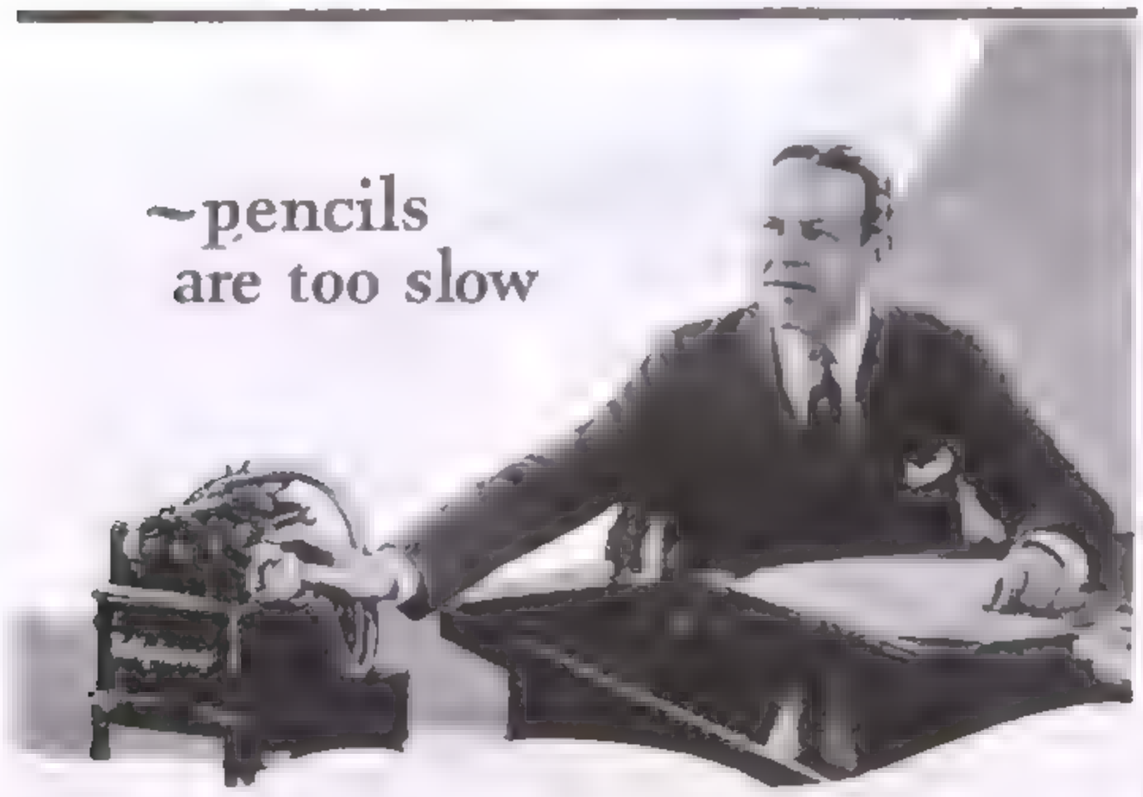

YOU cannot schedule your thinking. Ideas flash across your mind—the answer to some letter you have read is on the tip of your tongue—yet you are a slave to the slow and costly routine of notebooks and pencils.

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WONDERS OF THE NEW EDIPHONE
Number 2
Fast or slow without thinking of the Ediphone—
it follows your every move. Talk as fast as you like—the Ediphone gets the words and expression. Pause as long as you like—the Ediphone awaits your pleasure. And your secretary controls the speed to her liking.

Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine

Continued from Page 74

"Don't blame you," Amory said. "But weren't you worried about the result?"

"Not very. Two women can't have hysterics alone together successfully. There has to be a worried audience. It struck me that I was that, so I walked out on them."

"Wise girl," Amory said. "Did Paul know about Sol's attempt to kidnap Jenny this morning?"

"No. Let's hope he doesn't find it out. Then Sol might really be in danger. Paul's got the devil of a temper."

"Is Howard in love with Jenny?"

"He thinks he is. But all Howard really loves is a bottle. I think he's tried his cave-man stuff on her too. There's something about Jenny that seems to make men act that way"—she gave Amory a slanting look—"when they aren't trying to comfort her."

"There's a shopworn name for it," Amory said. "Now listen, Yonne. This is not so good. I started to walk through the woods over here this morning, and had got near the cove above the lobster pound when I stopped to rest. While there I saw a young man who answers to the description of Howard wheeling a heavy barrowload of something through the scrub. He acted as if scared and afraid that he was being followed. A little later one of Paul's men arrested Howard on suspicion of rum running."

"Did Paul tell you that?" Yonne asked.

"Yes. What makes it look worse is that about five minutes before I caught sight of Howard there was a pistol shot over in the woods in the direction he had come from."

Yonne said slowly "Not so good."

"Anything but," Amory agreed. "Tall timber with thick underbrush is a bad meeting place for an older man in passion and a younger man in drink."

"Paul may be right about Sol," Yonne said; "I mean about his being dead."

"That's only the half of it," Amory said. "The other half is, Who killed him? If it was Howard, then there's one way to make pretty sure."

Yonne nodded. "To find where he deposited the load in his wheelbarrow. Could you do that?"

"I might," Amory said slowly. "The place was pretty thick. He seemed to be heading straight over for the far shore. It would be useful to know if he went on clear across, or left his load somewhere en route. And if so, what it was."

"Why should he wheel a load of booze into the woods?" Yonne asked.

"The same idea struck me. It was rough sledding. When I saw him he had just crossed the brook. He went on then. I suspected rum activities and kept out of it. I went back to my boat a little later and sailed round here."

"That was wise. It was none of your business."

"It is now though. Paul has sworn me in as deputy C. G. I'm going to try to find where Howard dumped his load."

"When?"

"As soon as it gets light enough."

"I'll help," Yonne said. "Meantime, we could both do with a little rest. I'll take you to your room."

"Thanks. That couch by the window looks mighty good to me. This has been one busy day."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

"I know, papa; I felt that way, too, at first. In time I think both characters will have a broader meaning for me—more human and more rational—but thus far I have not been able to adjust myself to the new concept.

"Then take that unnamed Spartan youth who allowed the wolf to chew out his vitals. Originally he stood for fortitude, superb self-control and a sort of unreasoning but magnificent courage. He still stands for these things if you can overlook the fact that only a moron would seek the companionship of a wild wolf. And not only that, but he proved himself an abandoned liar. A lie is a lie in the final analysis. I understand a lie, papa, and feel a closer contact with the lad for it, though somehow I wish he were back on his pedestal."

"Are there any others?"

"William Tell's little boy. It used to be that when filial loyalty and omnipotent faith in eternal right were mentioned I at once thought of him standing on that Alpine hillside with a trusting smile on his face and a Ben Davis on his crown. With our superior methods of research and our keener judgment of values, we now know that the lad obviously was a confirmed gambler. Not satisfied with being a gambler, he was the kind that liked to play big odds, which is the worst form of gambler. The resultant moral shortcomings that go with a love of gambling I need hardly mention. This exposé is regrettable in many ways, but a sense of fair play demands it."

"Surely, Willie, you are mistaken."

"How could I be? The more you study, the dimmer becomes the halo. If you remember, there was the deified boy who stood on the burning deck. In a way he exemplified obedience, confidence in a father's word, a sense of responsibility and general devotion to the task in hand. He did, I admit; but why overlook the fact, as determined by higher study, that he had no initiative or independent judgment?

"What I mean to say is that he was to be classed with the irresponsibles and doubtless at times had total mental eclipses. In view of these facts it is impossible to say whether he was honest and respected the property rights of others, but the evidence is decidedly unfavorable."

"And in what other quarters, Willie, has this devastating criticism fallen?"

"I could hardly enumerate them all. There is one other, however, if I could bring myself to ——"

"A girl, I suppose?"

"Yes. Buoyant, fresh, a gifted observer and commentator—that is, she was. I have just learned ——"

"Go on, my boy."

"Alice—she of Wonderland. It has just been discovered that she not only used liquor immoderately but was a dope addict. In no other way could she have seen the sights she did." —*David B. Park.*

Special Delivery

"HAVE you noticed any change in his dancing since he began to take lessons by mail?"

"Oh, yes! He used to step on my feet; now he stamps on them."

Riddles

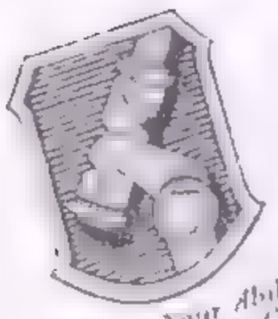
SOME yearn to know how the Martians dress,
And some how a sea horse gallops;
Some dive to the depths of the salty deeps
For the private life of the scallops;
But that which intrigues, and unfailingly whets
My bump of inquiry aplenty,
Is: What do the intelligentzia say
When they talk with the cognoscenti?

The favorite flower of a movie queen,
A pugilist's craving for tea,
The yen of a diva for parsnips and spuds,
Are nothing at all to me;
But that doesn't mean that I would not give
A fiver, a ten or a twenty
To hear what the intelligentzia lisp
In the ears of the cognoscenti.
—*William Henry Wright.*

To the Women of America —

If there's an automobile, anywhere, that is not at times driven by a woman, it's probably because that car steers so hard she just *won't* drive it .... Steering means *handling* a car. And handling a car in traffic, in emergencies, around corners and over rough roads, is something of a task for *any* woman .... If it *can* be made easier, it *ought* to be!

If the *women* of America would send the men of America to try a *Ross-equipped* car (see list below)—a very important thing would result —for *men*, as well as *women*.



Doubles Your Ability To Handle Your Car Makes Steering Easier Reduces Road Shock

These Cars are Ross-Equipped

THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering, and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross as standard equipment in their cars (as do also 104 manufacturers of trucks, 30 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

Auburn	Graham-Paige	Nash Standard 6
Chandler	614, 619, 629, 833	Peerless
Chrysler 80	Hupmobile	Reo Flying Cloud
Cunningham	Kissel	Reo Wolverine
Davis	Kleiber	Roamer
Diana	Locomobile	Stearns-Knight 6
Duesenberg	Marmon 68 and 78	Studebaker
Du Pont	McFarlan	Stutz
Flear	Moon	Velie
Gardner		

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☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ HUDSON

*Body Style*_____ *Year*_____

ROSS GEAR AND TOOL CO., Lafayette, Ind.
Please send facts about Ross Replacement Unit and free booklet on Steering. I have marked above the name and body-style of the car I drive.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

3

ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING

MURPHY FINE FINISHES

Famous for 63 years among architects, master painters, and makers of products requiring a fine finish

A new world of home beauty

WHAT a world of color in your home is opened up by fine brushing lacquer! How easily it is applied and how quickly it dries! How bright and cheerful the new finish is!

Murphy Brushing Lacquer gives a rich, lustrous and durable finish to furniture (including wicker), moldings, windows, doors and door casings, mantelpieces, lamp fixtures, vases and even floors—you will think of many more uses when you have started to paint.

Murphy Brushing Lacquer flows on easily and smoothly, requires no expertness with the brush. Dries to the touch in 10 minutes, hard within an hour.

For over 60 years Murphy Fine Finishes have been used by noted piano and furniture makers; specified by architects for the better hotels, residences and office buildings; and used by master painters for their fine work.

In your own home you want the fine finish that Murphy is famous for. And you will get it with Murphy Brushing Lacquer.

In your community is a Murphy dealer, selected by us—a man who knows his business and who will be glad to advise you. Buy Murphy Brushing Lacquer today. It will bring a new world of color and cheer to your home.

Send for Instruction Book and Color Card. The coupon is for your convenience.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

40c sample can of Murphy Brushing Lacquer for 25c. (Offer limited to 2 cans—only 1 can of each color.) Your choice of the following colors: Red, Mandarin Red, Yellow, Orange, Blue, Pale Blue, Dark Green, Light Green, Jade Green, Golden Brown, Dark Gray, Light Gray, Buff, Dust, Tan, Ivory, Black, White, Clear.

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NEWARK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

Murphy Varnish Company, Newark, N. J.
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Send following 40¢ cans of Murphy Brushing Lacquer at 25¢ each for which I enclose ____ ¢ (stamps or coin). Order colors by name.
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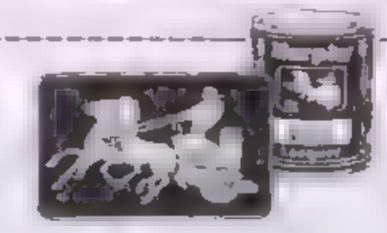


Murphy *Brushing* Lacquer

FOOT-LOOSE

Continued from Page 9

shadow cast by character. Heavy weather had beaten his lobster traps to splinters, and all winter there had been nothing to eat, probably, but slack-salted cod, pork and molasses. Winter had pulled him down—not a doubt of it. It had pulled Ellen down, magnificent as she was in the body; it had pulled the children down, and pulled poor Mrs. Pitcairn down pitiably.

The little black house had an ice pond at its back; a body could jump into the pond out of the kitchen window, and Mrs. Pitcairn had threatened to do it, but nobody would take her seriously.

What under heaven had Joe Pitcairn meant, Tom wondered, by assembling such a brood around him? Nobody but an African dodger had any business setting up on land. . . . Tom's eye rested on Ellen. The girl had her back against the south wall; her head was dipped forward and the face looked actually pinched. It might have been an imperfection in the glass that gave her that wild look, as of a trapped thing still protesting.

By moving a foot or two to the left, Tom could see that she was talking to Ed Hulse with her hands on the back of his chair. Things must have gone seriously wrong when a woman like Ellen Pitcairn would go out of her way to conciliate a man like that—heavy, slow, with nothing to look forward to but a life of bone labor.

Tom felt his dog's nose thrust into his hand. The nose was hot. The heat was already beginning to affect the poor creature, and the beautiful white hide was showing mangy patches.

"Got to get you out of this, old fellow," Tom muttered. He turned away guiltily from the Pitcairn house. It was a mercy there was nobody dependent on him. He recalled Jeremy's complaint about the ketch Aileen—her lacking legs. Well, say she did; say she foundered, better to go down in a thousand fathoms and let the fishes pick your bones clean rather than wait for death to come in one of these ground-floor bedrooms. And yet he had let that girl bully him into being ashamed of his activities.

He went to see Jeremy Potts. The little man led him out into the dining room and put a mug of cider on the arm of his chair. Tom stole glimpses at the photographs of robustious African women on the walls. It was no good bragging about his bear to a man who had shot lions, who had gone into the jungle at the head of fifty porters, gun bearers and the like.

"Housekeeper satisfactory?" Jeremy asked.

"All right till she fainted on my hands," Tom answered.

"Fainted?" Jeremy Potts got out of his chair, full of concern.

"All but dead away, yes. I got her into the air and brought her to."

"She give you any intimation what the matter was?"

"I was telling her how I killed a bear. It was too gory for her, she said."

"The chances are she hadn't eaten a morsel today," Jeremy announced. "She's a proud woman. I've been afraid she wouldn't eat food bought with that money."

"That money? What money?"

Little Jeremy opened his silver snuffbox and put a pinch of snuff in either nostril. Tom Murchinson should have taken warning; the little man took snuff to stimulate the brain. The little red devil that ruins the world, his wife called it, but Jeremy knew how to build on ruins.

"What money? Don't you know they've gone round with a paper for Joe Pitcairn?"

"Don't tell me it's come to that," Tom said.

"It has, though. Joe broke his arm early in the winter—that was after he lost the town horses—everything piled up, and there they were, twins and all, and the mother flat on her back. Ellen couldn't leave the house, and Joe called on the town. He didn't have any other course open to him."

Tom drank thirstily out of the fluted glass.

"I wouldn't believe it," he whispered. "She held her head high enough with me."

"She's a monument for pride. I wouldn't wonder if Eddie Hulse married her. He's the only man around here that wouldn't balk at shouldering the Pitcairns. The pity of it, man. There's genius in her. She's got a singing voice, my friend Adamson tells me. It ought to be cultivated, and who's going to pay for that if Ed Hulse marries her?"

"Not Ed," Tom said.

"She'll be going around for Ed, hauling seaweed to bank the foundations of the house against the wind, just the way she's doing for the Pitcairns. They calked the doors and windows with newspapers last winter. You couldn't get in the back door without a rain of paper strips falling on your head."

"No?" said Tom.

"Fact," said Jeremy, and filled both glasses again. "Well, dear me, it's a sad subject. Let's change it. How long are you staying with us this time home?"

"That I can't say. Feels good to be here."

"Finest place on the planet earth," Jeremy affirmed.

"The dog's making heavy weather of it, though. Won't eat. I guess I'm only waiting for a slant of wind to carry him back north again. We've had contrary winds lately."

"Here's a proverb for you," Jeremy laughed: "To a crazy ship all winds are contrary."

Tom Murchison's face burned a little. He knew the little man's thought. After ten years away from home—a perfect Odyssey—he had got no further than to contract an obligation to a dog. He stood up and the little man reached up a friendly hand to his shoulder.

"You used to sing for me," Jeremy said. "Come sit in my choir."

Tom went to church early and looked in back of the organ at the bellows. That had been his job as a boy, bowing over a crooked iron bar like a boat's tiller—only the motion was vertical—pulling open the wheezy bellows, with a load of brick on top to sink them again. The bar was still there, so was the artistry on the walls—the sketch of the organist in a scrubby hat.

Then he heard Ellen coming in with Ed Hulse, and strolled round the corner of the organ. The girl was in a black dress with a hint of perfume, and the raven's shadow was still across her white cheek. Her eyes were calm and undramatic. They took their places and the service began. He had barely exchanged nods with her, not feeling habituated to the celestial machinery. Yet the very tack heads in the rumpled carpet held him in the vise of the familiar. He heard her voice during the responsive reading. A sentence brushed him, paralyzed him: "My soul thirsteth after thee like thirsty land." It was spoken as if in his very ear. He turned his head, but she was looking straight ahead, and Ed Hulse's big body was slumped down just beyond her.

When she stood to sing her solo, Tom watched the song swelling in her white throat. Potts' friend was right. She had a voice, round and full; it was like a rush of wings in the air over his head; it was a song with a whisper in it, but that possibly was the whisper of the bellows.

Tom Murchison felt the surge of a wave, a green comber, under him; the thought, half born, if it expanded more, would tear the top of his head off. Something was on the very tip of his tongue—the secret, that something as unsurprisable as the back of his neck. He remembered joining a lodge when he was just of age, and somebody—a fellow citizen—at some point of the rites,

(Continued on Page 81)

Men who ride the hills of Cuba

AN acre here, a half acre there, two acres across the hill, out in the tobacco lands of Cuba a small army of fieldmen is watching and selecting the tobacco for Rob! Burns cigars.

No chances can be taken when the mildness and mellow fragrance of Rob! Burns are at stake. Giving advice to one planter, help to another, from the time the seedlings are planted until the rich, beautiful leaves are harvested, these fieldmen are constantly on guard. They must know the *pedigree* of every leaf they buy.

The leaf of Pedigreed Cuban Tobacco makes the finest smoke in the world.

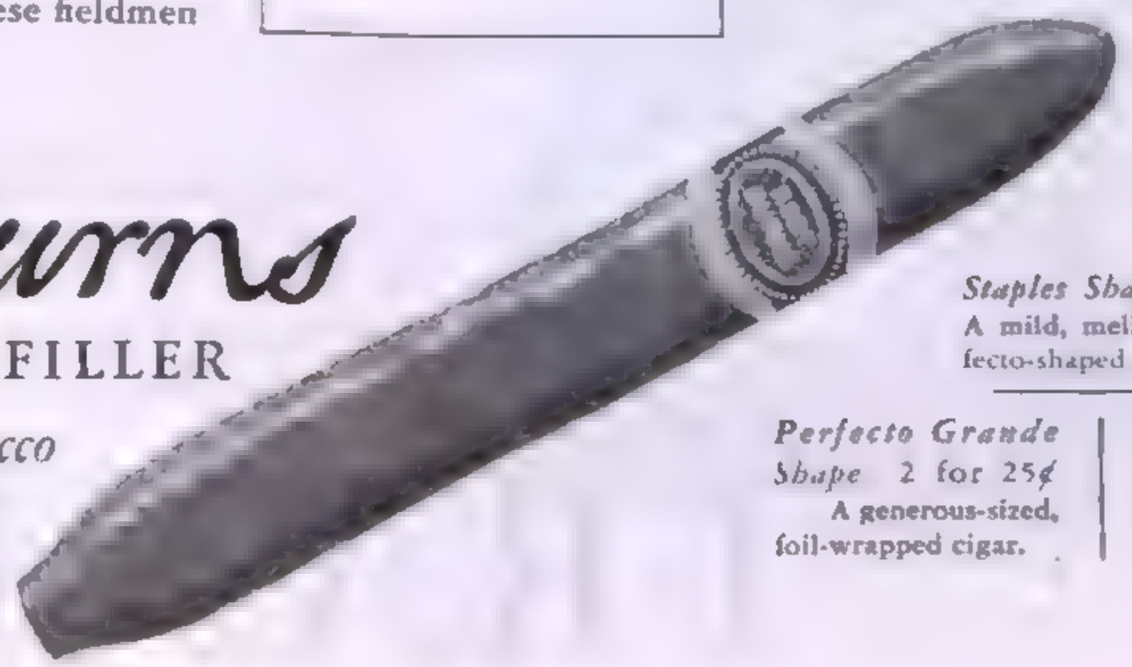
Only pedigreed tobacco, selected leaves from selected fields of Cuba, can give the sweet, mild smoke you will always find in a Rob! Burns cigar.

Whatever shape you prefer, Perfecto Grande, Staples, Panatela, you will find the same mellow flavor in every Rob! Burns, just as mild, just as sweet, just as fragrant.

Rob! Burns

FULL HAVANA FILLER

The finest tobacco in the world



Staples Shape 10¢
A mild, mellow perfecto-shaped cigar.

Perfecto Grande Shape 2 for 25¢
A generous-sized, foil-wrapped cigar.

Panatela Shape 10¢
For those who prefer the long, graceful panatela.

New discoveries await you in the Airman

Convertible Coupe

Another Exclusive Superiority Feature—light unsprung weight—the weight of all parts below the springs. With scientific light-weight construction, the pounding of the road is greatly reduced—the chassis absorbing part of the shocks, the springs taking care of the balance—and the body riding easily and smoothly.

THIS year—more than ever before—automobile buyers realize that if a car is to be out-of-the-ordinary, it must be built specifically to achieve that distinction.

Aviation's spectacular endorsement of air-cooling affords the latest indication that Franklin possesses exclusive superiorities in performance. The powerful Airman motor has the zooming pickup of the airplane. A touch of the accelerator sends the car dashing ahead, eager to display its flashing ability. Road emergencies are always met with a liberal reserve of power that is thrilling.

And the exclusiveness of the Airman's motor extends equally to the car's handling, riding comfort and beauty. High speed can be maintained for hours on end—with no overheating or injury to the motor—and with absolute comfort for driver and passengers. Balancing this speed are synchronized, 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes to assure positive action and utmost security at all times. Scientific light-weight construction and Franklin's unique spring suspension make for a fuller, more restful comfort.

There are now thousands of experienced motorists ready to advise you not to select your next car, until you have ridden in "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built"—and investigated the favorable terms on which Airman ownership may be arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Airman Series FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 78

had whispered the secret of the lodge to him—it was comprised in one word—and in his nervousness he couldn't catch that word. The man had repeated it time after time, but it was a queer word, and still Tom couldn't really grasp it. He had finally pretended that he had and let it go at that.

He felt now as if something had been offered to him which was going to slip through his fingers through sheer clumsiness on his part. He stared at the colored window, showing doves feeding on a cathedral roof, and then, lifting startled eyes, he saw Charles Tobin in an end seat halfway down the aisle. The little cooky had his wrinkled head cocked over on one side, his blue eyes had an amazing life, a vituperative summons. "Look out, you're a goner" Charles Tobin seemed to be saying to him from some other world, as if one of them had died and they could no longer talk back and forth.

A goner? Nonsense. What had he to fear? He was older than when he had sat here last—ten years older. These added years, considering the use he had made of them, ought to stand him in good stead. He hadn't gone back, surely. He was as supple as ever, he could lift as big a weight off the ground, polar bears were child's play to him. Nevertheless, a subtle and moving sense of dereliction drifted through his veins.

When the service was over, with the last word of the benediction, Tom and Ellen got up together, and he said, "You forgot your blue fox."

"That? Oh, I couldn't really take it," Ellen said. "You didn't think, I hope——"

"I brought it to you," he insisted deliberately, for Ed Hulse's benefit.

"I couldn't take anything like that—of value," Ellen repeated. "Thank you just the same."

Disconcerted, he walked out of the church through the vestry. Charley Tobin and the horse doctor were stooping over Dusky, who had been lying on the bell rope.

"He's getting poor," Tobin said. "You can take his whole backbone in your thumb and finger now."

"It's too hot for him here," said the horse doctor.

"I'll get him back where he belongs," Tom cut in. "Only waiting for a slant of wind."

But the next day he began to reshingle the L of his house. He ripped off a lot of the shingles while waiting for the kettle to boil, and after breakfast he slipped on a carpenter's apron, with the nail pockets full of shingle nails. When he went outdoors, Ellen Pitcairn was just walking out with a pail of feed for the hens. Even in the full sunlight that shadow of want was on her cheek, and Tom felt the walls of his heart pinch together; but she had the whip hand still. Over there, where a load of herring heads had been plowed under the soil, the June grass was dark green. The beeches had light yellow leaves, which even the direct rays of the sun could hardly yellow more. The dew-pointed shingles of the Pitcairn barn were like gray satin, with here and there a black one.

Tom sipped at his pipe, and then, reaching in under the apron, brought out a crumpled ten-dollar bill. He picked up Ellen's cold hand and doubled the fingers over this. She opened her hand and made up a funny mouth.

"What's this for?" she inquired.

"For services rendered," Tom said. "For getting the house opened, and one thing and another."

Ellen laughed, and tossed the bill back at him as if it were no more than a dead leaf.

"You must have a fine opinion of your neighbors," she said scornfully. "Dear boy, you can't pay me for anything like that. I suppose next you will be trying to pay me for fainting on your hands."

"Look here—I tell you—holy mackerel, I ——"

She mocked his stuttering with her mouth. "No, I tell you. I was glad to do it. It's what any woman would expect to do when she's neighboring a bachelor. Holy mackerel, are you one of these men that can't rest under a favor?"

He stood there, beautifully baffled; the sun was getting higher and burning his neck, forcing Ellen to flicker her lids and turn her head a little away.

That night he took her to the movies. They went in late, after the lights were out, but Charles Tobin had seen them go in. He came to Tom in the morning to ask what to do about an offer he had had to go mate of a three-master—the Anson B. Whitehead.

"You tired of your present job?" Tom asked him.

"No. Looks like it might vanish into thin air," Charles Tobin said, in his high chest tones—"by what I hear, that is."

"What do you hear?"

"Talk is you've cut Ed Hulse out with his girl. He was there after she got back last night, and they had it hot and heavy. I hear."

"Why doesn't he come out in the open then?" Tom flashed.

"I guess he's declared himself as far as in him lies," Charles Tobin said insinuatingly.

And there was no reasonable doubt that Ed Hulse had declared himself. He had had the fish hooked and had been standing ready with the gaff, Tobin averred. Tom knew that, but he didn't like to see a fine girl like Ellen Pitcairn bound over to a man like Hulse, when it was nothing but her need that drove her to it. After the day's shingling he looked in on Jeremy Potts. The talk got round to Ellen—his neighbor, Jeremy called her.

"If she starves," Tom said, "she's only got herself to thank for it. She won't take money even when she's earned it."

Jeremy asked for details and got them.

"I wouldn't like to see it come to marriage with this man Hulse," Jeremy said soberly, "but it will, if something isn't done about it."

"They'd have another Pitcairn establishment piled on top of the present one in five years," Tom argued. "Well, here, I've got a thousand or so lying idle right now, it so happens. I won't be using it. All right. Saying there was such a thing as my leaving that money in your hands, Mr. Potts—sort of a fund. Couldn't you put it up to her to go away and educate her voice? You could say the money was coming from a—from a fund."

"From a fund, sure enough," Jeremy beamed. He turned the snuffbox end for end

"That would cook Hulse's goose, wouldn't it? She couldn't be away from here a year and come back and see him in the same light, could she?"

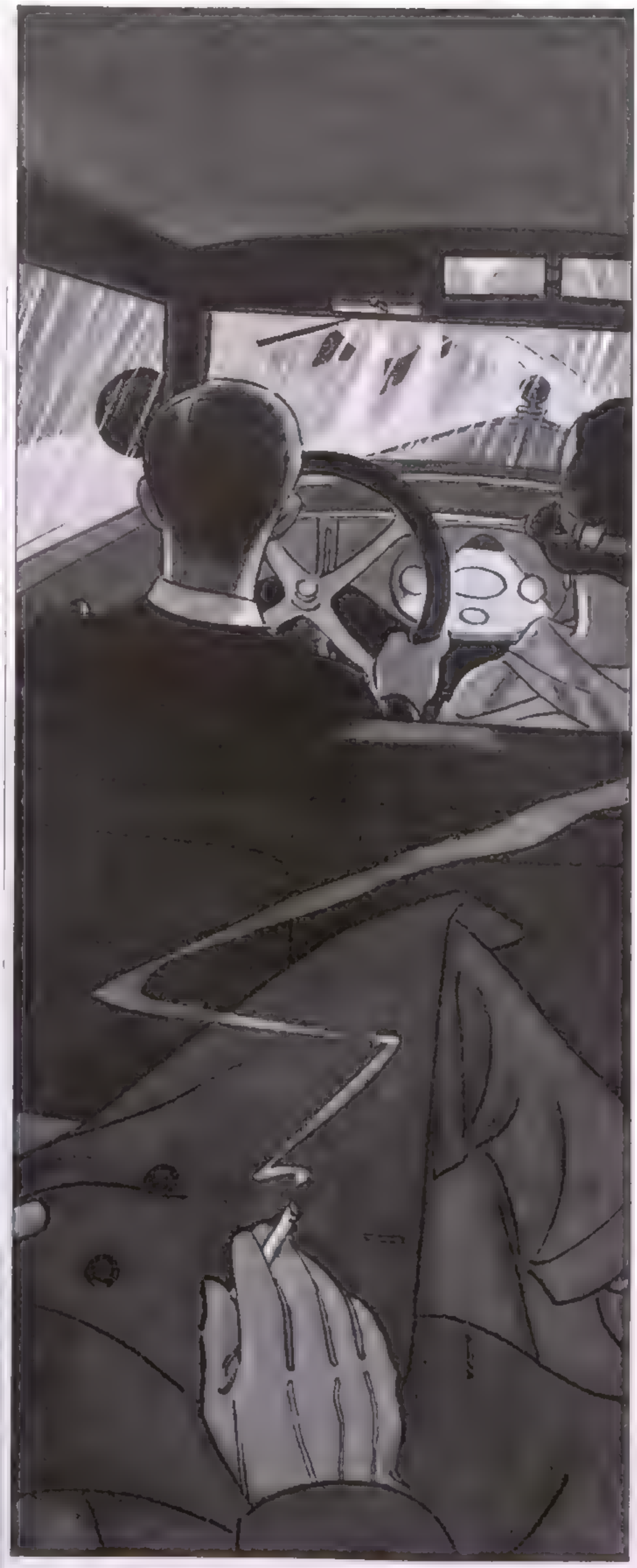
"Doesn't seem as if. Wouldn't do to mention your name, would it?" Jeremy suggested, and flashed the young man a marvelously subtle look.

"Lord, no. She wouldn't take anything from me, where we were children together and all. She'd have a feeling about that."

"I suppose she would," Jeremy agreed. "I'll tell her the money's from a fund—tell her it's put up by a Mr. Smith, say, who used to live here and took an interest in music."

They struck hands on that and Jeremy went down into the cellar after cider. Mr. Smith sat with his knees together and his feet wide apart. He stared at the Potts ceiling, with a wonderful foot-loose feeling through him. He had no ties except to a dog, and that was why he could make his benefactions of some service to the world at large. Ellen would be a great singer; nothing could hold her back or down but the incompetence of Ed Hulse, and that danger was averted—as good as averted—by the mythical Mr. Smith. And say the secret did leak out years later, when Ellen was a famous woman—well, say it did ——

Something warm and comfortable—rapturous, actually—went through his frame, but the splendid reverie was shivered into nothing by an ominous howl outside the house. It was out of Dusky's throat, and Tom jumped up. He had left the dog with his muddy paws outside; and now Tom,



"It's a fine night!"

"It's a fine night to know that you've got a set of Kelly-Springfield tires under you, if that's what you mean."

Why include rust *when* for so little you can keep it out forever

Rust inevitably attacks ordinary pipe, diminishing the flow of water . . . perhaps causing leaks to damage ceilings—expense and annoyance. Repairing rusted pipe costs the average home-owner $1000 during the life of the house.

Think of it, $30 yearly for repairs and replacements. Why then use rustable pipe when by investing about $75 more for Anaconda Brass Pipe you can keep rust out forever?

Anaconda Brass Pipe cannot rust . . . always a free flow of clear, clean water. Its slightly higher first cost is soon absorbed in the yearly savings. In building or repairing, insist on Anaconda Brass Pipe—it is guaranteed and trademarked.

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ANACONDA COPPER BRASS AND BRONZE

opening Jeremy's front door, saw that a dozen men had collected in the road, springing up from nowhere. There was a dog fight going on. Dusky had a big hound dog on his back in the middle of the road. It looked desperate and the onlookers were holding off. Sam Pennell, from the far side of his fish cart, was urging somebody to go after a sponge and a bottle of ammonia.

Tom Murchison sprang in, throwing men right and left to get at the dogs. He tore them apart savagely, and the hound went whimpering away.

A voice said, "That North Pole dog ought to be shot."

Tom, still crouching with one hand on Dusky, recognized Ed Hulse. He looked straight at the big photographer, and shouted out, "Wasn't there anybody here man enough to pull a couple of dogs apart? Stand there like a lot of wooden men and watch 'em chew each other up! If I thought any of you egged them on to this ——"

He kept looking square into Ed Hulse's slow-thinking, brooding face. The photographer's arms hung at his sides; he had looked at first a little sheepish, but he was now livid, rigid with anger.

"Don't you accuse me of sicking them dogs onto each other!" Hulse yelled. "Don't you do it, mister!"

"You couldn't think of anything better to do than stand and watch them tear each other's throats out. I know that!" Tom cried.

"Maybe I've got something more to do with my hands than keep dogs from fighting," Hulse shouted in a trembling voice. "Maybe I got somebody depending on me! You show me where humans are in trouble, maybe I'll take risks with anybody!"

"Maybe you think I wouldn't!" Tom shouted back, and Hulse replied: "I know you wouldn't!"

There was later a conflict of testimony as to which of the two had struck the first blow, and probably the principals themselves couldn't have told you which of them had lashed out first. The only light was furnished by a lantern hanging off the tail of Sam Pennell's cart. They were about a match—Hulse, if anything, was heavier, but he had spent his time retouching plates while Tom was killing polar bears. It was a bare-fisted, bloody business, and couldn't last.

Suddenly, after a smacking impact, an excited cry went up, the little huddle of men yielded, and somebody elbowed the lantern off the cart. Sam snatched it off the ground. Tom Murchison, standing in the middle of things, saw out of the tail of his eye that Charles Tobin was holding Dusky by the neck. The unlucky Hulse was flat on his back, but immediately he began rolling over and getting to his knees. The crowd swarmed round him and closed him off.

"Somebody's going to get killed out of this," Sam Pennell said seriously. "Keep those men apart, someone!"

Already, some of the younger men, on either side of Hulse, had him by the arms, holding him back. Ordinarily the mildest of the mild, his infuriated eyes now looked wild under the matted red hair. He lunged right and left, dragging them along with him, and only came to himself when somebody shouted in his ear:

"Here comes Mr. Potts!"

That scattered them. They didn't want a superior man like Mr. Potts to be getting acquainted with this sort of thing. Hulse's friends dragged him one way and Tom Murchison went just as fast the other. He felt like a fool—certainly not in a mood to face Jeremy. At the end of the street Charles Tobin, with Dusky, overtook him.

"Hulse is back there swearing the girl egged you on to polish him off," Tobin said. "He won't have it any other way, and he swears she's double-crossed him and he's done with her for good." Tom stared at him and stopped in his tracks. He had never been so bitterly ashamed of himself. Charles Tobin continued: "I got the water tanks full this afternoon, and sixty more gallons of gas on the starboard side. Looks like the wind's coming fair to be gone in the morning."

"Southwest, is it?" Tom muttered.

"Southwest, yes."

Tobin was right, the wind was southwest all next day, but Tom didn't take advantage of it. He didn't, in fact, stir away from the house. He felt bound hand and foot, gagged, and worse than that. He kept seeing Ed Hulse lying sprawled there pathetically in the dust, and he asked himself how under heaven he had allowed himself to get embroiled. Was it just Ed's clamoring to have the dog shot? Was it? He misdoubted it was not. The thing had been like a wind at his back shoving him along, a hand at his neck—something outside him altogether, taking him by surprise. Some kind of red devil that kept out of sight through all the havoc, and that was keeping out of sight now.

He couldn't round on it; and then, early in the afternoon, he saw Jeremy Potts knocking on the Pitcairns' front door, with another little man in tow—a funny little round-headed man in black, with a square-blocked black hat, and a black manuscript bag in his hand.

They were inside the house perhaps half an hour. Jeremy must be arguing the case for Mr. Smith, Tom thought hopefully. Ellen herself let them out and went with them as far as the road. She stood staring after them, hugging her arms against her body, her head a little on one side, the very pose suggesting, as it often did, the presence of some valiant force within. She was the man of the family, Tom had more than once heard Jeremy say. It was Ellen who would hold the Pitcairns to the mark after Joe had had the ground struck out from under his heels. It was that quality of superiority, a sort of foreshadowing of her powers, that had kept most of the eligible young men from paying more attention to her. They didn't stand the comparison, Tom thought. She was just too calm and cool, and had that way of looking through them and beyond them.

What answer had she given Jeremy? Tom didn't for an instant doubt that the little man had put his proposition, but the Pitcairn house didn't give an inkling of the answer. It looked as dejected, as haggard, as broken backed, as ever. Joe Pitcairn crept out into the back yard and began feebly splitting wood. That was about the extent of the poor man's usefulness. He had had a prop, or the prospect of a prop, in Ed Hulse, and now Tom had knocked that prop away; sledged it down with just his fist.

Tom didn't venture out till after dark; and then, when he was throwing fish over the hen-yard fence to the penned-in Dusky, he heard Ellen's voice behind him.

"Mr. Tobin tells me you're on the point of leaving," the girl said.

"Looks like it," Tom answered, and didn't take his eyes off Dusky.

"I suppose it's got so now with you, you can't be in any one place three days together."

"I'm always wondering what's round the corner, yes," Tom said.

"Is it so different when you do find out?"

"Not so different, no."

Ellen laughed. "Well, if I don't see you again," she said, "remember your failings."

His failings. He wasn't likely to forget those in a hurry. He stood bolt upright and there was a faint ringing, as of whippoorwill music, inside his head—a swarm of abrupt little imperatives: "Tell her this, tell her that; squirm, twist, wriggle; get down on your knees." He did nothing of the sort. He said nothing, dipped his hands in the water barrel. Ellen was only a couple of feet away. It was Tuesday night and the church bell was tolling people to a meeting in the vestry.

The girl broke the spell by asking casually, "Do you remember Arthur Gillispie?"

"The singing teacher?"

"Yes. Well, he came to see me today with Mr. Potts. He's grown awfully rotund. He's still a bachelor, it seems, and goes to Europe every summer. That's on the money it would cost to keep a wife, he told Jeremy. He just loves Europe, I suppose. I told him that. It's just as easy to disconcert him as it ever was. Tom, do you remember what a scream he used to be? You can't have forgotten that time the school was singing in assembly hall, and Mr. Gillispie went round with his head down listening for mutes, and stumbled on you. Do you remember? You hadn't opened your mouth, and never did. You just lolled in a back seat making funny knots in the window cord."

"That's right," Tom said, moistening his lips.

"So then he told you to sing alone, and you sat there perfectly mum until I tipped you the wink, and then you sang it right through from start to finish. Weren't you an odd stick? But you always would do anything under heaven for me, from a little thing."

"Would I though?"

"Yes. Maybe it was malicious animal magnetism on my part. Mr. Potts will bear me out. Well, you'll never guess what my two visitors had come about."

Tom felt the scurrying of a wild alarm from his heels into his throat, and he could feel the little fiends of fear trampling his eyeballs.

"Well, what had they?"

"To get me to take singing lessons."

"You ought not to need any urging," Tom said gruffly.

"That's a back-handed compliment, if ever there was one."

"Well, now, what I mean—I guess you know as well as I do I was only ——"

Ellen's cool palm was laid expertly across his lips.

"Now don't tear your shirt," she said, smoothly if a little inelegantly. "Can't I have my little joke? Mr. Gillispie has a limited few he gives lessons to, more to have something to do than because he needs the money. He isn't rich, but he has enough for his needs, and Mr. Potts told me his house is full of the most interesting things—books and objects of art that he's picked up in his travels. He tested my chest tones—"

"Tested them?"

"Yes. It's like seeing if a horse is sound in wind and limb really. You'd laugh. And then he straightened up and said, 'Mr. Potts, there is a voice in there.' And Mr. Potts said, 'Let's get it out.' You'd think they were talking about buried treasure. Well, there they had settled that, and then the question came up about where the money was coming from that was supposed to pay for all these lessons. Whether he needs money or not, Mr. Gillispie doesn't work for love."

"I imagine money can be found," Tom said, his voice no more than a croak.

"Found? Picked up in the road? I wish you'd point it out to me. Mr. Potts, it seems, has got a fund for just such purposes, but I wouldn't listen to having it applied to me, because it's anonymous. I think an anonymous fund is almost as contemptible as an anonymous letter. It's sure to come out in the end who the donor is, and his modesty really is just a form of bragging. Modesty is—too much of it. So, don't you see, I couldn't obligate myself like that—just let my whole life hinge on some dreadful somebody I didn't know, who just wanted to lurk in the background—just any Mr. Smith. I couldn't. Suppose he should pop up with his claims just at the psychological moment, when perhaps I—and there I would be, wouldn't I, powerless, or just as good as?"

"He won't pop up," Tom croaked. "A man like that wouldn't."

"How can you guarantee me that?" Ellen Pitcairn asked.

Well, how could he? Words stuck in his throat. There was Ellen's head ink-black against two or three fiercely burning stars, frogs were shrilling, the church bell went on tolling. There was a threat in the air, like a wolf's head looking round a rock and vanishing. (Continued on Page 84)

Attentionless Electric Motors

Once installed, Timken-equipped motors become permanent, attentionless units in your plant. You could forget them, aside from a little lubrication once every few months. Thousands of Timken-equipped motors have given years of such service —many of them on jobs where bearing life was previously limited to months.

Timken Bearings constantly maintain the original gap, without constant attention. Rubbing, burn-outs and shut-downs for motor trouble are eliminated. Dripping becomes a thing of the past. Endurance, dependability, economy, exceed anything ever known.

In respect to bearings any Timken-equipped motor is ready for any conditions! Floor, wall or ceiling mountings make no difference. Type of drive makes no difference. *For load direction makes no difference.* All combinations of radial and thrust loads are equally well provided for by the Timken taper principle.

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Timkens are more than anti-friction bearings because they have the extreme all-around capacity made possible only by Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken electric steel.

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A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
BAKES OUT PAIN

Adjusto-Ray is the improved therapeutic lamp. Wonderful for relieving rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, lumbago, headaches, nervousness and many other ailments. Its sun-like rays quickly soothe the affected parts, penetrate to the seat of the trouble, ease pain and help to *remove the cause*. Recommended by physicians everywhere.

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Clamps—stands—hangs

Adjusto-Ray is simple, convenient and safe. No assistance needed—just clamp Adjusto-Ray on your bed or chair—or stand it on a table—or hang it up—and attach to any electric light socket.

Adjusto-Ray is built on scientific principles. It throws a parallel ray and has no focal point. Complete with 260-watt bulb. Comes in three styles—hand model: $6.50; clamp model (as illustrated): $9.00; floor model: $13.50. Sold by all leading dealers.

Manufactured by
S.W. Farber, Inc., 141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 82)

"Well, how could you guarantee it?" Ellen repeated, swaying on her heels.

"There was no string tied to it," Tom Murchison brought out with extreme difficulty, like a small boy caught red-handed.

"So it was you, then," Ellen announced calmly. "I knew it—I knew it. Who else could it have been? So you're Mr. Smith."

"Did I say it was me?"

"Will you deny it?"

He couldn't deny it; he felt as if the jaws of some small but serviceable vise had closed on him; and Ellen cried: "You dear boy, did you think I wouldn't get to the bottom of it? Did you think that even Jeremy Potts' craft would be enough? Did you?"

"I thought," Tom mumbled, "as long as my name didn't come into the transaction ——"

"Your name—you thought —— As if any other man on God's green earth—I don't care who—would be guilty of flinging money around like that for just—for just what ——"

It couldn't be that there were tears in that self-possessed young woman's throat. If her voice trembled—and he thought it did—then it must be with secret laughter. A puff of wind touched his face—the favoring southwest wind, with a breath of burning scent in it from the field beyond the garden patch. His father, Lem Murchison, if he were alive, would be placidly trying to sniff rain on that wind, hoping for an end of this dry weather which was burning everything up. Old Murchison had cleared that field himself, stumped it, drained it, hauled the stones away on a stone boat. First and last, the old man had plowed tons of rotten herring heads under the soil, and on Sunday mornings he had never missed standing there in the thick of the daisies and the wild vetch, pondering the fruitful hollow, breathing in the seedling dreams, listening for beans to crack the sod in growing, expecting that familiar promise of the soil to whisper fulfillment into his ear. The field made a never-ending demand upon the old man's soul; it had a fixed insistent natural appeal. Old Murchison had never seen the need of being foot-loose.

Suddenly Tom said, "It's dry as tinder. We need rain." With an absurd sense that he had been put to flight by Ellen's forces, when he had meant, at all hazards, to stand his ground.

"In other words, let's change the subject," Ellen said with a little laugh. "Agreed."

What next? He had a sense of perilous check after rapid unfoldment. He stared at the dim shape of the frenzied old dead apple tree, which still clawed for holds, though it had put forth no leaves this spring. He had a dismal sense that no matter what he said, or if he said nothing, he would soon enough be dangling in a noose of his own making.

"You'd better reconsider," he heard himself saying—"I mean, about this fund. You won't need a guaranty from me about not popping up at awkward times. Or if you do, I can give you one in black and white."

"Don't be childish," the girl whispered, dwelling on that last word with a high, outraged intonation. "There are other considerations. Suppose I did accept, what would my friend Mr. Hulse say, for one?"

"Hulse? What could he say?"

"Plenty."

"Hulse," Tom repeated stupidly—"Ed Hulse."

"Well?"

"Look here, that's a clincher. Hulse—I hadn't alluded to it, and where you haven't been over town today you may not have heard of it, but I—I had an argument with Hulse last night."

"An argument?"

"It ended in a free-for-all. I happened to catch him just right and he went down like a bottle pin. I learned later that he thinks you put me up to that, see? He saw us together at the movies and didn't like that, and then—the other coming on top of that—well, he's made up his mind to stay away from you."

"Oh, I see," Ellen said quite calmly. "So then it occurred to you that you could substitute a lump sum in place of Ed. Is that it? Damages?"

"He wasn't the man for you!" burst from Tom's throat. He knew the crying absurdity of the words as soon as they were out. They were the living truth, but that didn't help them any.

"Isn't that for me to say?" Ellen cried. She was getting actually fierce. "Oh, this is worse than anything. You stood there and battered him down because you didn't think he was the man for me? Had I ever said he was? Had he ever?"

"It wasn't that," Tom groaned. "No. He wanted to have a bullet put into my dog. That started it. I owe my life to that dog. He was king dog of my team. More than once he's run me back to the ship's side when I didn't know where I was from Adam. In a snowstorm say, with me lying face down on the sledge and not knowing my right hand from my left, about as much good as a lump of wood ——"

His voice died. He seemed to see himself lost in that white wilderness, going heaven knew where, the dogs running close against the deepening snow, plunging at their breast straps. Where had they been taking him, and why? He hadn't known top from bottom, or whether he was running into danger or out of it. All he knew now was that he had hung by his eyelashes and that the dogs had saved him. Had it been a flight or a quest? He couldn't say. If it had been flight, Ellen Pitcairn had drawn up abreast of him, after all his trying to outstrip her.

"I see," she was saying now, quite her calm self again, "it was really a case of 'Love me, love my dog,' wasn't it? You great sillies." Her voice was entirely friendly now, interested in that glimpse of his romantic hardships. She didn't seem to want to touch on Hulse again. They dropped him out like a kind of foreign object. "When you tell me about places you've been," Ellen told Tom, "you seem to me just like a man of fifty. You have had experiences. I don't see how you survived at all. I truly don't. How strange it must seem to you to be here, out of harm's way, with just the green earth under you, and all these old trees and houses just as you remember them. And all the time you can think back to when—well, I don't wonder that people over town take you with a grain of salt. It doesn't seem possible that any human being ——"

"A man never knows where his fate will overtake him," Tom soberly declared. "He doesn't know which way to go to get away from it, and he might as well give up trying. I offered young Martin a chance to come with me this last trip and his people wouldn't listen to it. Thought it was too dangerous. I was actually offering him life, it turned out, and he had to pass it up. He stayed home and fell off a hen-pen roof and cracked his skull. All I lost was a couple of toes."

Ellen drew in her breath in a little sympathetic hiss.

"You did lose toes?"

"I don't advertise it. It's no great harm. I kept some. I don't limp, but I can't run quite as fast as I did."

He heard the church bell still tolling, as if tireless in the effort to pound one iron word into his brain.

Ellen was saying, "You never did set the world on fire as a runner. I could beat you when I was just a fat little girl."

"Maybe you think you could repeat?" Tom said, and everything he wanted to say slid away through the dark.

"I don't know why not. Tom, let's try."

"Oh, well, come now."

"You suggested it. It would be cowardly to back out now." She took him by the shoulders and faced him about. "From here to the hemlock—the witness tree—across the old field. The first to touch the tree wins—and no alibis."

There they were running together. It was bizarre, exciting. Ellen was in the path between the stone wall and the long patch of plowed land ending in a lot of last year's cornstalks. Tom, forced into this patch, slipped and sank in the oozy soil. By the time he was abreast of her again, they had got through the break in the stone wall and were in the old field. He was wondering whether to let her win or win himself, but only by a nose, and he was half laughing at the desperateness of her running. She touched him, shouldered him, breathing very hard, and he felt a kind of weakness in his legs, under his ribs. A feeling that he was nowhere, everywhere; that he had got out of his own skin, out of space, out of time.

They ran down into the vapory bottom of the meadow. The turf was spongy here; right and left the young frogs were whistling and shrieking. The ground was lumpier and more uneven here, but Ellen didn't slacken her pace. She stumbled into him though, and he gave ground, thinking she was avoiding some inequality in the turf. Instantly he pitched forward to the ground. He had tripped over a sprawling pine root.

He picked himself up slowly and the frogs gave their watery shrieks. He heard Ellen's smothered laughing, and walked forward into the darkness of the pines and hemlocks with his two arms out before him. She had tricked him, jostled him deliberately into that root, which he had forgotten. She knew how to make familiar things work her will. He felt senseless childish anger boil in his throat; he took another step or two, his arms still extended, guarding him against the dark's mischief, and the tips of his fingers touched her. Then he had her in his arms.

"You forelaid for that," he muttered.

"Look out. I lost off my slipper in the mud," she gasped. "I can't put my foot down anywhere."

"Well?"

"Well?"

They swayed and breathed hard. He saw that he didn't mean to let her abash him, put him off, outskill him any more. Nothing but a bludgeon stroke would bring her down.

Dusky's mournful howl afflicted his ears. He would have to send the dog back by another hand. The master was implicated here, but it was makeshift, a temporary measure. Gillispie would have his chance at Ellen; in a little while her name would be in everybody's mouth; she wouldn't need Tom then, and he could pick up the trail where he was abandoning it.

The church bell dropped out one last languid note.

"'My soul—thirsteth after thee like thirsty land,'" he whispered.

It was as if he had shot her through and through by the force of these words which were not his. But he knew their truth. Her head came slowly, very slowly back, touched him, transported him. There was something fatal about it, like a landslip; he had a panicky notion that she was fainting on his hands again; but then he could see that her eyes were open wide on him. They flooded him with a dark, fixed, rapt light.

"That's not original with you," she said, but he could not mistake the fact that her heart was beating faster than his own.

"We can have you performing prodigies," he babbled, after an indefinite time when they shared the world only with the frogs, the whippoorwills.

Ellen said faintly, "Possibly."

"What do you mean by possibly?" he questioned.

"What do you mean by prodigies? Tom, there'll be one saving—have you thought of that? You won't have to part with any hard-earned cash to Mr. Gillispie. There's been a total change in my ambitions. . . . Do see if you can find my slipper."

On his knees, groping for the slipper, the foot-loose man didn't notice that a little wind—the favorable southwest wind—was stirring the brushy top of the witness tree that had been chosen to keep the Murchisons and the Pitcairns from overstepping bounds.

VON DEM LAND WO KÄSEHERSTELLUNG EINE KUNST
GENANNT WIRD, KOMMT DER "SWITZERLAND CHEESE," DESSEN
GESCHMACK NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN

From the land where cheese-making is an art, comes Switzerland Cheese with the flavor that can't be copied

In immaculate "cheeseries," whose windows are often bedecked with snowy-white lace curtains, the Swiss cheese-maker plies his craft. Proud indeed is he of his art that has come to him down through the centuries. Never does he take a short-cut in the process. He knows that the famous reputation of Switzerland Cheese is in his hands and he is true to his trust.

Yet, if you should compliment the Swiss cheese-maker on his skill, he would tell you that the reason Switzerland Cheese is so delicious is because it is made *in Switzerland*. There, in that rugged land, juicy grasses, savory-scented herbs, crystal-clear water from eternal glaciers give a flavor to the milk and then to the cheese that can't be copied. For no other country in the world has the same wonderful pastures and meadows that Switzerland has.

To enjoy Switzerland Cheese to the full, it is best to buy it in pound or half-pound cuts instead of sliced wafer-thin. As you bite into the firm, yet tender texture, the wealth of nut-sweet, zestful flavor that comes to your taste is a delightful surprise. What's more, the thicker Switzerland Cheese is, the easier it can be cut in attractive shapes for salads, sandwiches, cold-cuts and desserts.

Switzerland Cheese is served in the finest hotels and restaurants. Famous chefs praise it and insist that it be on hand always. Hostesses who always give successful dinners, luncheons and suppers consider Switzerland Cheese a most appropriate and delicious food.

Ask for Switzerland Cheese by name and look for the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. This exclusive identification mark protects you from getting so-called "Swiss Cheese" or that which is "Imported" from countries other than Switzerland. The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the true flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland. New York office, 105 Hudson Street.

. . . Purple grapes bursting with sunny juice . . . a plump, ripe pear . . . and dainty "dominoes" of Switzerland Cheese—feast your eyes on this picture, then your taste!

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

A smiling Swiss wife says "Good morning"

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

The Swiss cows "pass in review" on their way home

CORNERED

(Continued from Page 27)

families owns either General Grant's Memoirs or the Autobiography of P. T. Barnum. In short, the market is saturated."

"My business," said Mr. Downey, "is to buy, not to sell."

"I had hoped," said Giotto, "you were a book agent. They are so chatty."

"Are these the stairs?" asked Mr. Downey.

"Without question," said Giotto. "Both front and back."

But Mr. Downey was scarcely refuged in his apartment when Giotto called John Sand up on the telephone.

"Agent of the Consolidated is here," he said. "The spot under your foot is no place for grass to grow."

"The sound you hear," said John, "is my hurried departure."

Whereupon Giotto awakened the proprietor, Mr. Hamilcar Bellows, from his nap on the piazza and requested him to move the scene of his inactivities behind the desk.

"The regulars," he said, "won't bother to wake you up and we've had our quota of transients today."

"Seems as though," said Hamilcar drowsily. "Where you goin'?"

"Up and down over the face of the earth," said Giotto, "and if a Mr. Downey asks you any questions fill him with misinformation."

"About what?" asked Hamilcar.

"About this and that," said Giotto.

When Giotto returned after a couple of intensive and successful hours he found it necessary again to arouse Hamilcar.

"Has Mr. Downey erupted?" he asked.

"He wanted to know where Jake Wilmer lived," said Hamilcar, "so I says to him the' hain't no sich person."

"Where's he now?"

"Eatin'," said Hamilcar, "at the table with John H. Rockwell and his daughter."

"Either," said Giotto, "the gentleman came armed or he is a quick worker."

"I hear tell," said Hamilcar, "he wears them spats I've read about."

"Didn't you see them?"

"He didn't come where I could look 'thout gittin' up," said Hamilcar, "so I cal'lated I'd wait."

Mr. Downey proved himself to be an astute and resolute individual—and a man highly susceptible to beauty just over the line from the juvenile. He was not many hours discovering that others were in the market for Hempstead Railroad stock, and he was not many minutes in hoisting the white flag to Leslie Rockwell. Which left him in a predicament, for no man can put his best foot forward with a young woman while he scampers about the countryside buying securities from suspicious owners. But he was not one to neglect business for philandering.

It was one of those situations in which both sides must work with a certain amount of discretion. If it became noised about that antagonistic interests were seeking the stock, then the holders would know well what to do. Neither party desired prices to soar or fictitious values to make the transaction unprofitable.

Downey possessed the advantage that he could pay in cash, while Giotto could only take options. But Downey labored under the disadvantage of his spats and of Hempstead's distrust of a stranger. It knew Giotto and liked and trusted him. So they stood upon a basis of practical equality.

Leslie watched the comings and goings with curious eye, and was acute to sense a certain tenseness in the atmosphere. It concerned Giotto North and was therefore of pressing interest to her. Therefore she went to John Sand.

"What," she asked, "is up?"

"The price," said John flippantly, "of putty."

"So I'm not to be told," said Leslie. "I'm not to know, eh? Well, I'll just perfectly well show you. Here's this Mr. Downey making eyes at me over the flapjacks and too busy playing games to follow his natural bent. I never had a beau with spats. And he wears gorgeous suspenders! And there's Giotto North and you!"

"Yes?"

"Acting like a couple of cats sneaking up on a canary."

"Is Mr. Downey the canary?" John asked innocently.

"No," she said, "but I guessed this: That all of you are just absolutely after the same plum, and I'm going to find out what it is."

"You lay off," commanded John. "What's it to you, anyhow?"

"Anything," she said solemnly, "that concerns Giotto North may turn out to be grist for my mill."

"Don't you meddle in this," said John in some alarm, "or you'll burn Giotto's fingers."

"Is papa in it?" she asked.

"No—except possibly as a hopeful spectator."

"Then I won't be being rottenly disloyal to him if I take sides?"

"Look here," said John, "I'll buy you a new doll if you'll promise to go home and play with it."

"Just for that," she said with one of those looks, "I'm going to darn well put in my cunning little spoon."

"In which case," said John, "we may as well sing God Save the King."

"Are you going to tell me?"

"Not a word, little one."

She paused and eyed him calculatingly. "I think," she said, "I'll go into the business of making you eat them words."

That noon she overheard Mr. Downey say to her father that he was going to call on Mrs. John Smith.

Rockwell shook his head. "You'll never find such a person," he said. "Inquire for Mordecai Bemp's widow woman. John Smith was submerged on his wedding day."

"Obliged," said Mr. Downey, and Leslie saw him start away in his smart car. She waited until the car reappeared an hour later, and then, in her own runabout, drove out to make a social call. Leslie was one of the few inhabitants tolerated by the late Mr. Bemp's relict.

She found that formidable individual prying a rock out of the back yard with a crowbar and uttering words, syllables and paragraphs which should have made Leslie cover her ears, but actually caused her to open them wider. She never missed an opportunity to acquire practical tools for use in the emergencies of the future.

"I came out," she said, as soon as she could make herself heard, "for a cup of tea and some cookies."

"Huh! The's a drawin' on the stove and the cooky jar's full. This here present husband of mine's got a sweet tooth. Salt pork don't set on his stummick. He hain't much of a man, though his teeth is sound. For a man of his age they're almighty sound. When he gits back from the spring house I'll show 'em to ye."

"I'd love to see them," said Leslie.

"This here," said the widow woman, "looks like the day fer folks to come a-traipsin' in. A body can't git nothin' done. You make the third."

"It's nice," said Leslie, "to have callers."

The widow woman sniffed. "One of 'em," she said, "had his feet done up in didies. I never see the beat, and him a man growed. Kind of a meechin'-lookin' man with more clothes 'n what he's got muscles. He palavered, that's what he done—or set out to do. I didn't let him git fur. 'Go on back where you come from,' says I, 'and git on a pair of men's shoes and spit the soft soap out of your mouth, and then come back if ye got the gumption.' He went kind of fast, bein' as I was in a book-agent humor and the hosswhip was handy."

"I'd just dote on having seen it," said Leslie.

"And then, this mornin', out come that crossways-talkin' hotel clerk, but somehow a body can't help kind of takin' to him. I never felt no inclination to reach for the hosswhip. But 'twan't no good to him even if he did come to the p'int like he had common sense. No, sir-ree, bob! He didn't git so fast as tother, but he got."

"So he came to the point?" suggested Leslie.

"Yes, sir. Says he, 'I come to buy your railroad stock if you care to sell.' And I says, 'If you got a reason for buyin', then I cal'late I got a reason for keepin'.' And then this other meechin' feller come and tried the same dodge, so I got cantankerous."

"I think," said Leslie, "you're perfectly, absolutely right. I wouldn't sell to either of them until I knew more about it."

"I cal'late not to," said the widow woman, "and I venture to say both them men got through their heads what I meant."

"Did Mr. North offer you a price?" asked Leslie.

"He hadn't got that fur before he was a-movin' down the road."

"Well," said Leslie, "whatever he offers you will be fair, because he's absolutely darlingly honest. And if that tea's ready I could do with a cup of it, and about a dozen cookies."

Mordecai Bemp's widow did not remove her derby hat during the social rites or during the conversation which followed. Leslie wondered if she slept in it, and if so, how she managed the brim.

It was nearly dark when she returned to Hempstead and allowed herself to be cornered by Mr. Downey, who ostentatiously made the most of his hour. Leslie saw to it that Mr. Downey operated under Giotto's eye, hoping to awaken a twinge of jealousy in that indifferent young man's breast. Therefore she kept one eye cocked on Giotto while Mr. Downey elaborated his text. Further than that, she managed so to conduct herself that both men would perceive Mr. Downey's advances to be pleasurable to her.

Matters continued in this case for something like a week, and in the end Mordecai Bemp's widow became not an incident in the campaign but the objective of the final struggle.

"John," said Giotto, "we'll have to call in a lady's man."

"No good. Downey's all of that—as witness his deft encirclement of Leslie Rockwell—but he gets no place."

"The vestal in the derby hat," said Giotto, "chases him off with the horsewhip. She only tells me to git verbally."

"I hope," said John not altogether disingenuously, "Leslie doesn't fall for him."

"Huh!" snorted Giotto.

"But," said John, "it looks as if she had."

"Three rousing cheers," said Giotto so heartily that John looked at him with care. One may overdo the matter of heartiness.

"Anyhow, whoever gets Leslie, the side that loots the Widow Bemp of her stock is the winner."

"It has come down to that," said Giotto. "She holds the balance of power, and I hope she doesn't find it out. Why don't you take a hack at her, John? You've a frank open face and a rough, bluff exterior bespeaking crude honesty. Put a geography in the seat of your pants and pay her a call."

"I'll try," said John, and he did so. But he got no farther than the gate. There he was met by a horsewhip and a derby hat.

"Johnny Sand," said the widow woman, "I've knowed you from a pup, and I kin read ye like a page of Scripture in big print. You've stole my apples and plugged my melons, and now I'd jest as soon pour the bud into ye as wink." She shook the whip to illustrate her utter willingness. "You go tell that feller that's took up with ye that he hain't doin' himself no good sendin' to see me a skeezicks that I've changed the didies of. And now ye better git, 'cause my hand's itchin'."

But Mr. Downey fared much worse. Only undignified speed of foot saved him from the embarrassment of having to eat his meals off a shelf. He was not aware that his flight was witnessed from a window by a pair of eyes before which he desired greatly to appear at his best.

So the situation became acute, developing into a siege; but the garrison was stout of heart, well provisioned and protected by an invincible citadel. Giotto and John lay awake of nights. At last Giotto determined upon a final effort.

"John," he said, "I've been studying the subject, if you can call Mordecai's widow a subject, and I've come to conclusions. I'm going to have another try, and I'm going to lay it all on the table. I'm going to tell her the whole story from preface to finis and see if maybe she won't give a bit of the milk of human kindness."

"If she ever had any," said John, "it's petrified."

"Nevertheless," said Giotto, "a forlorn hope is indicated, and here goes."

He started for the door and John's car. On the steps he met Leslie, who looked up at him pertly.

"If," she said, "you're going for a ride alone, I'll go with you if you ask hard enough."

"You've got the wrong man, haven't you?" he asked loftily. "I never wore spats."

"Come to think of it," said Leslie, without rancor, "I guess I have. But might I ask where you are going so hastily?"

"You might," he said, edging by. "I'm going to give an imitation of Daniel that'll be so real it'll fool the lions."

With which he extricated himself, stepped into the shabby car and whisked up the road in a cloud of dust. Leslie peered after him briefly, then entered her own trim runabout and headed in the same general direction. But half a mile out of town she turned off upon the hill road, which was a short cut, and went about her business.

The widow woman was not visible when Giotto opened the gate and walked down the path to the little white farmhouse, but she appeared with startling suddenness upon his knock. One might have fancied she was standing behind the door ready to open it.

"Huh!" she snorted. "Back ag'in, eh?"

"I've come," said Giotto, "to place myself in your hands. I want to tell you the whole story."

"It don't cost nothin' to listen," said the widow woman, "but if you git tiresome, out ye go."

So Giotto attained to the parlor and was seated on the haircloth sofa, from which enthronement he became autobiographical, even to the Italian oyster which had interrupted his artistic career and had sent him at last to Hempstead and Bellows' Tavern. He told her of his plans and of the success he already had met; he told her of his visit to Boston and how his whole future rested upon her decision.

"You see," he said in the end, "if you will sell me your stock in this railroad, I can bring about all I have planned to do. If you refuse to sell, it brings to nothing all I have done."

"Um," said the widow woman, "then my holdin' ought to be wuth a heap."

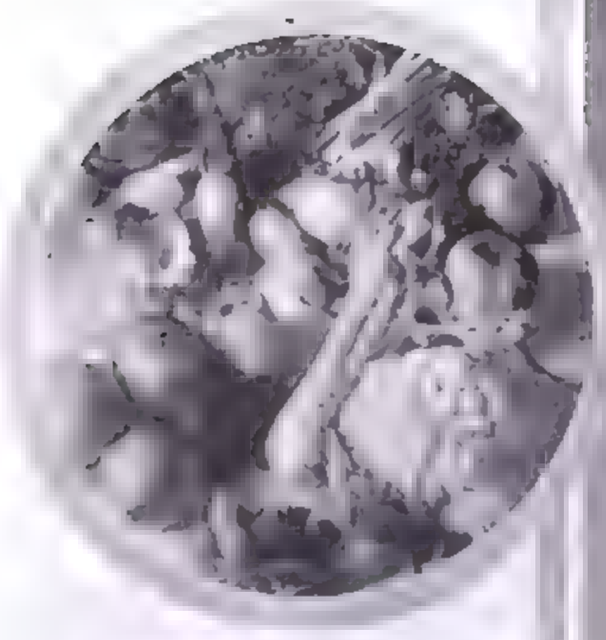
"Intrinsically," he said, "it is worth no more than it was a year ago. But my necessity has given it a fictitious value."

"Don't use so many words," she said. "Talk so a body kin understand."

"What I mean is that because I've got to have your stock I am compelled to pay whatever you ask—that I can afford."

"That's clear," she said. "I dunno but what I could 'a' rooked ye consid'able.

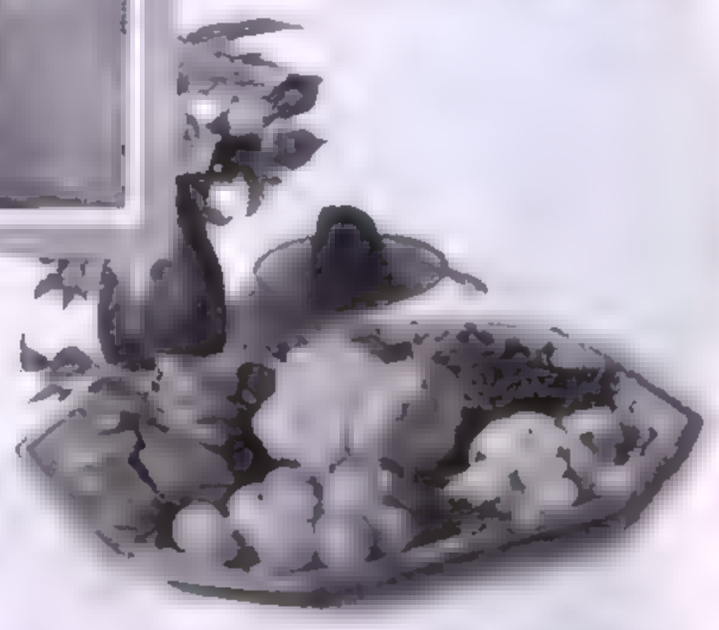
(Continued on Page 80)



No delay at a Piggly Wiggly store. Basket on hand you shop at just the speed you wish

You choose according to your own judgment from the Piggly Wiggly shelves and know that you are saving money

And Now Even HUSBANDS Can See What Their Wives Accomplished



Alluring dishes are made from the choice foods you buy at Piggly Wiggly

This new Method on Household Buying, Sponsored by American Women, has become a Nation-wide Movement

TEMPTING meals every day of the year—and enough allowance left over to buy herself a new hat! Until recently that's about all the thought most American husbands have given to their wives' housekeeping. Mighty little credit for all the skill it takes to serve food that stirs up appetites and keeps down costs!

Now women have had a chance to show what they are really accomplishing. At last men are forced to admit it! In shopping for foodstuffs wives are doing the very thing that makes husbands feel a little cocky, when they achieve it in *their* business. Week in and week out many women are today using the business method of buying that men call ideal.

Women's wide knowledge of foods, their feeling for quality and value, their natural independence, have made them sponsors for a nation-wide movement in household buying. It is sweeping the country from coast to coast. It centers in an utterly new type of store—Piggly Wiggly.

Use your own knowledge of values, choose as you please

With no salesman constantly at hand to over-persuade, you make your own uninfluenced choice in the Piggly Wiggly store.

You take anything you please from the attractive open shelves, examine it leisurely, decide.

There, the choice foods of five continents have been assembled by experts for you to single out what you wish.

With all plainly marked prices before you, you can compare values and know just what your saving is.

Luxuries for special occasions—favorite goods for every day. Here they all are spread out and waiting for you to look them over. From the huge number of grades and kinds on the market, the finest of each food have been sifted out by the experienced Piggly Wiggly buyers, for your choice.

You shop without delay—and pay less

Quickly, or unhurriedly—you shop exactly as you wish, setting your own pace. You simply read the price tags and help yourself. There are no clerks to wait for—no delays of any kind. And you choose on *merit* alone

How easy it is to cut the budget week in and week out with the uniform low prices at Piggly Wiggly. You use your own knowledge of values to save money—to profit by Piggly Wiggly's economical plan of operation. No wonder that over 2700 Piggly Wiggly stores have sprung up and prospered in a few swift years!

To shop as you've always longed to—to buy more delicious food and yet save more money—to surprise a rather complacent husband—join the 2,000,000 other women all over the country who are marketing by this new plan. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

Selecting the finest variety of each food

What a confusion of kinds and grades of every food are offered for sale today! What, for instance, are the few best values among those listed below

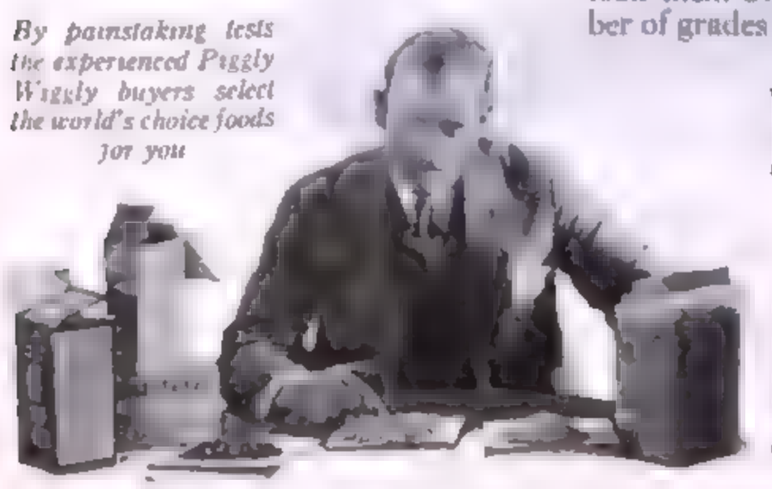
Food	No. of Brands*
Canned Tomatoes	over 8,000
Olives	over 100
Canned Pineapple	over 300
Coffee	over 1,000

From these many brands, from all the foods on the market, the able men who run the Piggly Wiggly stores have selected the finest for you to choose from.

*Based on estimates by authorities on food [illegible] and marketing

© P W Adv. Co., 1928

By painstaking tests the experienced Piggly Wiggly buyers select the world's choice foods for you



PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

A SERVICE NOW OFFERED IN OVER 800 CITIES AND TOWNS

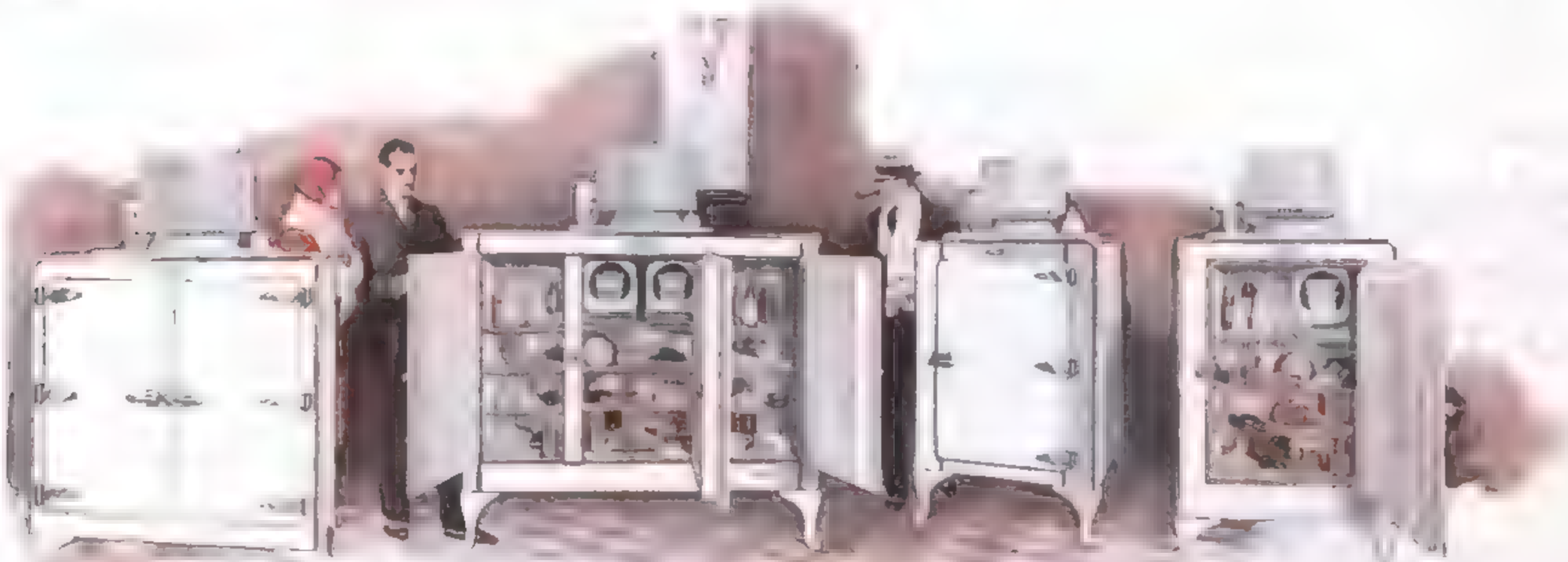
Unusual opportunity for responsible men with capital to own and operate a profitable local business with the backing and merchandising co-operation of a national organization—exclusive Piggly Wiggly franchises. Available in cities where stores have not been opened. Address: Piggly Wiggly Corporation, Memphis, Tennessee.

All prices are shown on swinging tags Compare values, then make your own choice, uninfluenced by clerks Just help yourself and save money at the Piggly Wiggly stores

An easy way to save money

JUDGE REAL VALUE BY *Simplicity, Economy,*

THESE VITAL THINGS
Quietness, Roominess



So simple Here is a refrigerator so simple that it hasn't a single exposed moving part. It hasn't a belt or a fan or a drain pipe. It has no connections or stuffing boxes. It is really *simple.*

Never needs oiling Inside the hermetically sealed casing which holds *all* the mechanism of the refrigerator there is also a permanent supply of oil. This cannot evaporate. No dust or grit can get in to lessen its efficiency. Year after year it protects the bearings from wear.

Costs less to run A specially designed motor of low horsepower but high efficiency uses very little current. Then, too, the top unit design allows all the heat (extracted from the box and generated by the tiny motor) to be dissipated above the box—not to rise through it.

Greater shelf area The remarkable compactness of the chilling chamber gives each model a greater shelf area than any other refrigerator of the same over-all size. The chilling chamber is so designed that it actually takes very little more room than the trays in which the ice is made.

Unusually quiet Standards of quietness vary so widely that we can only invite you to listen to the General Electric Refrigerator yourself and hear how quietly it operates.

Compare the cabinets Strong, specially designed cabinets. Shelves of sturdy metal with no crosspieces. Up-on-legs models that make cleaning the floor under them so very easy.

Consider the company behind it Fifteen years of intensive research and experiment in the General Electric laboratories has resulted in this final revolutionary design. Each refrigerator is produced and guaranteed by General Electric—the world's largest electrical manufacturers.

The value is there! You will find that the General Electric Refrigerator gives you splendid value because it has the greatest food space for its over-all size, because it is so simple, because it never needs oiling, because it costs so little to run, because it is unusually quiet, because it is made and guaranteed by General Electric. Write for Booklet S-3A, which gives complete specifications of the many models.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT · OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY · HANNA BUILDING · CLEVELAND, OHIO

Since
Sauerkraut
Got Into
Society

Do you know that since Sauerkraut got into society—since it has become so widely popular in America as a delicious healthful food—six countries are fighting for the honor of being its birthplace—Germany, England, Belgium, Holland, Sweden and even France—to the surprise of those who worked out the Dawes plan.

They call it Sourcrout, Sowercrawt, Sowerkraut, Suurkrud, Soarkrod, or Chouroute, depending on the language. Even America, during the war, called it Liberty Cabbage.

But whatever the spelling, Sauerkraut is one of the most wholesome, healthful, and economical dishes that can grace the table of any household.

It was Metchnikoff—long head of the Pasteur Institute—who first drew attention to lactic ferments and their power in keeping the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs. He found, too, that Sauerkraut teemed with them.

Since then famous dietitians have discovered its wealth of vitamins for general welfare and of mineral salts for the bones, teeth and blood.

Emblem of First Quality Sauerkraut

And now to assure every housewife of a First Quality product, the National Kraut Packers' Association have adopted the Emblem shown opposite. This Emblem on can or barrel means Sauerkraut made in rigid accordance with U. S. Government Standards; Sauerkraut of uniform shredding, proper color, and correct lactic content. Only Association members meeting the highest standards are licensed to use it. Look for this Emblem on the label when you buy Sauerkraut.

These stories of the remarkable discoveries about Sauerkraut is fully and interestingly told in our FREE booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food." It contains also 49 tested recipes for preparing. Send for it.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes

Name

Address

P... A...

(Continued from Page 88)

Um-m—it's too bad I up and sold before I got the idee."

"You've sold!" Giotto's heart sank. "To Downey?"

"I dunno," said the widow woman, "as that's any of your business. But I sold, that's the main p'int. And I bet I didn't git enough."

"Then," said Giotto, "there's no more to be said, is there? Thank you for listening so long."

"Hain't ye put out?" asked the widow woman. "Must be consid'able of a blow to ye."

"Why, yes," said Giotto. "But there's another day tomorrow, and there may be something desirable around the next corner. If this million is gone, there's another million somewhere. And that is that."

"Anyhow," said Mordecai's widow, "you hain't no whiner, so I cal'late to give ye a cup of tea. And mebby you'd like to come face to face with the one that bought my stock. Mebby you could dicker."

A wrinkle appeared between Giotto's eyes, but one will grasp at straws.

"Anyhow," he said, "I can congratulate the winner."

She went out of the room and presently a teacup clinked. Giotto looked up to see Leslie Rockwell bearing a tray, and he frowned.

"You better not," she said severely. "You'd better look pleased whether you are or not."

"Why?" he asked

"Because," she said, "I have owned Mordecai's widow's stock for ten days."

His eyes grew cold. "Ah," he said. "Doing a bit of work for Mr. Downey?"

She looked at him a moment with eyes suddenly grown big and hurt and astounded. That he ever should think that! With a sudden movement she set the tray on the marble-topped table and snatched a paper from her waist.

"There!" she cried. "There! There's your old stock! There! And I never want to see you again or hear of you again—to say such a thing or think such a thing!"

"What—but what was I to think?"

She stamped her foot. "You could use a little common sense—just a little bit. You could know I—I never, just absolutely never, could d-double-cross anybody. And nobody could ever have got her to sell but me. And I was going to make you ask me for it—because you wouldn't ever be alone with me a minute. And I couldn't talk to you or anything, because you shied off so. And you knew all the time what I wanted, and you treated me simply poisonously."

"But—but ——"

"Shut up!" she said fiercely. "And now I've done it, and I've got you alone, and—and you accuse me of being crooked! So there's your old stock, and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth and there were two organs playing the wedding march. And I just beautifully knew that if I could ever get you alone I could make you propose—and now I don't want you to or anything. So you can be as nasty as you want to, and as abominable—and I won't stay alone in this room with you a second."

Giotto whirled end over end in an impenetrable mist.

"But this man Downey?" he asked owlishly. "I—why, I thought you—I got the idea he had—er—bowled you over."

"You," she said, "are a simply blithering idiot! And—and how could I love anybody but you?—even if you did—did make believe you didn't love me a bit, and all the time I knew you did and were detestably scared, and why I can't figure out. And there aren't many prettier girls than I am, and almost not one that's smarter, and you—you just needn't ever think about it again, or mention it or anything. Because, no matter how much I loved him, I wouldn't marry a man that was an abysmal idiot."

She would have gone on at length, with tears streaming down her stricken face, that had become so childish and wistful and lovely. She was not eighteen now, nor sixteen, but a baby—an adorable, spoiled baby who had been wounded to the heart. Giotto swallowed; he looked toward the door; his fingers worked. Then suddenly he threw back his shoulders, became resolute and masterful.

"Be still!" he said almost savagely.

She broke a sob in the middle and stood staring up at him with lips apart—but she was still.

"Do you think you're old enough to love anybody?" he demanded.

"Y-yes."

"Be sure about it. Are you sure?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you love me?" He tapped himself on the chest. "Me?"

"Y-yes."

"You're certain?"

"Y-yes."

"And you've chased me and put yourself in my way and hinted and planned?"

"Y-yes."

"And you meant it?"

"Y-yes."

"By crickey," exclaimed Giotto, "I believe you!"

"Y-you b-better," she said.

"Come here," he said. She came a step closer. "Turn up your face," he said; and when she obeyed, "But don't shut your eyes."

"Please," she said softly, "I want to shut my eyes. It's a billion times nicer with your eyes closed."

"What is?" he asked.

"Being kissed for the first time by the right man just after he's owned up he loves you."

"I haven't," he said.

"That," she said in the very brief interval which elapsed before their lips met, "is an atrociously disgusting lie."

OFFICE BROKE

(Continued from Page 21)

minutes, and then one did something different. In business school she had never typed for more than two hours at a time. Her neck ached now, and her arms grew stiff. Her very knees became rigid with the long sitting. But she had a kind of angry pride. She would show Simon and the girls that she was independent of their help. But oh, the stupid letter! Typing from one of her own letters, which she had superimposed on the original copy Simon had given her, she dreamed of school and of Mr. Millay in a confused daydream of youthful longings.

Mr. Millay was really quite a lot like the French teacher at Miss Momoroy's, when one came to consider it. She wished she could take this new friend through the school grounds and buildings. She would like to show him the tiled swimming pool and the hall where the girls gave their plays and a lovely voice studio. She could picture him in the soft warmth of a June evening, walking by the river. She would like to know him in such a place, in such a setting. There were things they might say to each other if the time were right. They would sit under the willows by the water, and he would read her parts of his novel, and they would talk about life. She might sing for him—she had once had great hopes for her voice, but a theatrical manager who had given her a test in New York had discouraged her. But her voice was sweet and true, though light. It was just the kind of voice to use pleasantly, singing for O'Shamus Millay in some green gloaming.

She was startled out of her reverie by Simon, who was coming toward her swiftly, the pile of letters she had just given to him still in his hands.

"Something's wrong here, Irene. This doesn't make sense. Where's your original?"

Irene's heart sank, and she came back, confused and hurt, from the lovely places of romance to the bare and noisy office. They compared the letters. An entire line was gone out of the second paragraph of every letter. She was threatened with tears. The hardest day's work she had ever done, completely ruined.

"Don't bawl now," said Simon in a panic. "You should never have put your own letter on top of the one I gave you. Stick to the original. Hard luck, Irene, but not a bit of use crying. You've worked hard today. You're only about fifteen letters short of your quota. You'd better sit right down and get started over again. I'll sign as many as you can do. I'll try to help you every day. The girls are going to raise a holler if they have to help you again. Better plan to work overtime the rest of the week."

"Oh, Simon, I can hardly last through the day, without working overtime!"

"You'll get used to it." How cheerful he was about her miseries. "But honestly, Irene, I can't understand how you could write sixty letters all wrong. Whatever were you thinking of? You always were a mooner. But you've got to attend to business. Keep your mind on your job."

The next day Irene intended to work hard, but her grandmother called her on the telephone once or twice, she spent about half an hour in Mr. Millay's office, and she became slow and tired after three o'clock. She and Mr. Millay had talked about Keats' poetry, and Irene found the letters more irksome than ever after that conversation. She had only fifty letters to show for her day's work, although they were correct this time.

"Not enough," said Simon, shaking his head in a discouraged way. Irene's mind was chanting:

"Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?"

and she murmured something to soothe Simon, who took letters too seriously and knew nothing about Keats.

"What do you do, Simon?" she asked him, to turn his attention from her own shortcomings. He talked quickly, as he showed her how to sponge a dozen envelopes at a time, and tear off stamps in strips of ten.

"I take care of and acknowledge orders, check for key numbers on marked ads, read proof on advertisements, send out proofs for O. K.s, check the dummy, prepare the billing and fight with the composing room. I answer some of the inquiry mail, look after Mr. Millay's printing and boss the girls. I'm chore boy, goat and buffer, wastebasket and handy man. Whatever anybody else doesn't want to do—that's my job."

"How terrible."

"It certainly is," said Simon cheerfully. "It's the worst job in the whole plant. Sometimes I think I'll quit. I get it coming and going. I've been promised a raise, and more mail to handle, and a stenographer of my own to help me. It's coming—just like Christmas. I've certainly got one absolutely awful job."

The insincerity of his complaints was evident even to Irene. He loved his job. Wild horses couldn't have dragged him from it.

"If ever you do have your own stenographer I hope you'll give me the job."

"Hazel gets the next promotion," he assured her. "But that's all far away."

"Why doesn't Mr. Millay have a stenographer? I'd like to work for him."

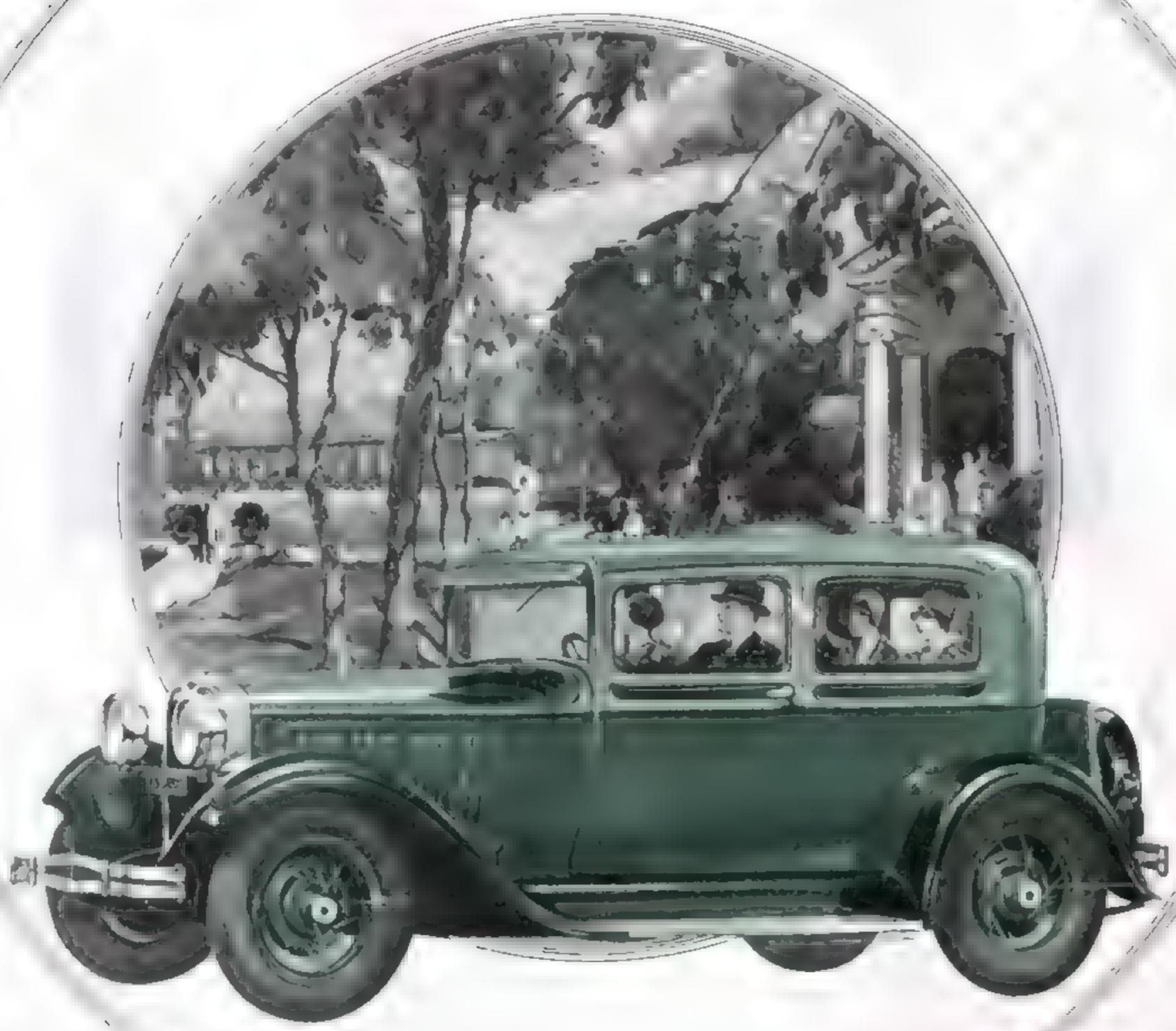
"You think you would," Simon corrected her, and then added: "He doesn't want a stenographer. He says he's too susceptible. And he can't be bothered. He's awfully fussy about his work. Every word and every comma means something to him. He certainly is one good promotion man. He gets the business."

They had finished inclosing, sealing, and stamping her letters, and Simon stacked them neatly in a basket.

(Continued on Page 93)

$1095

BROUGHAM F.O.B. DETROIT



LOW OVER ALL — HIGH OVER HEAD

PREVIOUS to the announcement of the Victory Six, engineers had sought in vain to create still lower motor car lines without sacrificing head-room or road clearance.

In the Victory Six, this finally has been accomplished. So simply, in fact, and logically that everyone now wonders why it was never thought of before.

Briefly, the Victory Six *has no body sill.* The wide Victory chassis frame — flush with the body lines—replaces the customary sill. Body and chassis are an integral unit. Floor and seats are built in the chassis.

As a result, the entire Victory body is lowered by more than two inches—head-room and road clearance remaining above the average. Results even more important than greater beauty have automatically followed—results which every Victory driver instantly perceives.

With the center of weight swung lower to the road—and body *overhang* eliminated—you have one of the steadiest and safest motor cars ever created. A car that hugs the road at the curves, and negotiates the roughest roads with a smoothness and ease that seem incredible.

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

ALSO THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

A Drop of Airplane Oil ... will stop a watch

"TICK-TICK-TICK"—a drop of oil . . . then silence. The oil stops the watch . . . yet it is airplane oil of the highest quality.

The trouble? Simply that airplane oil—even the best airplane oil—is not the *correct* oil for watches. It does not *fit* the spaces that call for lubrication!

That's worth thinking about—if you drive a car! Because the same principle holds true . . . . *that the oil which is absolutely correct for one car may be incorrect*—wholly incorrect—*for another!*

When new, two cars of the same make and model are as alike as peas in a pod. But after one car has been driven a thousand miles, and the other twelve thousand miles, these cars are widely different in their motor oil requirements! *Wear* from mileage has made them different! *Wear* from mileage has widened that space between each piston and cylinder wall—where oil does its biggest job! *It must always seal that space to prevent the power from blowing by!* And the grade of oil which does the job in a new car will not do after the speedometer shows 2,000 or 12,000 miles!

Here's where the correct grade of Opaline does an extra service—it seals that space and prevents your power from blowing by. That's the sound basis of the Sinclair Law of Lubrication*.

Buy Opaline according to mileage! Get the right grade of Opaline, to fit the degree of wear in your car at the present time! It's the way to get constant piston seal, which means maximum compression and power . . . greater security and economy of operation . . . more mileage from gasoline . . . less dilution and sludge . . . less carbon trouble . . . less wear and lower repair bills . . . increased pleasure and satisfaction in driving.

Opaline is all that a good motor oil should be for the present-day engine—and properly applied gives you the *extra service* of complete piston seal!

To get *precision* in your lubrication, tell your Authorized Opaline Dealer your mileage—he will sell you the correct grade! Having the right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the right *quality*. It is the responsibility of your Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get *both!*

* * * *

**The Sinclair Law of Lubrication: For every machine, of every degree of wear, there is a scientific Sinclair Oil to suit its speed and seal its power.*

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

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Seals power at every degree of wear

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Use Sinclair H-C Gasoline, the better, all year, High Compression, anti-knock fuel for all engines.

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(Continued from Page 90)

"You'll like Hazel's job when your turn comes for that. She checks expirations and does special letters. We have letters that go out to small lists—maybe seven or eight, or maybe half a hundred. She checks the linage in other farm papers with ours and keeps the mailing list up to date. It's a hard job, but at least there's variety. But this is a dandy place to learn about the paper. Miss Sims got her start on form letters. Now she sometimes writes them."

Irene smiled to herself. She did not consider Miss Sims' achievements any goal for her own strivings. She felt again the faint perplexity at Simon's eagerness, at Hazel's liking for her work, at the seriousness, the intentness of them all. Why, it was only because of necessity that anyone worked, simply for pay.

The next day she was absent, and on Thursday Mr. Welch himself stopped beside her desk.

"Where were you yesterday, Irene? Were you ill? You ought to phone in when you can't come to work."

"It was my birthday," she said graciously. "Grandmother had planned a surprise for me. She let me sleep late and then we went to the city on the noon train and had lunch at father's old club and went to the matinée."

He stared at her.

"Do you mean you stayed from work because it was your birthday?" he demanded.

"Yes, Mr. Welch. Isn't that all right?"

"My dear child, we don't have birthdays in business. You are expected right at your desk, rain or shine, birthdays or other days, unless you are too ill to come, or unless you have made arrangements beforehand. We have to get the work out. The promotion work is especially important. Perhaps this job is too hard for you. I understand you are behind with your letters anyhow."

"I think I can do it," she said. He stood beside her a moment, with an expression a little like Simon's, both anxious and dismayed.

"I hope you can. We have our own employment problems, running a big plant here in this little town. I've made it a rule, for years, to hire those people who want to work here, and to speed up the slow, and steady the impetuous until they fit into the organization. It takes time and patience, and a good deal of human optimism, but I'm practically never disappointed. We have a plant full of loyal people."

"Yes, Mr. Welch," she said, and went on with her work, and he went back to his office.

She felt, for just a moment, a cold touch of fear. What did he mean? But it was absurd to think he might be implying that he was disappointed in her. He had only meant to encourage her.

On Saturday it took Miss Sims, Ellen, Hazel and Doad, as well as Simon and Irene, to get the form letters in the mail. The girls made no pretense at hiding their annoyance. It hurt Irene, but she hardened herself against them.

She had had another wonderful talk with Mr. Millay and he had promised to come to her grandmother's for tea on Sunday. They were only jealous.

But on Monday Simon told Irene with some embarrassment that she was to be given a different job, and that Ellen was going back on form letters "for a while." She did not understand then that he was making it easy; she was so glad to get away from another letter.

"This is a special job. It will take about two weeks. Mr. McCarty makes these maps"—he showed her the table where she was to work, showed her the snowy maps—"and they have to be colored by hand. It's not worth while having a special job done on the color press for this number, and Mr. Millay wants them perfect. Try not to spoil any of them, Irene, for each one represents about an hour's work by Mr. McCarty. Follow the model and use your crayons lightly. Practice on these—they're spoiled. Do about four an hour today, and five an hour tomorrow, and you'll get the job finished."

Irene liked this work, and after a little experimenting she began to work on the good maps. A clear black oval was drawn about the states which Welch's Farm Weekly covered, and within the oval Mr. McCarty had marked the maps with tiny dots in India ink. They came in series of four, showing the numbers of automobiles, lighting plants, radios and silos on farms, and Irene was to color them according to a circulation chart which showed the preponderance of the paper's distribution as coincident with territorial prosperity.

The first map she did was so perfect that she could not resist the temptation to show it to Mr. Millay. She wanted his admiration keenly.

Yesterday he had read aloud to her, and she had sung for him. Her grandmother had served a formal tea, using the beautiful old Colonial tea service. She was still in a dream of happiness about his call. He glanced up from his work and smiled when she went into his office. She showed him the map. He looked at it appreciatively.

"That's fine. Can you do them all that well?" he asked.

"Of course I can. I like this work."

"I'm glad of that. We want the maps by the time the printing is finished. These go with the copy you typed for me. Remember? 'Every time you rise ——' But you didn't like the letters, did you?"

"Naturally, no." She expected him to understand that.

"Of course doing the same thing over and over does get tedious. But I think, myself, that those letters are interesting. You did several of them. What did you think of the connection of ideas? Did you think we got the high spots in the paper? You read the paper, of course."

"Why, no," stammered Irene—"no, I haven't read the paper."

"Not read Welch's Farm Weekly?" He was astonished. "You must, Miss Bonnie-well. Of course the letters meant nothing to you then. But I like those letters. I take a great deal of pains with each one, and the editorial department helps with them. People read them. I've been told our paper is read more carefully in agency offices than any other farm paper because of those letters. And when you think of the snowstorm of mail that the agencies get, you can appreciate what that means. So much promotion work falls by the wayside. That's why we have the letters typed and signed so carefully, why we keep them short and direct. I'm sorry you didn't study those letters in connection with the issues. That corn-hog-ratio letter we had last week was certainly a dandy. I'd have liked your ideas on it. A fresh point of view is always valuable. Ellen suggested the marginal spacing we use on the letters now. She has a good eye for beautiful typing. Well, run along now and let me work. I've a great deal to do."

Irene's cheeks burned long after she was back at her maps. He wrote the form letters and thought she should admire them! And these maps went with that breakfast-bacon thing he had read to her! Why, actually he thought of nothing but work. You'd never know he had taken tea with them yesterday and listened to her sing. Run along, he said. Indeed! The confusion she felt now was real and painful. She looked about her, conscious of a queer longing. How busy everyone was! She felt outside of things, forlorn and ostracized. The friendliness, left over from childhood, which Hazel and Doad and Simon had offered her when she first came was all gone. Ellen sat there typing smartly, checking her letters with a swift glance as she took each one from her machine. Her body was both relaxed and alert. She worked smoothly and rapidly, without rest or pause. Hazel went through her numerous stack of cards, typed letters, consulted with Miss Sims. Simon continued, undefeated, his heroic struggle with the short stubborn figure of the ink-stained Mr. Saunders, who presided in some labyrinth below stairs. Mr. Millay paced the floor in angry pursuit of ideas, and Mr. Welch skimmed about the building with his quick, stoop-shouldered gait and irritable watchfulness. What was it? What did they share? What engrossed them all so powerfully?

Beautiful Hair— *is always healthy hair!*

BEAUTY... even in hair, is more than skin deep. It comes from *below* the scalp surface. Poor scalp circulation and dandruff are its greatest foes. But if you stop dandruff and stimulate vibrant circulation through your scalp you need not fear thin, lifeless hair nor baldness.

Glover's penetrates down into the scalp. It clears the clogged hair cells. It stimulates tiny dormant glands to action. Circulation is revived. Dandruff is not just temporarily dissolved, *but ended*. And, with repeated treatments, hair grows thick, healthy, and beautiful.

A Medical Treatment

Great scalp specialists, eminent hairdressers and barbers all recommend Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment. They know it contains nothing to dry or tighten the scalp. They have seen it work wonders for men and women alike. Yet the treatment is very simple—ideal to use at home.

This treatment consists of Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap (all good druggists carry both products). Use them according to the simple directions. The medicine revitalizes your whole scalp—below the surface. The soap brings medicinal cleanliness to your scalp and a glorious soft lustre to your hair.

The persistent and patient use of this treatment will bring you beautiful hair—because it will bring you thick *healthy* hair! That has been proved in thousands and thousands of cases!

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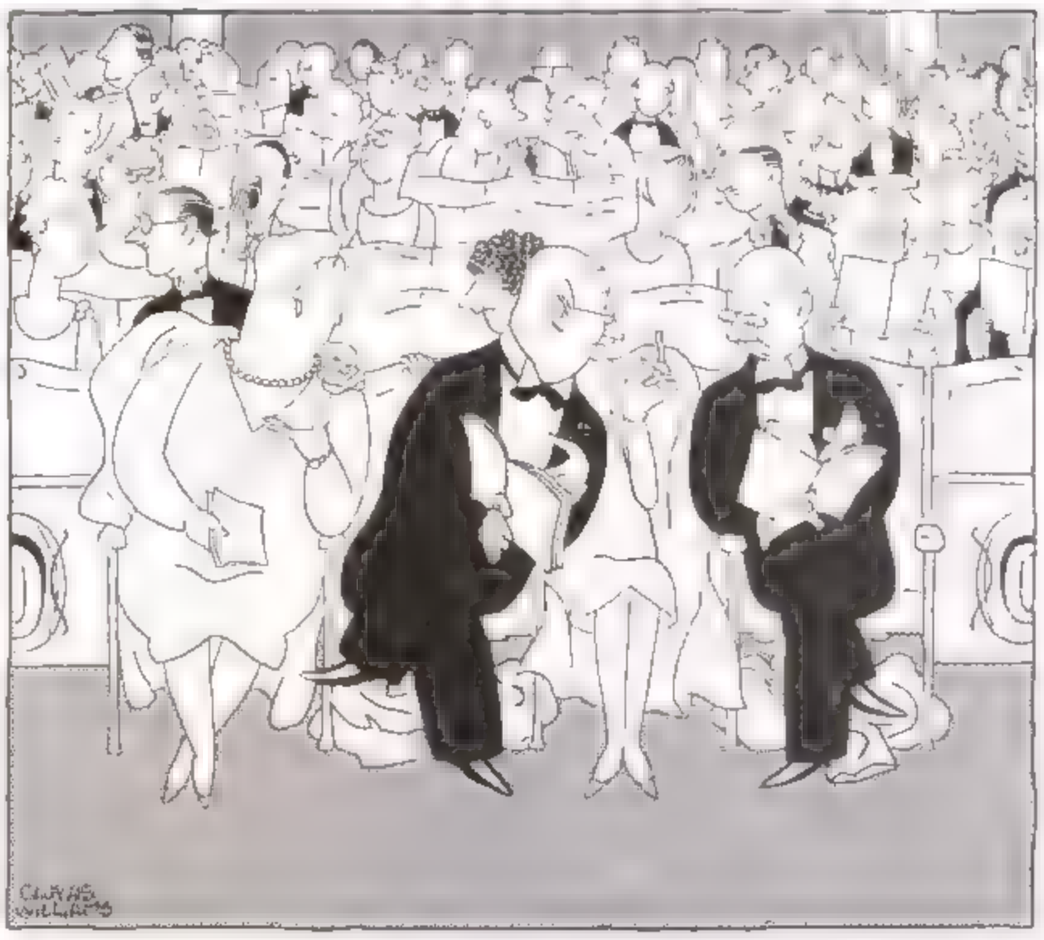
NOTICE THE ODOR

This clean tar odor is essential where positive results are desired. This odor, however, disappears immediately after shampooing with the Glover's Medicated Soap.

THE WALLOPS

[No. 12 of a series. No. 13 will appear Mar. 17]



Intermission

"Isn't he *wonderful?*" breathed Clara Wallop. "He sort of makes you feel he really *means* it, doesn't he? I think he's *wonderful!*"

"Yes, *isn't* he?" Katherine Stillman nodded. "He doesn't seem to act *at all*, if you know what I mean. I mean it doesn't *seem* like acting, it's so *real*, kind of."

"Yes, he's so *realistic*, so *natural*, and so good *looking* too!"

Mr. Wallop and Dr. Stillman didn't share their wives' admiration for the curly-headed actor with the adenoid voice. For relief they opened their theatre programs and began reading the advertisements.

"Here's a nice looking bathroom," said Edgar Stillman, showing Wallop a plumbing advertisement.

"Ye-ah! Nice, but expensive looking. Gosh, how tiled walls and plumbing fixtures do cost nowadays."

"Well, George, there's nothing to stop you installing a tin tub the way your grandfather did."

"That's the trouble, you've got to do what the rest do —tiled walls, brass pipe and the rest of it."

"The brass pipe part of it isn't so bad," said Ed Stillman. "Why, it only costs one or two hundred dollars more than the cheapest pipe that you can buy. And it won't leak or rust and cut down water pressure either."

"Well, you're right there," agreed George. "It's worth a little more money to have clean water and a shower with good pressure in it."

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction. Copyright '28, C. B. & C. Co., Inc.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

For the first time she began to appreciate Simon's kindness. It was the most human thing in the place. It was real and warm.

She had never been out of things, but always in them, and now she was missing something and she did not even know what it was. And she felt she had lost her contact with Mr. Millay. For a realization more disturbing than her rather vague longings was forced upon her. Mr. Millay cared more about corn-hog ratios than he did about Keats. He liked the sound of his own voice, reading his own copy, better than the sound of hers in song. She would have pleased him more by studying his letters and reading the articles to which they drew attention than by hergrandmother's silver tea service, or a description of the lawn at Miss Momoroy's. She resolved to take some recent copies of the paper home with her, but still she did not know what it was all about. Mr. Millay was a gentleman, and it seemed almost an imperfection in his charms that he really cared so much about his work.

The second map she made was a pleasure, the third more mechanical. By Tuesday she was tired of maps, and Wednesday she dreaded them. Thursday she hated them, and Friday was the longest day she had ever lived through. She had kept the few maps she had spoiled, and when she could no longer bear the boredom of coloring, she made little pictures. Like her voice, her talent for drawing was promising, but no more. She could make good girls' heads and likely-looking trees. Also she could make recognizable profile sketches. She practiced making Mr. Millay's, and when she had made quite an excellent one, she printed his name below it, and below that, her own, lettering neatly with the wax crayon. She looked at the names and recalled how they had done at school, years ago, when she was in the grades at home here in Hilltown. She had once canceled Simon's name with her own, she recalled, after the incident of the well. Half smiling, she poised the crayon over the names.

She did not finish the mass within two weeks. Toward the end of the second week the job was not done. The printing was all ready, the envelopes addressed. The books were stacked open, ready for the maps to be pasted in them. Suddenly everyone got into a fury about maps. Simon became really concerned. Mr. Welch and Mr. Millay fussed about. Irene didn't like it at all.

She said to Simon: "Give me a stenographic job. That would interest me. You could have your own stenographer now if you asked. Ask for me, won't you, Simon? I haven't the disposition for this routine work."

Simon did not answer, but when he had gone back to his desk Hazel came over to Irene, and Hazel was angry.

"I suppose that's how you got your medal—asking for it," said Hazel. "Not that it matters to me. Simon's fair. He wouldn't give you the job. But what gets me is that you think you can have the first chance at a promotion when you've only been here a month, and you've fallen down on everything anybody gave you to do. A lot you care that I've worked on this desk for eighteen months. You think all you need to do is ask. If you want a raise before you earn it, why don't you ask His Highness? We all know you're crazy about him."

"I don't know what you mean," said Irene haughtily, but she was trembling. She had no sisters. She didn't know how to quarrel.

"Maybe he'll know when he sees this!" said Hazel, and held out where Irene could see, but not reach, Irene's own sketch of Mr. Millay, with, under it:

Ø'Shamus M{{lay m.
Irene Bønnlewell h.

Irene grew white. She felt a constriction of the heart, and all her being was flooded with the instinct for self-preservation. That damaging, cheap, telltale piece of paper. How could she have done anything so common!

"Give it to me," she said in a low quivering voice, but Hazel moved just out of reach. All the refining influences of Miss Momoroy's Junior College vanished. The conditions of childhood mud-pie controversies returned. Irene started determinedly after Hazel, who gave a half scream and fled backward. The maps came slithering to the floor, and Mr. Millay emerged from his office and frowned blackly.

"What's this?" he demanded. "What's going on here? Where's Simon? Get to your work all of you. Hazel, what have you there?"

Silently, triumphantly, Hazel handed him the paper. The girls had both stopped at his appearance. Miss Sims was at her door. Irene spoke, her voice scarcely controlled. He had never been so entreated.

"Mr. Millay, please, it's mine. It's private. Please don't look at it."

With a gesture not lacking in contempt, he folded the bit of stiff paper and handed it back to her without glancing at it. His manner was very grand. Irene thanked him in the same low voice and returned to her table, her knees trembling. Simon had come up from the composing room, with Mr. Welch at his elbow. The young man was picking up maps and straightening them, rubbing dust from one with his own clean handkerchief. Mr. Welch stood and looked on, his face absolutely noncommittal. Mr. Millay vented his irritation on Simon.

"Can't you keep order here?" he demanded of him. "How can I work in such a hullabaloo? Your job is to keep this office regulated. I've been interrupted again and again. I'll not let it pass another time." He went into his own office and slammed the door loudly. Irene looked at Simon.

"I'm sorry," she said. She was indignant at the injustice of Mr. Millay's remarks.

"A lot of good that does," answered Simon, but he went on gathering up her maps and straightening them. Suddenly Irene wanted to cry. How kind Simon was! How kind, how consistently kind! He protected everyone, he helped everyone. He had not answered Mr. Millay in his own defense, nor said a word to her or Hazel. He was the kindest, steadiest, most long-suffering person she had ever known in her life. And she had been horrid to him.

She tried to help but her hands were shaking.

"It's all right, Irene," he muttered. "We'll get them clean. I've got a dough eraser."

Mr. Welch had gone into his office, and Irene and Simon worked over the maps. Six of them were ruined beyond repair. None of them had benefited by being on the floor. Irene sat down alone at last and tried to keep back her tears. Her face burned with shame and her head felt so heavy she could scarcely hold it up. She had certainly made a fool of herself. Mr. Millay cared nothing for her at all. Not a thing. He was a stranger, and he was unfair! All their talks meant nothing to him. If she bothered him he would be as sharp with her as with anyone else. And it was cowardly of him to take things out on Simon. She had a notion to tell him what she thought of him.

Only, it was her own fault. The sense of responsibility was heavy, now that she at last accepted it. And now that it was too late, she saw how much more important to her were the friendships of these other youngsters in the outside office than that of Mr. Millay, who cared for nothing but his own peace and protection. She had imposed on Simon and the girls, and never even said thanks for their help. What must they think of her? Well, Hazel at least had told her that.

Something thumped on her table and proved to be a firm envelope folded about part of a bar of chocolate. There was also a note:

That was a dirty trick for me to do, Irene. I'm sorry. I didn't know you were so darn human. I was crazy about him myself when I first worked here. We all were. Have some sweetening.

H.

Irene's heart lifted. She turned and gave Hazel a gleaming tearful smile, and Hazel winked back broadly. Irene ate the chocolate and felt better. Miss Sims paused before her.

"Mr. Welch wants to see you, Miss Bonniewell," she said. Irene wiped her fingers on her handkerchief and went into the publisher's office.

"Come in, Irene," he said. "Close the door and sit down."

She did as she was told, feeling rather frightened.

Mr. Welch sat looking at her steadily. His black hair, always straggling from the clutch of his nervous hands, was touched with gray. He wore pince-nez, which dangled on a ribbon and were frequently being broken against things. He used these glasses for a pointer, played with them, or sat them aslant on his high thin nose. Now he had them in his hand and sat tapping his shaven cheek.

"Don't I understand correctly that you have to work, Irene?" he said at last.

"Yes, Mr. Welch," she answered. "My grandmother did not realize that she was spending all of my inheritance on my education. Uncle Peter told her, but she didn't understand. There's nothing left. She has an annuity which ends with her death. She's going to leave the house to me, but I hope it will be many years before she does. She has only enough to take care of herself, and I don't want to depend on Uncle Peter, because my father and I have had all of our share from grandfather's money."

"That's the way I understood your affairs to be. So that, since your parents are both dead, it really is necessary for you to earn your living?"

"Yes, Mr. Welch."

"Well, then," he said, "why don't you do it?"

She sat in silence. The question had to be considered before she could come to the answer.

After a moment he spoke again:

"So far you have been only an expense to the paper. You haven't earned your pay one week since you've been here. You've wasted stationery, wasted other people's time and effort, and made very little effort yourself."

"I've tried," she faltered, but he shook his head.

"No," he said—"no, you haven't tried. I've watched you. Your attitude has been wrong from the beginning. Your grandmother did you no kindness when she fitted you for a life you could not continue. Still, it's a blessing for a young person to have to get down to business, sooner or later. But we've never had anybody who made such a difficulty about getting into the organization."

She tried to say something, but her voice was gone. He looked at her, and he was stern. This man sitting here was not the same pleasant old gentleman who paid such extravagant compliments to her grandmother after church on bright Sundays. He was someone wiser, harder, grimmer—much more wonderful. Her reluctant heart stirred with admiration.

"If you're going to earn your living," he said to her, "you must do just that. You must give something in exchange for bread and butter. That something which we all have to give is labor. It doesn't matter whether it's shoveling coal or writing sonnets—back of it is human effort, and the returns are generally commensurate with skill plus effort. But tell me, Irene"—he swung about abruptly—"why do you think you are better than those other girls out there—better than Simon?"

"But I don't," she protested.

"Now, honestly?" There was no avoiding those keen eyes. Her face flamed with color. It sounded so dreadful, put that way. She was silent. "And yet," he went on remorselessly, "if I were asked by someone who really wanted to know, I'd say that any one of them is a better man than you are. Know why? Because they can all work. It's not fun to work. It takes more than brains or birth or education. It takes character. One has to have courage, to stand the punishment; honesty, to give fair measure; strength to hold on; honor to guide one; ambition to make it easy; a mind to make it delightful. One has to have practically everything to type form letters and do a list of five hundred in a week. Ever think about that?"

"No, sir."

"Ever think that it's cheating to fool your own time away and leave the other youngsters with your job to finish when they've done theirs? It's like copying lessons at school. Think of that?"

"No, sir."

"Yet it is, isn't it?"

"I guess so—yes."

"You don't want to cheat, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Then why did you?"

"I I didn't realize."

"Hm-m-m." He sat a moment, deep in thought, and his voice was kindness itself when he went on: "It would be so easy to tell you that you were through. But I can remember a sturdy, honest little girl
If I could make you see, if I could make you choose —— What is it you want to do, Irene—live in the old world of women, or the new? Do you want to play at life, or really live it?"

"I want to be modern."

"I believe you do. Yet here is the new world before you, and you are scorning it. Here is reality. Can't you see, Irene? It isn't the plant, and the presses, and the scurry after advertising, and the form letters and maps—it's the paper. It goes out to all these readers, and every little job is important that serves it. More advertising means better paper stock, better editorial content, a better weekly, more farm implements sold and used, more money in circulation, better prices for corn and hogs, higher standard of living, better rural schools, freer expression of life on the farm as well as in town. It is usefulness, service—but not in the cheap, patronizing sense of the word. Something more vigorous than that. I guess what I mean—what I'm trying to show you—is business—America."

More than his words, more than his groping after an idea, the look in his eyes, the intensity of his face came home to her. It seemed that she saw even more than he saw himself. She saw the compulsion of his own position. She saw him as a publisher, and saw that he could not, if he would, allow anyone to waste or fritter. She saw the driving activity of life. For a moment, in a flash, in her youth and innocence and the brand-new humility that filled her, she seemed to see the great invisible fabric of ideas which welded men and jobs together into a marvelous whole. She felt the integrity of purpose behind him and all the others. She shared, at last, their impulse. Never, now, would she be satisfied till she had made her contribution, worked out her share of enterprise.

She rose from her chair. "If you'll give me another chance," she said, "I'll try to make good."

He waved her away, all his attention absorbed in his own thought. She went back to the maps and worked long after the others had gone.

She was at her table before the bell rang the next morning, and she worked all day Saturday, asked the janitor to let her in on Sunday morning for a while, and by Monday noon she had finished the maps. Simon brought word that she was to do form letters again, and now she went back to the despised job eagerly. For a time school and its memories, Mr. Millay's admiration, even the liking of the other people in the office, were unimportant to her.

For the fact that she was inadequate for life had struck deep into her being. She was not able to do those things which were necessary to earn a living. That most simple of all human problems—making one's own bread and butter—had been too much for her.

She must be adequate. She must be able to take care of herself. Not because there was no one else to do it, but because she wanted to do it alone. Her honest pride, her good mind demanded of her that she gain the great prize, independence. It was the least she could expect of herself, and yet it was a great deal too. And it was

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more lovely, more compelling, this abstraction, than gray stone walls or winding rivers.

Never again was she to live through a week so long, so hard, so wearing as that first week back at Ellen's desk. She divided the cards into five and a half equal parts, and finished one part each day. It was not only the steady work and the exhaustion of it, it was the more painful mental discipline of effort. The meaning of the word came home to her. The punishment, the pain of monotony, calling up from the deep places of her being strength to bear it. To go on working after she was bored and tired, and to work well; to sit all day and do the same thing over and over; to keep her eye on the job and understand what she was doing; to bring her romantic young mind back from far fields to the matter in hand, whether anyone noticed or anyone praised—this was the hardest lesson she had ever had to learn.

But as the week advanced, and day after day she finished the full quota of letters, her increasing gratification was more intense than any she could have derived from the praises of another. She glanced back over each letter when it was finished, and made corrections neatly, so that Simon did not have any work to return to her.

On Saturday noon her list was finished, and she had done it alone. Dan Tippitt came around with the pay envelopes. Irene tore hers open and counted her money without thinking about it, before putting it in her purse, paused in astonishment and counted it again. There were two dollars more than before. And now so much had she advanced in human understanding that she knew at once it was Mr. Welch's way of saying "You've made good."

She went to his door with shining eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Welch."

"Not at all—not at all," he said hastily, and she had the wit to say no more. Neither did she mention it to the others. But no money she was ever to earn or to possess was to bring her such a thrill as that extra two dollars in her pay envelope after her first week of honest work.

All that spring Irene wrote form letters, and slowly, persistently, with honest liking, with offers to help, with steady good temper and great care to do her own share always, she won the real friendship of the girls in the office, and of Simon. And she gradually became inured to work, so that evening found her ready to dance and play, and mornings did not come too soon. Mr. Millay continued to read things aloud to her when she had time to listen. He still went about in the grip of creation, but Irene was not so impressed now with his romantic personality as she was with the truly excellent quality of his promotion work. But of all of them, it was Simon who understood most completely what had befallen her. Mr. Millay, in his self-absorption, had missed it all, and the girls soon forgot the miseries of her first weeks in the office.

With the passing of the weeks into months she found a happiness more vital than any she had ever known, in the realization that she was adequate. She felt strong, alive, eager and secure. She coveted and valued with respect the good will of the other young people in the office, who could work so hard and do it so simply.

And so it came about that when Mr. Welch decided to give Simon more responsibility, Hazel became Simon's stenographer and Irene went to Hazel's desk. She liked the new work exceedingly and began to feel that she was weaving out a small portion of the great fabric.

"Want to go to a dance at the river pavilion tonight?" Simon asked her one Saturday. "Hazel and Art are going, and we can all go in his coupé."

"That's a good idea," said Irene, stacking linage cards expertly. "Didn't we have a good time last Saturday? I've a new dress to wear tonight, Simon—a pink dress. You'll like it."

"Put it on early and we'll go to the Princess to the first show," said Simon, and then he added ruefully: "You'll have to help that new girl finish her form letters again this week. She's a dumb dora, but I hate to scold her. The poor kid was crying all over Miss Sims last night because Mr. Millay hurt her feelings."

"She'll be all right," said Irene, "as soon as she's office broke."

PURSUIT

(Continued from Page 19)

have been more serious. The difference lay in an air of worldliness, of experience, knowledge of life, acquaintance with men, as against an air of cloistral remoteness from life. Yet he was much younger than Luis. His heavy frame, concealed though it was beneath modish clothes, showed the control of good muscles and sinews. Instead of his cousin's pallid features, he displayed a face and neck that had been browned healthily by sunlight. He spoke in a pleasing voice, with the courtesy of the well-bred, although a little arrogantly, like one to whom power is as yet but the desire for it.

It soon became apparent that Felipe had already snatched the reins, with respect to tracing the stolen emeralds.

"I know. You represent the insurance," he began. "I am in charge of the case for my cousin. You will find that the stones are missing, as my cousin stated."

"I don't doubt they are missing," replied Donovan politely.

"You will find no remissness on our part. Every precaution humanly possible was taken."

"Surely."

"You have come all the way from Chicago to look over the ground, in any case. That was expected. My cousin would have received you, but I asked him to go to Mexico City on a promising lead. The Hotel Cardo will reach him."

"You have notified the Mexico City police?"

"Oh, no, señor! I have my own nets out. We prefer to recover the gems ourselves."

"You speak of your nets you have out. What measures have you taken, may I ask?"

"All that are possible," replied Felipe vaguely.

"Please tell me about the theft," said Donovan.

"What I know is not much. A lone bandit bound and gagged the old caretaker and somehow uncovered the emeralds. A member of our religion discovered the crime the next morning. He notified my cousin, who is in authority."

"This bandit seems to have shown inside knowledge of the existence of the gems."

"We think he did not have," said Felipe. "We think he did not expect to find such a store of emeralds, or even gems at all, but stumbled upon them accidentally. He robbed the caretaker of the few pennies he had in his pocket."

"Did no one anywhere see the man?" asked Donovan.

"A horseman was seen riding down the canyon about daybreak, but we didn't know that at first. The hiding place was deep in the mountains, señor. You will see for yourself tomorrow—I shall be most happy."

"Not tomorrow, I'm afraid."

Felipe looked up in polite surprise. "But I have already arranged it," he said.

"The arrangement will have to be changed. I am working upon an important clew of my own."

"A clew to what?"

"As to the thief."

"Oh, but that would hardly be possible!" Felipe, still polite, showed a hint of annoyance. "You have only just arrived, and speak of working upon clews?"

"I am here to recover the emeralds," said Donovan.

"If they are recovered, I think it is I who will do the recovering, señor. With all respect, I have lived here longer."

"And yet," replied Donovan quietly, "I have already recovered one of them and located a second."

Felipe looked at him with intentness during five seconds, but could make nothing of his expression.

"Recovered it from whom, señor?" he asked at last.

"From the one who had it."

"The thief?"

"It was given him by the thief, or at least by one who had it from the thief and can name him."

"Now you are talking nonsense, señor."

"Not altogether. I am leaving tomorrow to fetch back this man."

Felipe pushed out his chair and rose. "You will excuse me for a moment? I have an inquiry to make of my assistant."

As he disappeared through the door in the rear, Donovan refilled his pipe and settled back to smoke. He had already glanced about the little room. Unplastered, unsealed, it had adobe walls, and was hung with ears of corn and strings of dried chili like a room in domestic use. A brick stove stood forth boldly; a makeshift tin cooking kettle also, at one corner of the stove, and a strip of sheet iron at another for the baking of *tortillas*. The kettle seemed to have been repaired with neat Portland cement along its lower edge—a substance not often used by Mexicans for this purpose. He rather wondered at the cement.

From the room in the rear came the sound of low-pitched voices; these rose sharply, but subsided at once, like voices in masked controversy. When Felipe returned, his face was very red. He did not sit down.

"I will at once set a man to work upon this clew you have unearthed, señor. I have a good man I can send. That will save you the trouble and be much better."

Donovan pulled his pipe into a blue cloud. In his pocket lay his emerald. "I have already arranged to go myself," he said at last.

"How do you mean—arranged to go?"

"By the schooner Sant' Susanna to Calamajue landing; then by trail wherever it leads."

Felipe, flicking angrily at a dust spot on his coat, began pacing to and fro.

"I can't let you do that, señor."

"Why not?"

"The deserts of Lower California are too dangerous."

"My affair. Where one man can go, another can follow."

The other suddenly planted himself in front of the table, his politeness falling away like snow from a roof.

"If you will have it, here it is! I can't let you go, because I wish to recover the emeralds myself. A considerable reward is involved."

"Your cousin did not inform us."

"Besides, I do not know you. Suppose you were to find our emeralds? How do I know how many would reach us?"

Donovan smiled. "How do you, indeed?"

"Therefore I tell you this. You have honored me with a statement of your intentions. I now give you a statement of mine. I too have arranged to go to Calamajue tomorrow. Permit me to wish you good night."

"Perhaps we shall be working against each other after all," said Donovan.

II

TOWARD evening of the fourth day out, they passed a group of barren mountains on a long, rocky island to starboard. Donovan watched the precipitous shores with interest. Cliffs, canyons, ledges, shouldered peaks, all had become transformed into soft beauty under the level light.

"I have visited that island," he might have remarked, but did not. "That is Angel de la Guarda, and looks it, but it's dry as a bone and full of chuckwallas and rattlesnakes."

Or else he turned his eyes upon the west. Against the sunset sky, stained as with the blood of rubies and sapphires and pearls, stood the empurpled desert ranges of the peninsula, with Mount Junipero Serra in the foreground. He might have said, but did not:

"I know that country also. Tomorrow I shall be climbing ash heaps over there under that sunset."

Instead he stood watching the colors, now on one side of the channel, now on the other, until darkness fell.

They arrived at their anchorage shortly before eleven. Donovan already knew that Felipe was to be landed at once, by virtue of a money arrangement with the captain, and he himself not until morning, but he had not protested. Felipe had brought with him as his companion Donovan's guide from the hotel, known as Carlos Nogales. He had also brought a hurriedly purchased outfit, which he had insisted upon showing to everyone on board, from his two foolish mules to his flask of *tequila* saved for snake bite, or to his ingenious device for concealing his money from thieves.

This property Donovan saw set ashore by the light of the waning moon. Then, with a bucket of oats in his hand, he sought out his own good mule.

"Let's get this matter straight, Josie," he began. "You and I are on this boat for the purpose of running a race."

The beast had been known in Sonora by the man's name of José, but Donovan felt that Josie was more affectionate. Upon hearing itself addressed, it turned its head inquiringly; whereupon Donovan, who had selected it for its high forehead, had the whim to match its unspoken questioning with words.

"A race for what?" its ears seemed to demand.

"Can you ask, Josie? To overtake a mining prospector named Gomez."

"Is this Gomez prospector in flight?"

"No, Josie; he is merely the head of a party looking for gold. We wish to question a Guadalajara man who is with him."

"Is this Guadalajara man in flight?"

"Not that we know of, Josie."

"Then why the race?"

"The Guadalajara man is said to have shown a stolen emerald, and may be able to tell where he obtained it. The man who sees him first will have the first chance to run down the clew, and therefore to recover the stolen emeralds, and therefore to receive the reward."

"Doesn't that sound reasonable?"

"It sounds reasonable, Josie; but it is not, in fact."

"Where is the flaw?"

"The flaw is that no reward has been offered. I wired to Luis Gonzales in Mexico City, the morning we left Guaymas."

Donovan gave the mule the oats and awaited the return of the captain. Shortly before daybreak he saw his own supplies loaded into the ship's boat. Josie, plucked from the deck by block and tackle, was asked to swim ashore. They met each other on the beach.

The trail led up the parched north bank of the arroyo that gave its name to the landing. Except for the tracks of the Gomez party, now more than a week old, and of Felipe and Carlos, it showed no signs of recent use. They set out briskly, for the cold night air upon its wet skin had inspired the mule with ambition. After an

(Continued on Page 101)

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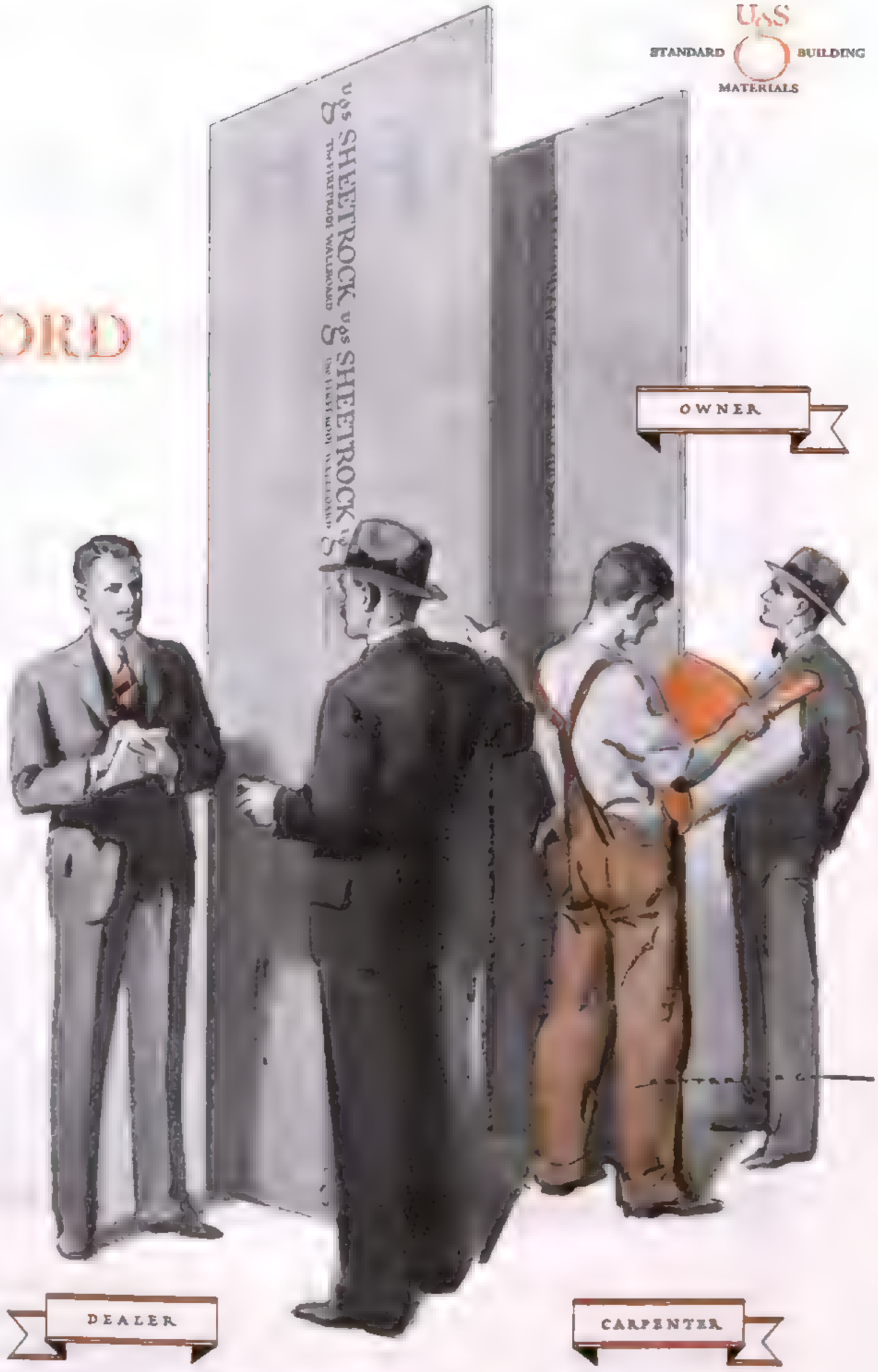

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No. 27

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(Continued from Page 96)

hour or two they emerged into an arid valley flanked by scalded hills.

"No, Josie," said Donovan. "Not that trail, please. That trail elbows over to a water hole across the arroyo, and you are already so tight your hoops sing."

The mule flicked its left ear renouncingly at the water hole and kept on. Later the trail returned from its detour, and Josie understood that it had been spared labor. Later still it showed its intelligence by stopping before a pair of horned rattlesnakes, or sidewinders, which scuttled off a few yards and began the foolish self-advertising that usually marks them for death.

After that for some hours they walked in Felipe's footsteps—past the barren gray hills on either side, past stunted cactus, greasewood, creosote, mesquite, or across faint patches of drought-eaten wild buckwheat.

Toward noon they approached a break in the hills to the north.

"Hungry, Josie? You are? Then listen. Before long we will cross an old trail from the right. I don't want to miss that trail. When you see it, wiggle your ears."

The trail came in from the north, but after crossing their own, it turned southwest. The trail they were following, on the other hand, although now headed southwesterly, later turned north. Donovan believed that the Gomez prospectors were headed southwest; otherwise they would not have landed at Calamajue. Yet he believed they would remain on the present trail.

He glanced toward the southwestern mountains. The sun by now had heated the desert floor and the air that lay upon it, until nothing at a little distance could be sharply seen, but he knew that the shimmering heat concealed no water. The mountains were no better; they stood crumbling under the heat like so much molded sand. But in the north there was water; the trail they were on led past an excellent spring.

"Why your ears, Josie? Because if these Gomez prospectors visit this spring they will have to double back. That trail from the right cuts across to their route."

Almost at once Josie's ears began twitching violently. The cross trail proved to be so dim it might easily have been missed. Donovan instantly saw, as did Josie likewise, that his guesses so far had been close. The tracks they had been following—both those of the prospectors and of Felipe—kept to the plainer trail. He promptly turned into the other.

"That's that!" he told the mule. "Now what? A little speed? Tomorrow perhaps, not today. What then? We have to double back upon our list of questions. What we need is answers, Josie. What answers? The same ones. This Felipe Gonzales seems exceedingly anxious to see a Guadalajara man. Why? He brought a rather rough companion with him—this man Carlos. Why? I think I shall really have to know."

They stopped for their midday rest before a patch of shade the size of a man's hat.

"No, Josie. You are not expected to tell me. But think it over. Why? Why? How am I to find out?"

Again the mule twitched its ears violently. Donovan fed it, then let it show him its skill in rolling on its back between a pair of murderous cactuses. When it had risen, he hobbled it and turned it loose. The mule wandered off to see where it could pick up a salad. He himself stretched out for a nap.

He was awakened by the heat of the sun upon his face. Upon looking at his watch he learned that he had been asleep for more than an hour. That was about as he had intended; but when he absent-mindedly rose, his head still filled with questions, to find his mule, suddenly he became aware of an involuntary leap backward away from his pillow. He had gone to sleep with his head resting upon his folded coat. Beyond his head lay a stretch of driven sand not long sheeted down; its surface was as soft and smooth as fresh-fallen snow.

Upon this smooth surface was now seen the peculiar hatch-marked tracks of a sidewinder. While he lay sleeping a rattlesnake had passed within a foot of his head.

He could tell from the tracks the direction and history of its progress. The snake had been disturbed by the mule, had scuttled aside, had paused to sound its warning, and then, when it was not followed, had moved on. The wonder was not so much that he had not heard its rattle, for a sidewinder does not commonly give a loud warning unless angered, as that it should have kept on past his mesquite.

Thereafter they walked more slowly. Josie spent the time in observing human nature. The mule felt the need of sleep; the tossing of the schooner had disturbed a very delicate sense of equilibrium. Donovan was occupied with his thoughts. The incident of the snake tracks had given these a new direction.

"I might start Felipe to asking questions—his ugly companion also. I wonder what would happen. Something."

Toward the end of the afternoon they reached a group of salt springs near the mouth of a canyon. When he saw these he laughed so softly the mule overheard him. The springs were useless, but they marked the junction of a number of trails with their own—among others, the trail from the north down which the Gomez prospectors had tramped after their long detour, although not as yet Felipe and Carlos. They also usually marked the end of a day's journey. Felipe would probably camp here.

"No, Josie; not you. Our camp lies up the canyon."

The mule saw a dozen good camp sites, but Donovan drove forward for more than a mile before stopping for the night. Later he walked back to a point overlooking the springs, where he carefully left his tracks in the soft sand, to be discovered by Felipe in the morning.

"I am not a sidewinder, but I have rubber heels," he chuckled. "Perhaps I can suggest a few questions. I wonder."

Then he returned to his camp and tied Josie to a bush, ready for a quick start in the morning.

III

THE intense heat of the desert by day was followed at sunset by a chilling coldness, as if a door had been left open to January. The small camp fire might as well have been fed with hay as with the light brush available. When supper was over the two men sought their blankets for the night.

"Do you think he gained on us any?"

"What if he did? Saint Joseph himself couldn't catch up with us now," said Felipe wearily. "Go to sleep."

"We'd better have doped his mule."

"Out in the open, on deck?"

"I could have fixed it."

"Go to sleep."

The morning brought a perplexing surprise. They had planned on starting soon after daybreak, but by the time it was light enough for canyon travel it was light enough also to see footprints in the sand. Back of their camp they saw the footprints of Donovan's Massachusetts shoes.

"Stood there looking down at us," Carlos pointed out, beginning to be frightened.

"Not our man. Don't you worry."

Nevertheless the idea was disturbing. Why had this stranger not come out into the open? Donovan could not possibly have overtaken them, yet here were the tracks in the sand. If not Donovan's, whose were they?

"Nobody could untangle that last end of the trail by moonlight. It isn't he."

Felipe believed his own denial; but when he saw Donovan's camp up the canyon, and the prints of Donovan's rubber heels in the trail beyond, he felt a sudden hollowness of the stomach, as a man might in the presence of a weirdness. The hollowness gave place to an angry desire to face the outsider. Carlos would have to manage the mules. The man could not be far ahead—the tracks had been made only that morning.

Unslinging his rifle, he set out up the canyon, at first much too fast, later as he could. But exert himself as he might, he could not come into sight of anyone ahead. He continued his pursuit until the wind rose, toward the end of the morning; then the heat from the sun, and the heat from the withering wind, and the heat reflected back and forth between the walls of the canyon, all seemed to combine into one hot, parching torment. He felt his pursuit shrivel into crispness, like bacon in a skillet. Sinking into the shade of a rock, he waited for Carlos.

"The man was born in an oven," he reported, "and he has a mule with the speed of an angel of God."

"I think it isn't himself or the mule," Carlos replied. "I think the emerald he carries is a lucky stone."

Their own animals were hot, tired and dispirited. The mules had not been able to find much food during the night—a few beans from a screw mesquite, a few shreds of charred grama, a few leaves from a scrub oak that had strayed out of its range—and were in need of rest. Stripping off the packs, they gave the beasts a light feed, then themselves lay back in the shade to repair their wasted strength.

Upon resuming the trail, which here took one edge of the widened canyon, they met with a sight both disagreeable and stimulating. Not farther ahead than a half mile they found that Donovan had likewise given his mule a rest while he went off to lie in the shade for a siesta. Had Felipe kept on alone, or had the party kept on, he must have been overtaken.

"The luck of the man is getting on my nerves!" cried Felipe, when he saw those footprints.

The matter proved to be worse than it looked. Upon running back Donovan's tracks, Felipe learned that they did not end in a patch of shade, as they had supposed, but doubled back along the opposite canyon wall to a mesquite overlooking their own patch of shade. The man must have been crouching behind his bush when they lay down. Mere words instantly became futile. The doubt even arose whether this spy could be Donovan.

"*Por Dios*, I mean to find out where we stand!" cried Felipe, upon rejoining the mules.

"I don't like any of it," said Carlos thoughtfully, when he heard the report. "He has too much help."

"Help?"

"The emerald helps him."

"You talk too much about that emerald. The emerald has no power to help anybody. Why don't you go on ahead for a change while I stay with the mules?"

But Carlos moodily declined.

The desert vegetation continued—creosote bush, greasewood, mesquite, paloverde, ocotillo—but to this was now added the dropsical, contorted trunks of elephant wood from the greater desert toward which they were headed. The tracks likewise continued—those of the Gomez prospectors underneath, and superposed upon them those of Donovan and his miraculous mule. Near the head of the canyon they came to a water hole; it had been visited by buzzards—perhaps for drowned mice—and was foul, but their mules drank from it.

The canyon ended at the edge of a high uptilted plain that sloped off into the west toward the Pacific. Almost instantly the vegetation became more vigorous. The mast-like cirio entered the landscape, the palm-like datilillo, or tree yucca, the giant cactus, elephant wood, copal, with beneath these a matted jungle of cactus and cat claw and agave that was at times impenetrable. Through this the trail wound as it could. Sunset overtook them here. Farther travel that day was hopeless; the mules could scarce lift their feet. Both men were nervous and worried.

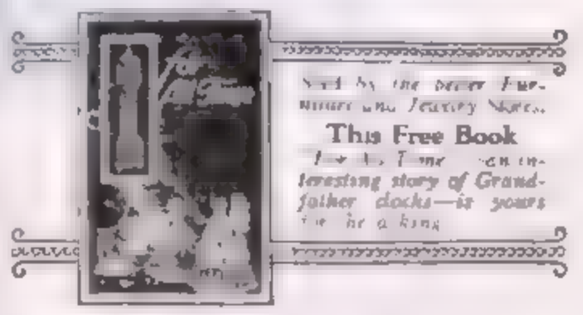
"Now listen! I don't mean to be spied on tonight," said Felipe, as they came to a tiny prairie in the jungle. "We will camp here, and after supper you take your blanket

(Continued on Page 104)

The Treasure Most Precious

GROWING richer in beauty, mellower in tone, more faithful in service, a Colonial Clock lives on and on unmindful of age and passing whims. As one by one your other possessions grow obsolete and valueless, your Colonial Clock will tower higher and higher as the treasure most precious. To be assured of this increasing value, look for the "Colonial" nameplate inside the door—it identifies the superlative of clocks. In style and price your choice is unrestricted, with every "Colonial" Clock enjoying the distinction of a Solid Honduras Mahogany case, the finest of Imported Movements. Your home is imploring you to acquire such a clock.

Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan

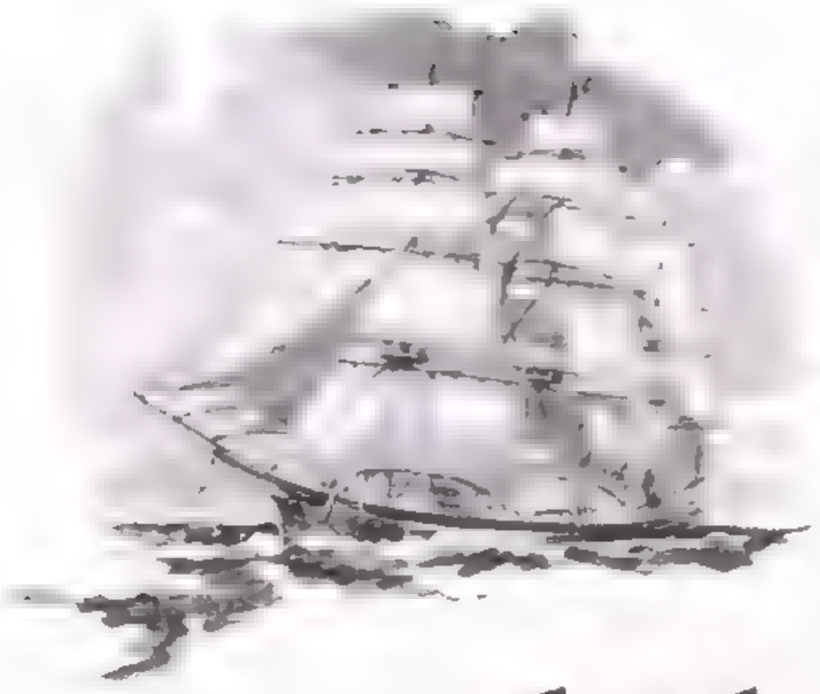


COLONIAL CLOCKS

Step into

on

The REO



the Automobile this day of March 1928

This day of March, 1928, Reo announces the 1929 Flying Clouds.

Reo can give you 1929 automobiles in the heart of the 1928 season for a very, very simple reason.

Reo is an independent organization and a producer of only a moderate number of cars. Refinements, changes, new ideas can be put into and through production faster than in the huge plants from which come most of America's automobiles.

Reo blue prints can materialize into Reo cars months sooner than do those of other reputable automobiles.

As a result, the New Reo Flying Clouds give you today what other cars may try to give you one year from today—*in 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today a new fleetness, for one mile or one hundred, that will still be the envy of many cars—*in 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today the ability to sweep from zero miles per hour to what you will, faster than many cars will do—*even in 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today the agility in traffic, and steering ease that other cars will try to develop—*for 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today distinctive new lines, sweepingly simple lines, that some other manufacturer may imitate—*by 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today luxurious interiors that some one else may copy—*for 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today the riding ease that many cars will strive to have—*for 1929.*

The New Flying Clouds give you today the four-wheel internal, expanding (not external contracting) hydraulic brakes that public demand may force other cars to adopt—*in 1929.*

These things can be yours in March, 1928, in the New Flying Clouds, for the very simple reason that Reo blue prints become Reo automobiles many months sooner than do those of other reputable cars.

Step into the 1929 automobile—the New Flying Cloud—and try it out yourself.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · *Lansing, Michigan*

FLYING CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 101)

up the trail a half mile or so and watch for him there. I will be over behind that big yucca doing the same."

Again Carlos declined to walk ahead.

The yucca stood at the edge of the opening; there was a chance that a prowler might be seen against the sky by a sentinel seated there. After supper Carlos sulkily stretched out beside the packs and Felipe sat at his post, rifle at hand, his back against the yucca trunk.

The wind made soothing noises and each found comfort in the warmth of his blanket. Felipe was the first to fall asleep. He was awakened indefinitely later; by what, he did not know—possibly by nothing. The moon had not yet risen, but he could see the stars overhead, and by their light, the contours of brush and trees. The wind seemed to have gone down since evening—possibly the silence had caught his drowsy attention. He felt for his rifle, then lay back to continue his sleep.

But it was not silence he had noticed, but a noise somewhere, faint and indistinct, yet definite; he heard it as he sank back into his blanket. He listened; the sound was repeated in the jungle to his right. Something was stealing forward out there. Upon turning carefully toward it, he was able to make out a skulking figure among the bushes.

"Come out of that, you!" he commanded, whipping round his rifle.

There was no response, except that the figure softly drew back out of sight.

"I'll fire!"

Still no reply was made; only a tiny noise as of a covered movement oozing out from the darkness.

"I'll fire!" he repeated.

When again no one answered, he pointed the rifle blindly in the direction of the noise and pulled the trigger. The roar of the gun shattered the silence as if it had been glass. The shot was followed by a scream, and it by a deadened fall. By the time he heard the fall he was wide-awake.

Carlos, likewise awakened by the shot, kicked free from his blanket and stole across the open space. "Did you see something, partner?" he asked tremblingly.

Felipe replied, "I dropped something."

"And serves him right. Now we can take our time."

Felipe wiped his brow—the jungle smelled of gunpowder, but it had again become silent.

"We'll have to find out," he said at last.

The two men crept forward through the darkness as cautiously as if they were stalking a thing of life. After a while they came to that which they sought. Both saw it at once. On the ground beside a barrel cactus lay the body of their strongest mule.

When he saw that dismaying sight Felipe exploded like a shell; and because he had no one else, he directed his wrath upon his companion. It had been Carlos who led the mules to pasture.

"If you're trying to pick a fight," replied Carlos hotly, "I can hear you. I didn't put the mule there—it walked there. Who killed it anyhow? Me?"

"I asked you to watch for him ahead on the trail. I asked you before and you quit on me."

"You asked me to leave you behind with the packs and the mules. How do I know you would have stayed here until I came back?"

Breakfast next morning was a gloomy affair, partly because of what had been done and partly because of what had been said. A dense fog from the ocean added to the gloom. The fog saturated blankets and clothing; it dripped from every leaf and twig they brushed against. By eight o'clock it had lifted, but already the buzzards were gathering over the dead mule. Their presence in a desert is always depressing.

"They would have gathered just the same for a man," reflected Carlos dully.

"For me? Is that your meaning?"

"Not you. I am not blind."

Such imaginings were later displaced by sights not imagined, although for the moment forgotten. When they came to look over the ground surrounding the camp, as they did while their blankets were drying, they learned that Donovan had paid them another visit. Not only had he crept up behind the yucca trunk while Felipe slept, but he had remained near when the shot was fired, and later had inspected the slain mule.

That day's travails need not be recorded in much detail. The mule started out well, after being fed and watered, but by noon it was so exhausted it had to be unpacked. The sun's rays continued to beat down intolerably; the sand of the trail became fire hot, like ashes raked from a grate. Later, when they pushed on, they had lost so much time that they did not try to overtake anybody.

An incident of the late afternoon may be spoken of in this place. Their trail, which now lay nearer the mountains, had become stonier, from the washing across it of pebbles and detritus. One of the items of their pack was a flat canvas bag, closed with a flap and buckles, and independently suspended from the packsaddle by straps. Felipe suddenly began to load down this bag with pebbles and stones, adding a few at a time as their color or size caught his fancy.

"What are you doing with that bag?" asked Carlos.

"You know well enough."

"That mule is about loaded down, partner."

"A few pebbles won't hurt the mule any."

"I think different," said Carlos. "Don't forget that that's my bag you're playing with."

Felipe desisted, not very gracefully. The incident fell into the background shortly afterward; upon approaching the mouth of a granite-walled canyon of no great width, they came into sight of a *tinaja*, or pothole of rain water, in the bed rock forming its floor. The water proved to be the sweetest they had yet found, and they at once prepared to make camp.

"Gomez must have left there this morning," Carlos decided, from the fresh tracks.

Tonight the question of standing guard did not arise, although each laid his rifle within reach. Carlos believed that Donovan would keep on after Gomez. Felipe no longer had any stomach for sentry duty. Before turning in, Carlos emptied the canvas bag upon his blanket. Its contents remained unchanged, except for the additions—six gold coins on the bottom and, covering these, a quantity of gray pebbles and rounded stones, until the bag was two-thirds full.

"Did you think I had made way with them?" asked Felipe.

"No," replied Carlos, returning coins and rocks to the bag.

They went at once to sleep, yet might better have remained awake. In the morning they found no footprints, but their rifles had been taken.

The men met that insult differently. Carlos became sullen and moody, idly fingering his pistol for no apparent purpose. Felipe, on the other hand, sprang to his feet and began shouting challenges into the desert. He snatched out his pistol; he strode forward along the trail like a captain of his soul; he screamed objurgations and boasts, and when he had no reply, chattered to himself for rage. But the desert remained calm. The morning fog continued dripping from the leaves as if he had not spoken. The rocks behind him kept their seats.

The loss of the rifles threw salt into their plans, but the collapse of the mule affected them as gravely. The mule stood with its head down, its coat wet with fog, too listless even to hunt for forage. Further travel that day became impossible; whether they would or not, they must lie over.

Neither man spoke of the fact, but each perceived clearly that the pursuit of the Gomez party was ended. Donovan had won that race. If he had not already overtaken it, he soon would.

They therefore turned to their camp fire and prepared themselves breakfast. Felipe fed the mule from their own supply of corn. After breakfast they spread their blankets in the shade of a rock and stretched out to rest. They slept during most of the day. When they awakened they were feeling better.

They were feeling better, but not toward each other. Felipe had found a patch of sweeter forage at a little distance from the camp; after watering the mule, he stationed it there to browse. Later he filled the canteens, to be ready for an early start. He also laid out the packs. Carlos watched him gloomily without so much as asking whither they were bound. They prepared themselves a supper and ate it. Again they rolled themselves in their blankets without sitting up to keep watch.

"He thinks I am a fool," Carlos told himself resentfully, before going to sleep, "but I think I am wise."

That night Felipe listened for a long time to the labored breathing at his right. When he had made sure that Carlos slept, he delicately lifted aside the edges of his blanket; then, using infinite care, he softly crept from his bed. He had already removed his shoes. The night was black dark; the moon had not yet risen, and the fog had blotted out every star. He might have been blanket, or sand, or even the mist-laden air that wrapped itself about his shoulders, for all an observer could have told, had there been such present.

He stole without haste toward the little pile of supplies he had laid out for the morning, now and then pausing to listen, now and then extending his fingers gropingly to feel out his path. He could just as well have stood erect, so dense was the fog. Carlos continued his heavy breathing. Except for that sound of breathing, all was silence.

Suddenly he heard another sound, and almost exclaimed, so startlingly close seemed its source. A mouse had found their corn and he had sent it scurrying. But he steadied himself and continued his progress. His fingers at last touched a strap, then the packsaddle, then that which he sought.

That which he sought was the flat canvas bag, with its gold coins and their covering moraine of gray pebbles.

He withdrew as softly as he had stolen forward, and with as much patience; but because he had accomplished his end, or the first step toward it, and had in mind now the care needed for the next step to be taken, he forgot to listen for the heavy breathing. Perhaps he would not have listened for it anyhow. That which is largest is commonly smallest.

He continued his careful movements without making the slightest noise, now across bare rock, strangely wet to the touch, now across a patch of sand, now past a pair of huge bowlders that leaned together like drunken men, until he began to feel a little removed from sleeping ears. What he had to do was becoming easier. Soon he would be able to walk ahead openly, so far at least as fog and darkness permitted, without caring very much what tiny noises he made.

Suddenly another surprise scraped his nerves—this time not one arising from a frightened mouse. As he softly set down his left foot and as softly raised his right foot to edge past it, suddenly he found himself confronted by a man. He did not have to see the pistol in the invisible grasp—he felt the muzzle of it pressing against his stomach. The next moment he heard the voice of Carlos commanding him sharply to throw up his hands.

IV

WHEN Donovan returned to his mule he found that much had happened during his short absence. A man cannot go to the end of the road and expect the world to stand still.

"No, Josie," he said. "Not soap, please, or at least not on your teeth. It will make you foam at the mouth. Put it down, I tell you. That is better."

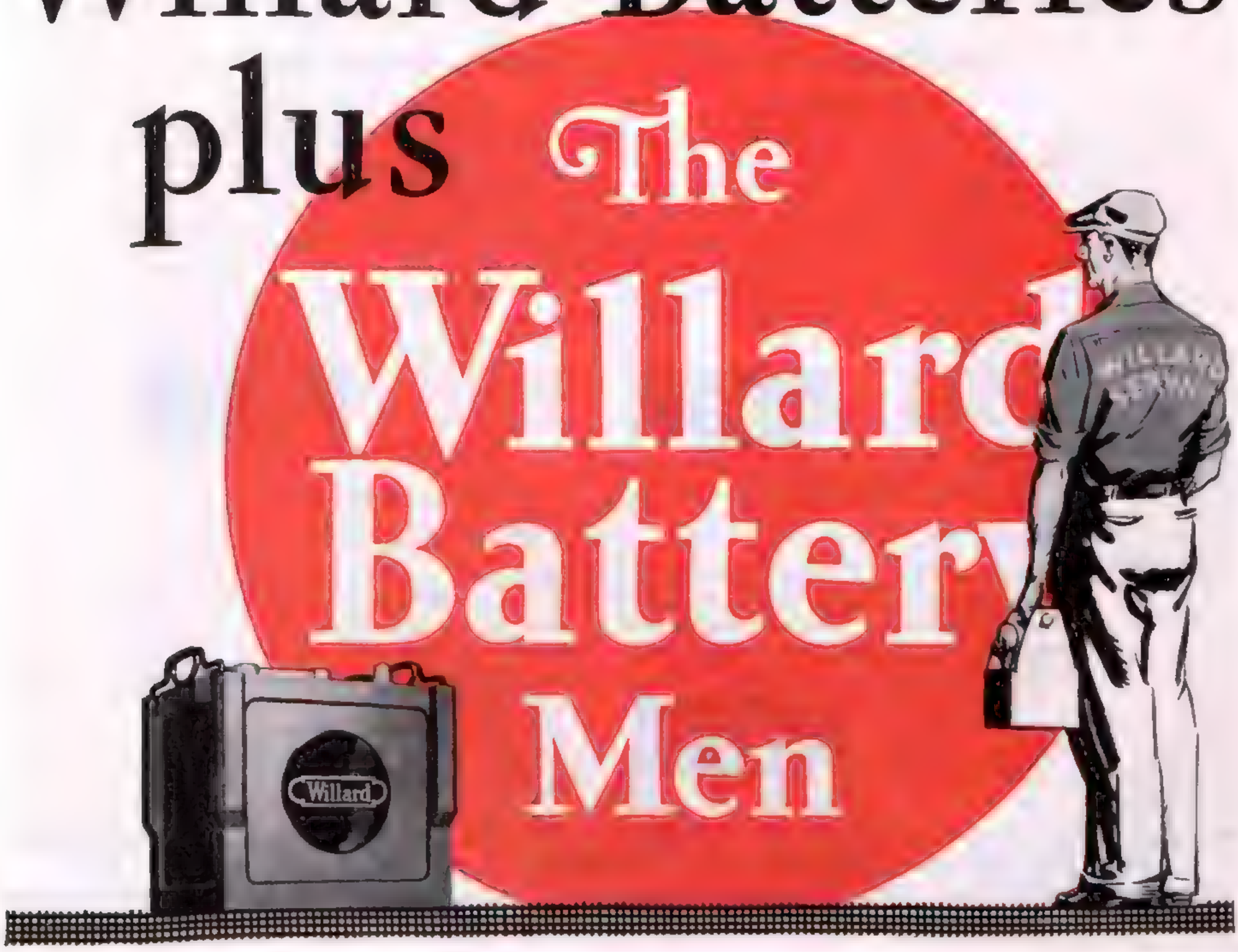
(Continued on Page 108)

Quality that pays · Service that saves

Higher standards for each raw material used. More rigid inspection for every building operation. Twenty-five years experience. It is *quality* that pays you to buy a Willard Battery.

To quality that pays, your local Willard Battery Man adds a service that saves. Depend on him to relieve you from battery care—to guard you against battery repair—to serve and to save.

Willard Batteries plus



A NEW DISCOVERY Improves Performance of YOUR CAR

YOUR automobile after it has run a few thousand miles begins, as you know, to lose power. There are many old, familiar reasons. But now comes *a new discovery* that discloses a hitherto unsuspected cause for power loss. In all high voltage circuits there exists an electrical condition known as corona. Because of this corona, together with heat, oil, and vibration, the spark plug cables are one of the first parts of your motor to begin to lose efficiency and decrease motor power. The air around the high tension wires (the spark plug cables) is broken down by corona and free ozone is released. The ozone attacks and disintegrates the cable insulation, microscopically cracks it, and makes it porous. The result is that electricity leaks out and *your motor does not get the full voltage to develop all the motor power.*

Loss of Electric Power and its Effect

Your motor demands a powerful hot spark delivered to each cylinder on the average of fifteen hundred times per minute! And firing, remember, at lightning speed under severe conditions of high compression. The low voltage from your battery is stepped up from 6 volts to as high as 12,000 to 18,000 volts. And your motor, to be efficient, must have *all* that voltage. If the high tension cables (spark plug wires) leak electricity, your motor loses power, you use more gasoline, and still get less results.

New Packard Lac-Kard Cable Delivers Full Power

The Packard Electric Company, pioneers in the electrical field even before the automobile industry was started, have developed, by patient research, high tension cable that resists the action of corona and released ozone. The special rubber compound insulation of Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable is sheathed in a special braiding and hermetically sealed by multiple coats of an exclusive Packard lacquer—the effect of corona and released ozone is completely prevented —*all* the current is delivered to the spark plugs.

No one thought of Replacing High Tension Cable

There are many reasons why a motor loses power, but the necessity for replacing spark plug cables was only recently discovered. Thousands of actual road tests confirmed by extensive laboratory tests proved that when old spark plug wires were replaced by Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable there was a definite improvement in motor performance.

Easily installed—Low Cost Paid for in Gasoline saved

No special tools, beyond a pocket-knife, are needed to install a new Packard Ignition Cable Set—a set for your car is packed with all fittings in a carton, and you or your garage man can install complete in about 20 minutes. Packard Ignition Cable Sets to fit any car from $2.00 to $4.75. You will soon save enough in gasoline alone to more than pay for your set. Ask for a Packard Ignition Cable Set in the purple and gold carton.

The Packard Electric Company, Warren, Ohio.

Packard — ONLY ON GOODS OF HONEST VALUE

FOUNDED IN 1890

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SPARK PLUG WIRES DO WEAR OUT

Does your motor get full voltage to develop full power?

You can't tell by looking at your high tension cables how much they have deteriorated. Usually spark plug cables fail completely before anyone thinks of replacing them. If your spark plug cables are old, they have lost efficiency. You can expect better motor performance, more power, less gasoline cost, cheaper operation when you replace with a new Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable Set.

Complete Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable Sets for any car $2.00 *to* $4.75

Your dealer or garage man carries eight different sets of Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable Sets and from this small assortment he can supply or install a Packard Ignition Set to fit your car—any make or model. The cable is cut to length, and all fittings are packed complete with full, simple instructions in the Packard Purple and Gold Carton.

Does your motor do this?

Is your motor hard to start; does it sputter when it idles; lack power at high speed; miss on the hills; fail to give full mileage for the gas you buy—if so, replace your spark plug cables first. Tell your garage man to install a Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable Set, or from your dealer buy a set in the Purple and Gold Carton and install it yourself—then drive your car with *full* electric voltage and *feel* the difference! The most vital and yet the cheapest improvement you can make for more motor power.

For all cars

Bulk or Carton

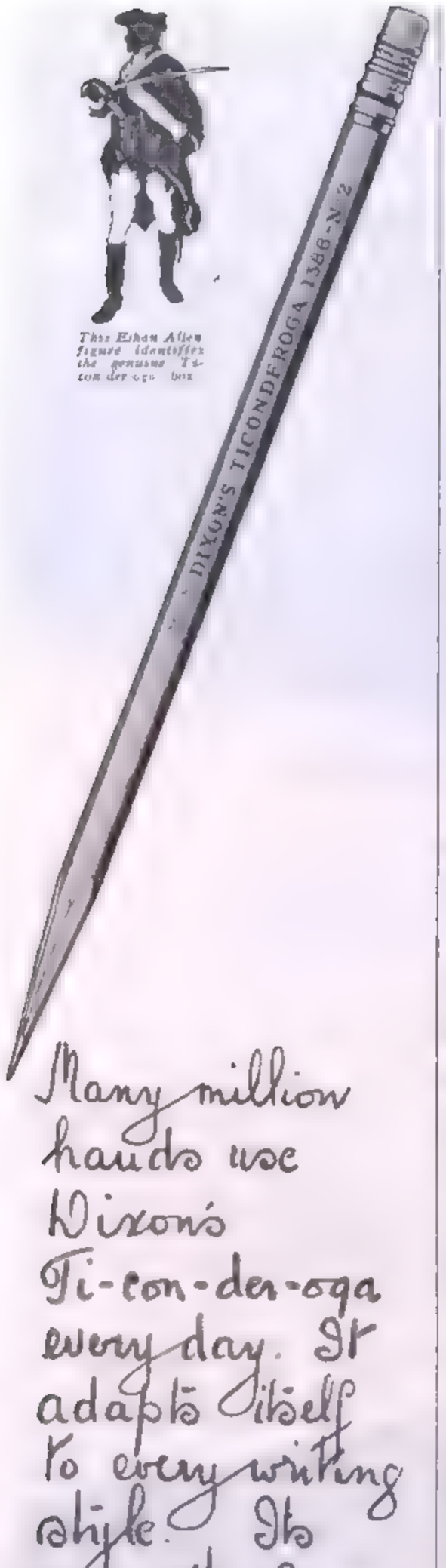
Packard Ignition Cable is sold from either the familiar spool merchandiser in your dealer's store or in the Purple and Gold Packard Carton

Packard

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TRADE MARK

Ask for the Packard Purple and Gold Carton—it contains complete Packard Lac-Kard Ignition Cable Sets—eight sets fit all makes and models of cars.

IGNITION CABLE SETS


This Ethan Allen figure identifies the genuine Ti-con-der-oga box
DIXON'S TICONDEROGA 1388-N 2
Many million hands use Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga every day. It adapts itself to every writing style. Its smooth, firm lead has made it America's favorite five-cent pencil.
DIXON
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five-cent pencil
Made in the U. S. A. by
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, New Jersey

(Continued from Page 104)

The mule backed away and began ostentatiously nibbling at the bark of a copal tree

"You will not eat it, Josie. I am not deceived. When you are through you might look at this emerald, since it is what I dragged you here to see."

He laid on his palm a stone so nearly like his Guaymas emerald the two were almost interchangeable; then, placing the earlier emerald beside it, he began comparing them. The sun was sinking behind a bank of lavender mountains somewhere beyond the desert slope. The emeralds took the soft light into their hearts as if they had lived in it always.

"Are they not beautiful? Pedro Mores told me the truth about the Guadalajara man; now we have two emeralds instead of only the one."

He had just returned from talking with this Guadalajara man about Pedro Mores and the emeralds. The man was known by the Gomez party as Andres Javier; he bore a good reputation and had not been out of sight of the party for days before sailing from Guaymas. The emeralds, he said, had been sold to him by a stranger not long before they left. He had paid a dollar for them—all he could spare. The stranger had needed the money.

"Then I dropped a ring out of my pocket and I offered this sailor one of the stones to dive for it. The name of this stranger? He did not give it, señor, but I would know his face if I saw it again."

"In that case," Donovan had replied impressively, "if you meet him you had better see him first."

"Why, señor?"

"Your evidence would hang him. The emeralds were stolen. Do you know what sometimes happens to dangerous witnesses?"

"Is that the way of it? Then, señor, I will see him first."

Donovan looked at the two emeralds until he felt he would know them apart; then he returned them to his pocket. Toward the west sloped the desert forest, already in shadow; soon darkness would lie upon its strange life. Behind him rose barren mountains. To the north lay the *tinaja* before which Felipe and Carlos were resting, to the south the Gomez camp.

"No, Josie," he said. "That is not Spanish moss you have found. That is orchilla. It will dye your lips, and perhaps the insides of you as well. I'd let it hang until next year. We're having company in the morning and I want you to look your best." The mule glanced at him incredulously. "The Gomez party. You would not understand."

He led the beast into the jungle, to a point behind three cactuses, and looked again at its hobbles.

"If I were you I'd try and get some sleep."

Josie pretended to be frightened at a kangaroo rat, but did not forget the cactuses. He himself lay down beside his pack, wrapped in his grateful blanket. He did not awaken until near daybreak. Gomez arrived not long after.

Donovan softly seated himself upon his rock, his clothes dripping with water, to await the rising of the sun. He could not see much beyond his hand, because of the dense fog. Nevertheless he knew precisely where he was. Below him, at a distance hardly the width of his room in the Guaymas hotel, lay the camp of Felipe Gonzales. He could not see Felipe, but on the other hand, Felipe could not see him.

"Just sit still," he heard, after a long wait. The voice was not that of Felipe, but of Carlos, and showed strain.

"Don't take me into the jungle, partner. You know you need my help. What could you do with emeralds?"

"This time I caught you in the act."

"I didn't take the rifles," protested Felipe.

"No, nor the bag neither."

"About that bag, now. All that meant, I was going to hide it where Donovan wouldn't find it. I woke up nervous about it."

"You've talked enough!" snapped Carlos.

The light became brighter; sunlight streamed into the canyon from behind an elbow of rock; that which was dawn became day. Instantly the fog began to melt away like snow under rain, for it lay in no very deep blanket upon them. That which was unseen quickly grew perceptible; that which was obscure, sharply clear.

The first human figure to stand out from the fog was not, however, that of one of the speakers below; it was the seated figure of Andres Javier, to his right, perched, like himself, upon a rock, a rifle across his knees. The appearance of this watchful man was followed by that of Gomez, perched upon a rock at his left. A third member of the Gomez party had taken a position beyond Andres; he became visible later.

The curtain continued to rise, and in a minute or two those below—Carlos and Felipe—whose voices had been heard in the prologue, likewise became revealed in the flesh. Although they sat facing their audience from the center of the stage, because of their difference in level they did not at once discover its presence.

Donovan waited for them to go on talking, but before anything further was said, Carlos caught sight of him. The man sat open-mouthed, too stunned either for speech or for action.

"Drop the pistol, Carlos Nogales!" Donovan commanded sharply.

"What do you want of me, señor?"

"Drop the pistol, I say—drop it. . . . The emeralds you have with you in that canvas bag."

It was Felipe who now became the spokesman. As the pistol fell clattering among the rocks, the cousin to primates resumed the command of his own. Donovan was forced to admire the alert skill with which he changed from prisoner to captain. He began laughing, not too violently, like a man overtaken by amusement. Then, springing to his feet, he bowed.

"Our little ruse has succeeded, I see. At last we have the pleasure!"

"You are not a cat, playing with a mouse you have caught. Stand where you are, both of you."

"But, señor! You have spoken of emeralds! We have no emeralds! You have spoken of a canvas bag. There it lies at my feet. You are free to examine it. You will find no emeralds in it, but only our small store of gold, protected against thieves by being thrust under our prospectors' rubble."

"I wish it was emeralds we had in it," said Carlos.

"Let me handle this, partner," said Felipe quickly.

"I'm not hindering you, am I?"

Donovan turned to Andres, at his right. "Is that the man?"

"He is the man."

"Watch them, will you, you two, while Señor Gomez and I round up this outfit."

A moment later he and Gomez had clambered down upon the stage. Crossing to the fallen pistol, he thrust it into his pocket. By searching Carlos he found a second pistol, taken by him from Felipe. He followed this discovery by an extraordinary act that took both men by surprise and even caused Gomez to gasp. As he stood behind them, feeling of their pockets for weapons, and before so much as looking inside the canvas bag, suddenly he clapped handcuffs upon them.

"You are my prisoners," he said.

Felipe again retained his complete self-possession. "On what charge, señor? Following in your footsteps? We have no emeralds, and never have had, except two my partner bought from a man in Sonora and then sold again for the same price, not knowing their value. There is the bag. Search it. Search us. When you are through I shall demand an apology."

"Hadn't you better first find your evidence?" asked Gomez mildly.

"If you will empty out the bag on that blanket I think I can show you the evidence."

"It's no affair of mine," demurred the other.

"Then I will do so."

Donovan lifted the bag with much of the reverence he had accorded his emeralds, setting it down as if it contained the wealth of a kingdom, and gently loosening each buckle as a mother might loosen a garment from a sick child. Then he as gently poured out its contents into the sunlight.

"Emeralds, señor?" asked Felipe.

For the contents were as he had described them, a half dozen gold coins thrust under a quart or two of pebbly rubble.

"No emeralds there," said Gomez.

Selecting one of the smaller of the gray stones, Donovan tendered it; then when Gomez remained politely incredulous, he asked "What is it if it isn't an emerald?"

"A bit of a pebble."

"What kind?"

The prospector examined the pebble more carefully. "I don't know. It looks like artificial stone, shaped up out of cement. I'll break it open."

"If it's cement, muriatic acid will cut it. I asked you to bring along your flask."

"I have it," said Gomez.

"And here's an empty *tequila* bottle we can use by knocking off the top."

The bottle had belonged to Felipe. Striking off the upper part, he laid the pebble inside and poured acid over it. Instantly a gentle bubbling and fuming resulted. The acid became cloudy, then turgid. When the action had progressed far enough he drained off the liquid and rinsed the pebble with water. Then, cleaning away the softened cement, he handed the stone to Gomez. What had been a pebble was now an emerald of unquestioned beauty.

"That is the proof. They dipped their emeralds in thin Portland cement until they looked like pebbles. The acid attacked the cement. I hereby take possession of these stones in your presence on behalf of the owners."

Later, when Donovan and Andres Javier, whom Gomez had agreed to lend, were packing for the long journey out, the prospector begged leave to ask a question.

"How did you know these men had the emeralds—I mean in the first place?"

"I didn't at first; all I had was what we Americans call a hunch. I like to think the lost emerald in my pocket had something to do with that. It may have tingled in the presence of its fellows. Felipe's actions helped when I told him about Andres. That reward story sounded pretty thin; he had let Luis go off on a clew, but wouldn't let me." He turned to his mule: "No, Josie, the girth is not in the least too tight, the way they are worn this year. We take ship this time from a town. It's farther, but not so dull. . . . Then came the schooner," he went on. "I thought Felipe opened his packs too freely. Why should he have shown everybody how he was hiding his gold? And why should he have hidden it at all—two heavily armed men in pursuit of an outlaw? Those few coins? When I paraded my emerald about Guaymas I did it for a purpose. I assumed that these two were doing the same. Their actions along the trail fitted in. It wasn't any one thing taken alone, but everything."

"That's sense," said Gomez. "Did Felipe steal the emeralds?"

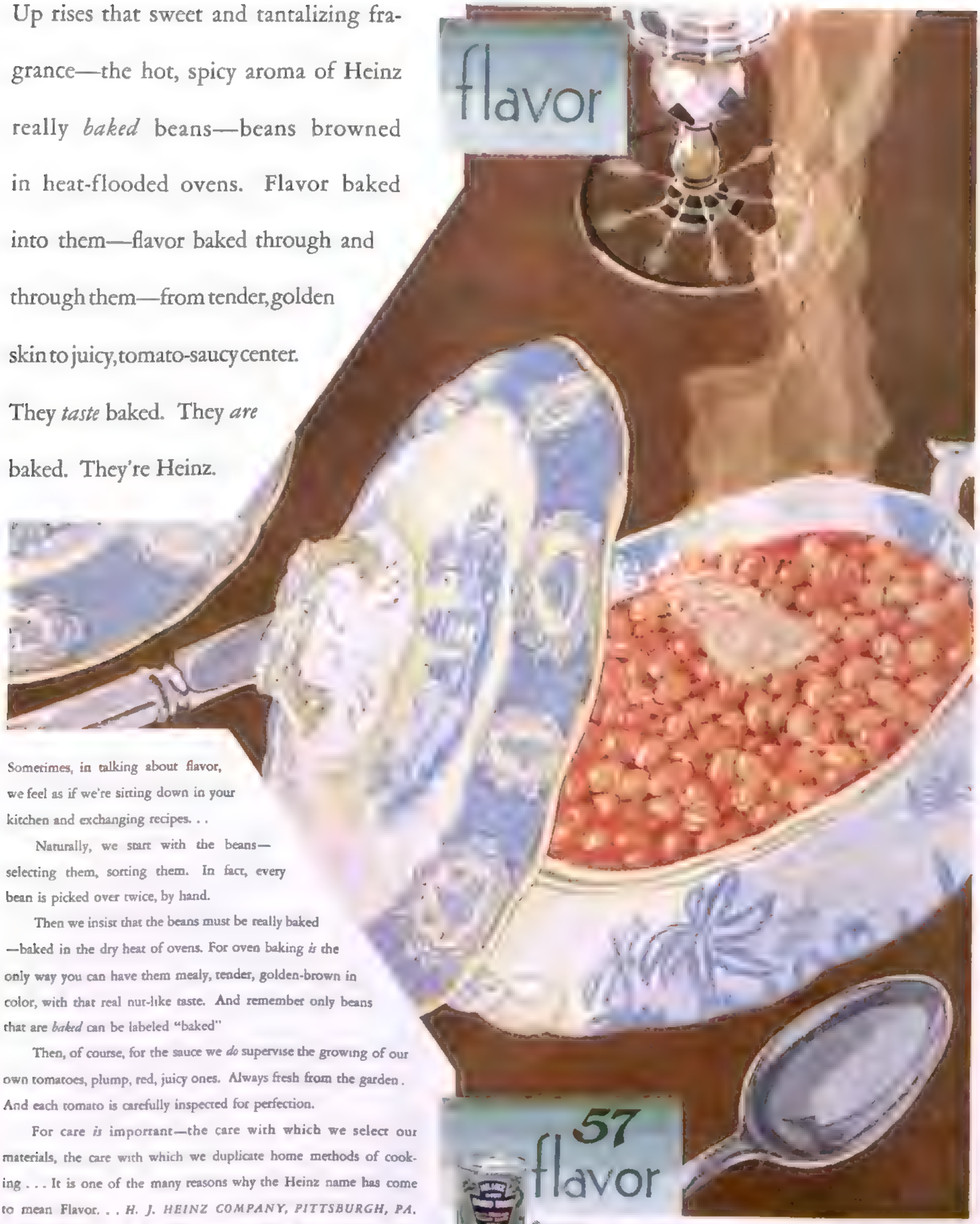
"Carlos, I think. He didn't know their value, and reached Guaymas needing money. That is why he approached Andres. Later he may have approached Felipe. Felipe saw a chance to make a fortune for himself by managing the enterprise, not knowing of the Andres matter. The rest followed."

"I have still one further question: How did you guess they had dipped the stones in Portland cement?"

"Two added to two makes four. After I had seen those odd pebbles on the Sant' Susanna, I remembered that somebody had used cement to mend a hole in a kettle, back in that house in Guaymas."

Up rises that sweet and tantalizing fragrance—the hot, spicy aroma of Heinz really *baked* beans—beans browned in heat-flooded ovens. Flavor baked into them—flavor baked through and through them—from tender, golden skin to juicy, tomato-saucy center.

They *taste* baked. They *are* baked. They're Heinz.



Sometimes, in talking about flavor, we feel as if we're sitting down in your kitchen and exchanging recipes. . .

Naturally, we start with the beans—selecting them, sorting them. In fact, every bean is picked over twice, by hand.

Then we insist that the beans must be really baked—baked in the dry heat of ovens. For oven baking *is* the only way you can have them mealy, tender, golden-brown in color, with that real nut-like taste. And remember only beans that are *baked* can be labeled "baked"

Then, of course, for the sauce we *do* supervise the growing of our own tomatoes, plump, red, juicy ones. Always fresh from the garden. And each tomato is carefully inspected for perfection.

For care *is* important—the care with which we select our materials, the care with which we duplicate home methods of cooking . . . It is one of the many reasons why the Heinz name has come to mean Flavor. . . *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

LARKIN ROCKS THE BOAT

(Continued from Page 13)

Seated in an enormous upholstered chair, in the somewhat faded and dingy drawing-room of his suite, Forrest Weaver conferred with one of his three chief lieutenants These men always held appointive offices, usually under the state government. Sometimes they were labeled inspectors, at other times accountants, chief clerks or assistants. Whatever offices they held, however, the duties incident thereto were performed by others—frequently their stenographers—for these men were always busy with more important matters—namely, the political interests of Forrest Weaver.

"Goforth," said Weaver, addressing the well-fed, pleasantly ruddy, boyish-eyed man on the other side of the little center table, "you are to manage Horace Abbey's campaign."

"What?" yelled Goforth. "Are we interested in that catfish-mouthed, leather-lunged, general-store-town peanut lawyer?" And Goforth laughed heartily, but Weaver laughed not at all.

"We are," he solemnly affirmed.

"Why, chief, if we're going to throw Larkin over, let's tie up with Sturgeon. There's a bozo that has some sense."

"He has too much sense, Goforth."

"All right, chief, I guess that can happen too. . . . What's the big idea?"

"That's what I want to tell you, Goforth. This fellow Abbey is all that you suspect. In fact, he seems to be a striking example of a new kind of psychological disorder that is becoming epidemic in this country. To be specific, he would either run for governor or throw rocks at his grandma if he could get his name on the front pages of the newspapers. He is a publicity fiend. And, Goforth, it appears to me that such addicts become more hopelessly enmeshed in their dope than drug fiends. Moreover, they lose their moral sense; they don't seem to be able to differentiate between praise and excoriation. A triumphal procession and a march to the gallows are all the same to them just so there are plenty of photographers present. Now that's your man, and we needn't be under any misapprehensions about him. There is another fellow I want to tell you about, because he'll play a big part in Abbey's campaign; his name is Walter Campbell."

"Do you mean the fellow that tears out his hair and bawls around about the poor unhappy convicts?"

"That's the one, Goforth."

"What do you want me to do—chloroform him?"

"Well, in a way; but it takes the form of coöperating with him in this great campaign, Goforth."

"It's beginning to seep through my bean, chief, that my man isn't scheduled to win."

"That's right—absolutely right," Weaver drawled with just the slightest trace of a smile. "Your horse should come in about third."

"How on earth, chief, did you ever get that lunatic Abbey and that professional tear spouter Campbell mixed up together?"

"Why, Goforth, those two are natural affinities. I don't see how you can ask such a question when the men obviously are soul mates. But let me proceed with your instructions. Both Abbey and Campbell were delighted to have my encouragement and advice, so their campaign is launched under my auspices, as they understand it: you are being furnished to them by me as campaign manager. In other words they are as happy as two amateurs in the Garden of Eden.

"Of course, you will not be able to manage anything, because neither of them would take a thimbleful of advice from Solomon himself. Campbell begins with a list of names of important persons all over the state, members of his organization for cheering up and encouraging convicts; I never saw such a list before in my life, but there it is and he'll use it. The principal part of your job will be to hire lots of office help and dress the show window so that those fellows will think they are putting on a campaign. That's about all, Goforth. You ought to have a very nice time."

Goforth grinned. "All right, chief," he said. "When do I report for these strenuous duties?"

"Just as soon as you can—preferably tomorrow. And don't forget that the convicts have been outraged, beaten, starved, frozen and murdered by none other than Governor Dave Larkin in person. Make them lay it on heavy."

"All right, chief. . . . Anything else?"

"Yes. Carlton Hudson ought to be in the next room. Send him in."

IV

CARLTON HUDSON, who ranked first among Weaver's three chief lieutenants, excused himself from the bridge game in progress in the adjoining room and entered.

Weaver motioned for him to be seated and then spread out on the center table a map of the state on which only county lines were shown. He knew the names of all of the counties, also their voting strength, so this simple map adequately served his needs and, moreover, left plenty of white space for notations. It was his custom to carry with him a sheaf of these maps.

"There are now six candidates for lieutenant governor," he informed Carlton, meanwhile drawing heavy black lines around the counties of their residence.

"Yeah," Carlton remarked, "quite a flock of 'em."

"Not enough, though," Weaver added.

"No? Why not, chief?"

"We need about three more. I've got one lined up—Smith, the speaker of the house, is going to announce tomorrow."

"Well, he's a good man, chief."

"Yes, Carlton, he's going to be the next lieutenant governor."

"That suits me."

"Carlton, I want you to study this map." Carlton drew his chair up to the table. "I want you to take about ten more of these maps." And Weaver presented the additional ones. "Your business from now until the primaries is to keep these various circles equalized. I want all of the candidates for lieutenant governor to come under the wire with just about the same total vote. In order to do that you may have to stir up another candidate or two from time to time. That's your job, but of course I'll help when you call on me. This three-cornered fight for governor is going to be a mud-slinging, slap-dash, whoop-and-holler affair. That'll drown out the embryo lieutenant governors, to begin with, so none of them is going to get a state-wide vote. They'll have their own little local support and that's about all; you can easily keep that equalized by stirring up a few more candidates. With seven in the field, it's a cinch to get more, because it becomes a favorite-son proposition. Is that clear?"

"Well, chief, don't you want Smith to come in with an advantage?"

"Not necessarily. Just keep them about equal."

"Is that all?"

"That's all. But it's plenty, Carlton, and it's important. Don't miss any tricks."

Carlton grinned. And anyone who ever saw Carlton grin knew without further testimony that he missed very few tricks.

V

JIMMY FURLONG, staff correspondent of the News, sat at his little typewriter desk in the state capitol, smoking a cigarette, when Tommy Blake appeared.

"Statement from the governor," Tommy announced, and offered the typed sheet of paper. Jimmy read:

Ten days from today the sovereign voters of this great state will determine whether or not I shall again serve them as governor. I have been bitterly and cruelly attacked by my two opponents at a time when the pressure of official business made it impossible for me to answer from the platform, but the time has now come for me to lay my cause before the plain people, who, I am proud to recall, have never failed to express their confidence in me at the polls.

My opponent, James Henry Sturgeon, charges that the tax rate is unnecessarily high, inviting waste of the public funds. My answer is that the surplus in the state's treasury is now dedicated to the erection of a bridge which the people of this state have sorely needed for many years. Far from a needless surplus awaiting extravagance and waste, what we actually face is the solemn duty to complete that great work, now so auspiciously begun.

My other opponent, Horace Abbey, charges that there has been gross inhumanity in the treatment of the state's convicts. This charge when first uttered astounded me, but he seemed to have facts and I welcomed them. I immediately urged the speaker of the house and the presiding officer of the senate to conduct an investigation, which duty they have performed. I learned that four convicts have been cruelly and unjustly flogged. Their pardons will bear the same date as this statement and the guards responsible are dishonorably discharged.

If Mr. Abbey had brought his facts to my attention instead of making a political issue of them, I could have acted even more promptly. However, I wish to call attention to the great discrepancy between his charges and the report of the investigators. He has been guilty of gross exaggeration. Never was the penitentiary system better managed or equally free of abuses. The candidacies of both my opponents thus collapse for want of truth, and I ask the sovereign voters to return their faithful servant to office in order that he may complete his tasks.

"That's pretty good," Jimmy remarked to no one. "Yes, sir, pretty good. Weaver always was adroit at framing this sort of thing. No wonder Larkin lets him use the private entrance." Then Jimmy snatched a sheet of paper, rolled it into his machine, and wrote:

Confidential for Managing Editor: The election is in the bag. Goforth's management of Abbey's campaign is a burlesque. The county managers are a lot of Sunday-school superintendents without political experience. None of the Weaver organization is being used; Larkin has the same organization that put him in. Sturgeon's campaign will blow up like a toy balloon as a result of the governor's statement, which is incorporated in my signed story today. He had only one issue—the tax rate and the surplus. Now that's gone.

Weaver wrote the governor's statement. I recognize his style. He's been supporting Larkin all the time. I have underground reports that he has been negotiating secretly with railroad and interurban interests to get additional funds for Larkin's bridge project. They want to use it and they are presumably willing to pay. These reports are to some extent supported by the amazing progress being made on that work. Money is being poured out at a rate that clearly indicates expectation of reënforcements for the state's measly little two-million war chest. I suggest we drop the neutrality as between Larkin and Sturgeon and get right, because our people want that bridge and it is going to be a humdinger.

The News dropped its neutrality. So did four other influential dailies.

VI

CONVENTION HALL was gaudy with flags and bunting. Hotel lobbies presented weird pictures of scores of men who looked amazingly alike as they wandered aimlessly round and round through a barely penetrable haze of greenish tobacco smoke that seemed to muffle their voices as it blurred their features. Across Main Street a cable had been strung from one building to another and from it was suspended an enormous canvas on which a sign painter had done his best to present a likeness of the victorious Governor Dave Larkin in vivid reds, blues and greens. Two blocks away Forrest Weaver sat in the private office of his headquarters, a suite of four rooms in the convention city's principal hotel. His numerous lieutenants loitered about the three other rooms, entertaining callers, all of whom were eager to see Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls. Most of them failed.

Goforth had been sent to find and bring in Robert Townsend Smith, candidate for lieutenant governor. Presently he returned and ushered in the visitor. Weaver shook hands with him, offered a chair, resumed his own seat and then stared at Smith as though uncertain what to say. Smith was nervous. Nor was he placed at ease by his host's opening remark.

"Would you like to be governor of this state?" Weaver asked.

"It is an honor no man could ref——" Smith began, but his chin trembled.

"I think you're the right man," Weaver added. "However, there is one question that must be settled first. If you were elected lieutenant governor and succeeded Dave Larkin in office, would you carry out his bridge project to the letter just as he has planned it?"

"Mr. Weaver, isn't it improper for me to make such a pledge?"

"I'm not asking you to make a pledge to me. That, of course, would be improper. I'm asking you if you would dedicate your efforts to the completion of the bridge as Larkin has planned the thing because it seems right to you. Dave Larkin and I have been friends for fifteen years. He is the greatest public servant this state has produced and that bridge is to be his culminating achievement and his monument. When men confront real greatness politics must be forgotten and patriotism must rule. If you are for the bridge unreservedly and in that spirit, then I'm for you. That's the question, Smith."

"Well, Mr. Weaver, I'm for the bridge in exactly that spirit, but how are you going to make me lieutenant governor? There are eleven of us in the race and we've each got approximately the same vote. Not only that but the total vote for lieutenant governor falls nearly 25 per cent below the total vote for governor. This is the most mixed-up situation I ever saw. I wouldn't bet on myself or anyone else."

"I like mixed-up situations, Smith. They're my meat. You do what I tell you and you'll be lieutenant governor."

"And what will you tell me?"

Weaver answered by presenting the typed copy of a resolution to be offered to the convention. It stated in a few lines that no one of the candidates for lieutenant governor could properly regard himself as clearly the choice of the voters; therefore Robert Townsend Smith would urge that the popular vote be disregarded, all delegates released and the choice left to the convention, unhampered by any preceding events.

"I think they'd all be for it," Smith said, "since I have a margin of 1237 votes; but do you think that resolution will elect me?"

"Beyond any doubt," Weaver answered. "Just ask the chairman of your county delegation to present it on your behalf and the job is done."

"All right, Mr. Weaver, I'll do that. It's a reasonable proposition anyway. I'm willing to take my chances with the rest of the candidates."

"Good! As soon as it's presented report to Goforth and stay where he puts you until the convention summons you to accept the nomination."

"You're certainly sanguine, Mr. Weaver."

"Yes, Smith, I know my business. This isn't my first convention."

"Well, I'm on my way."

"Yes, that's right."

VII

AS SOON as the door had closed Weaver summoned Goforth. "Have you got those extra delegates' badges here?" he asked.

"Yep, chief, they're right here."

"Is the gang ready?"

"Absolutely."

"All right, now listen carefully. You've got thirty men equipped with faked delegates' badges so they can edge into any group of delegates on an equal footing. They are to be all over the place every

(Continued on Page 115)

For over a quarter-century, F. A. Seiberling has been an acknowledged leader of the tire industry.

Practically every major improvement in tire manufacturing—in tire construction—bears the imprint of his inventive genius, or has been developed under his direction and leadership.

As President of the Lincoln Highway Association, his pioneering spirit rejoiced in the task of bringing toward fulfillment the first vision of a great national highway.

Today he is cooperating in what promises to be the greatest road-building achievement of all time; the planning of a high-road which will bind a hemisphere together into one social and commercial unit.

The Symbol of a New Responsibility

An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling

ONLY in the unchanging East do the ancient customs of buying and selling still persist. To bargain, haggle, deceive—to get the most and give the least—this was the seller's privilege.

And he would have been amazed at any suggestion of responsibility beyond the actual moment of sale.

"Caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware!

But a new sign hangs in the modern market place—"Let the Seller Beware!"

For only upon your satisfaction, upon repeated purchase, upon continued patronage, can a manufacturer today grow and prosper.

Here is a tag which is the symbol of industry's new responsibility.

Attached to every Seiberling All-Tread, it binds the dealer who sells you that tire—or any other Seiberling dealer, to protect you against further expense from tire injury for one full year.

A simple agreement, yet could any lengthy document as truly reflect a manufacturer's concern with the successful performance of his product—more truly reflect the confidence of a maker in his wares?

A tag—a simple thing of paper, ink and string—but a symbol of industry's new responsibility.

F. A. Seiberling

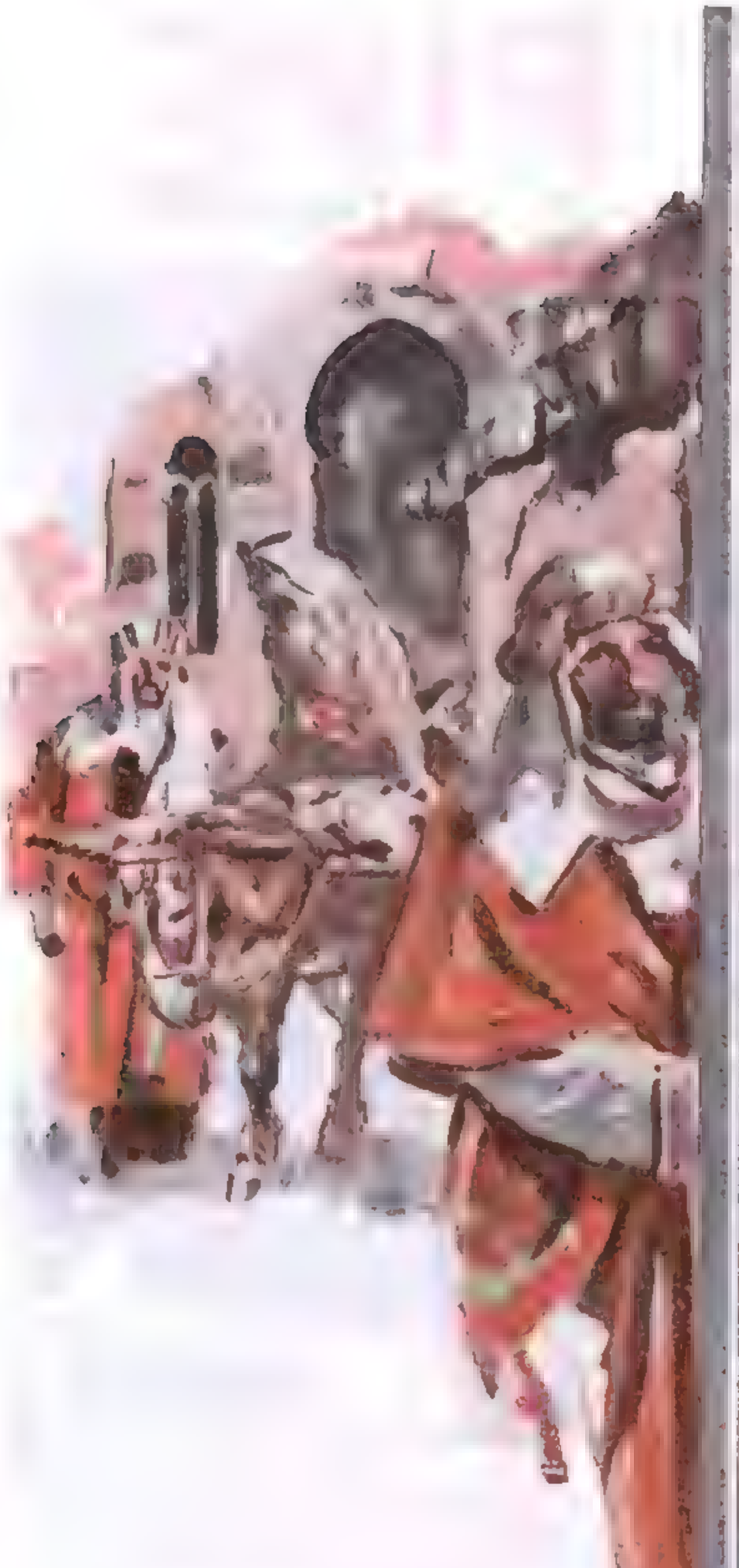
IN colorful bazars of the East, making and buying and selling are done in the ancient manner. Craftsmanship which delights and tempts the buyer—

Craft which beguiles into buying—

But whether the wares one buys are worthy or worthless is the responsibility of the buyer alone.

Let the reader think for a moment whether he would like to make his purchases on the old basis. Shoes, clothes, typewriters, automobiles—

Or tires.



For One Year, Complete Protection *against all road hazards on every* SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD TIRE

Thus Seiberling assumes a responsibility which only absolute confidence in the quality of its product would justify:

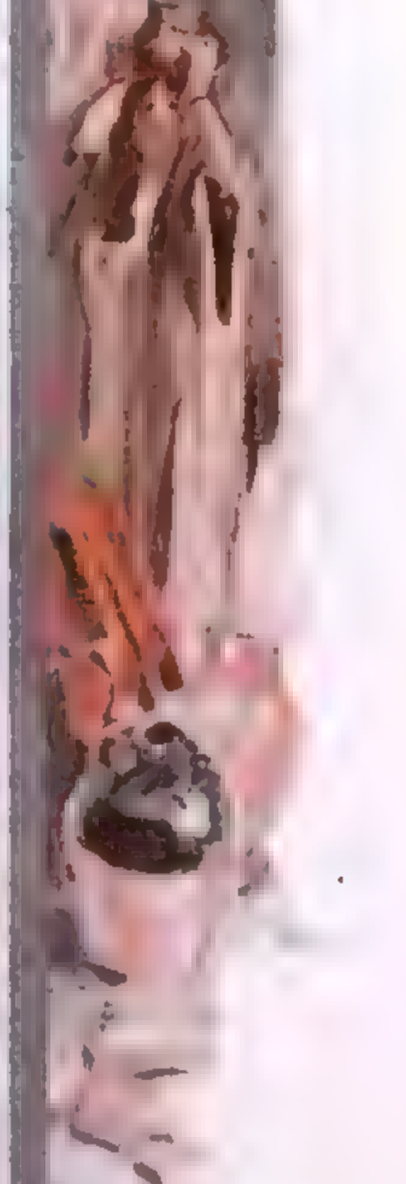
FOR ONE YEAR FROM DATE OF PURCHASE, THE BUYER OF A SEIBERLING ALL-TREAD TIRE IS PROTECTED AGAINST FURTHER EXPENSE RESULTING FROM INJURY OF ANY KIND.

These tires are manufactured under the direction of F. A. Seiberling, maker of over 50,000,000 tires—who introduced the one-piece tread with side-wall construction, and who now announces this revolutionary step.

And today Seiberling All-Treads contain twenty per cent more rubber, twenty-five per cent stronger cotton—more actual tire than ever before.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS



A spice of the East in next Tuesday's RADIO PROGRAM

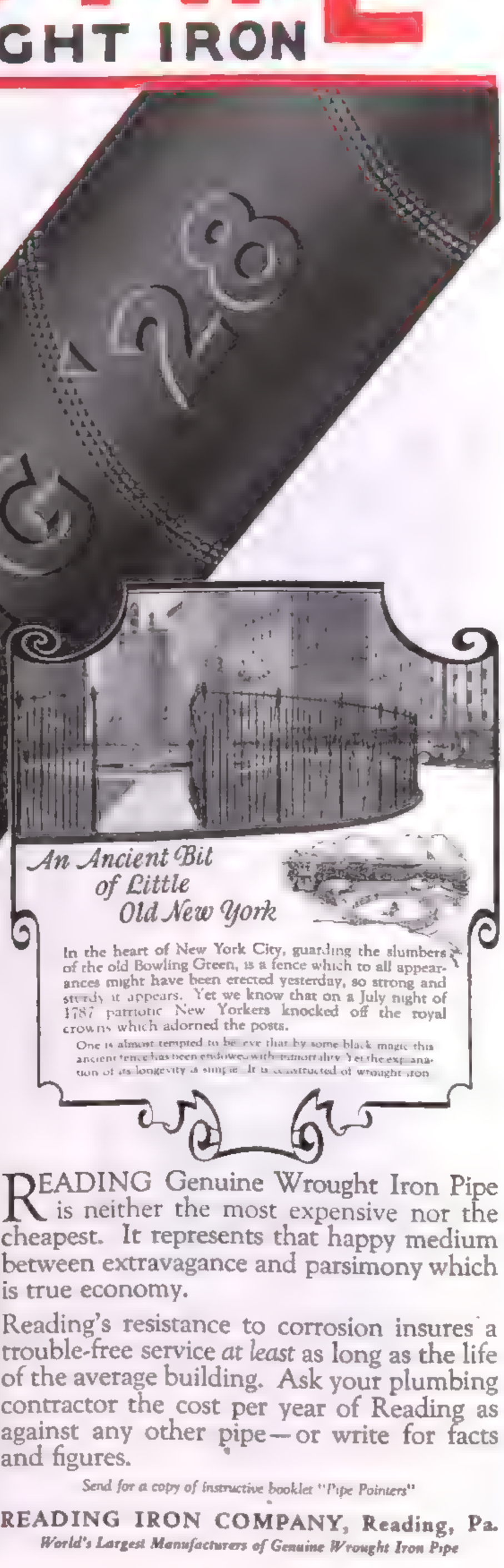
Some of our finest music is inspired by the mysterious East—is built on vagrant melodies half heard through intricately carved lattices—on the few simple notes of a reed flute played to a desert flock—on the throbbing rhythm of tom-toms beaten for a strange, exotic dance.

The Seiberling Singers have flavored their next program with a spice of the East. From WEAF and 26 other leading stations of the Red Chain, every Tuesday evening at eight (Eastern Standard Time).

Tune in—you'll enjoy it.

READING PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON



An Ancient Bit of Little Old New York

In the heart of New York City, guarding the slumbers of the old Bowling Green, is a fence which to all appearances might have been erected yesterday, so strong and sturdy it appears. Yet we know that on a July night of 1787 patriotic New Yorkers knocked off the royal crowns which adorned the posts.

One is almost tempted to believe that by some black magic this ancient fence has been endowed with immortality. Yet the explanation of its longevity is simple. It is constructed of wrought iron

Reading's Identification

For identification we have kept our spike rods made from every weight of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. Neither paint nor rust can close the permanent identification mark which protects you against error or substitution.

READING Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe is neither the most expensive nor the cheapest. It represents that happy medium between extravagance and parsimony which is true economy.

Reading's resistance to corrosion insures a trouble-free service *at least* as long as the life of the average building. Ask your plumbing contractor the cost per year of Reading as against any other pipe—or write for facts and figures.

Send for a copy of instructive booklet "Pipe Pointers"

READING IRON COMPANY, Reading, Pa.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe

(Continued from Page 110)

hotel lobby, as well as the floor of the convention. They are to say: 'I'm supporting Tom, Dick or Harry—whichever one seems to be in favor with the persons they are addressing—'but Robert Townsend Smith, of Abbott County, has got it sewed up.' That's all. If questions are asked they're just to look wise, wink—anything, and then beat it for the next group. Is that clear?"

"Clear as a bell, chief."

"All right then, go ahead. Send Carlton in."

Carlton entered, carrying an enormous sheet of paper on which all the counties in the state were listed in alphabetical order. This was the sheet which would be used by officers of the convention for calling the roll and recording the votes of the delegates.

"What's the situation?" Weaver asked.

"Abbott County is all right," Carlton answered. "Andrew County is all right. Atkinson County is O. K. Barker County, O. K."

"What about Baker County?"

"Can't get 'em."

"That's tough, Carlton. We'll have to fix that right away. You tell Caldwell, when he reads that roll call, to put Barker ahead of Baker. You see, the essence of this plan is to put Smith over simply on his alphabetical advantage. He comes from Abbott County; he's got Andrew and Atkinson; that's the first three. Now Barker has got to come next. What about Bayless County?"

"We got that."

"All right then, tell Caldwell to read Bayless ahead of Baker also. Do you see the idea? Did you get Washington County?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's too far down the list to do any good, so tell their chairman to rise and shout 'Move we make it unanimous' just as soon as Bayless County votes. Then the gang will cut loose with a demonstration and start marching. Have you got the placards and banners ready for them?"

"All ready, chief."

"The convention will vote about six o'clock, I guess, eh?"

"About six."

"That's fine; they'll be hungry and they'll want to get away. This ought to be a cinch."

"I've bet ten to fifty on Smith," Carlton remarked.

"That's a good idea. Tell all the boys to bet a few dollars. They needn't bet ten. Two, three or five—that's enough."

VIII

"ABBOTT COUNTY!" bawled the reading clerk of the convention.

"Abbott County casts her six votes for Robert Townsend Smith," was the response.

"Andrew County!"

"Five votes for Robert Townsend Smith."

"Atkinson County!"

"Five votes for Robert Townsend Smith."

"Barker County!"

"Seven votes for Robert Townsend Smith!"

Somewhere in the rear an apoplectic little man stood on a chair and squeaked that Baker County had been overlooked, but the reading clerk's mighty voice drowned his protest.

"Bayless County!"

"Bayless County casts her eight votes for that sterling patriot Robert Townsend Smith."

"Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! Washington County moves to make it unanimous!"

Then pandemonium broke loose. Men were howling and marching with placards uplifted. Pictures of Robert Townsend Smith appeared everywhere. Goforth slipped out of the throng and hurried to a wash room.

"All right, Smith," he said. "Ready! Forward to the platform!" Smith dashed out through the swinging doors. Goforth calmly picked up his banner, rejoined the howling throng and made more noise than any other two men.

At half-past six Robert Townsend Smith was the unanimous choice. Weaver, on receiving the news by telephone, smiled and remarked to himself: "That's as good a job as I ever did. By jingoes, I had only about forty votes! I've used all kinds of things in my day, but this is the first time I ever put my man over with only the alphabet for ammunition."

IX

NINE hundred and forty-two men were still at work on the great bridge, but the eastern approach had been completed even to the sculptured arch; also twenty-two bas-relief panels and four magnificent towering monuments, each surmounted by a colossal figure representing a pioneer westward bound. The panels told in majestic outlines the saga of this state's people, their harvests, industries, baseball and football games. Even the faces and figures of their heroes could be recognized and were recognized with acclaim. Five thousand people had gathered for the dedication ceremonies. These ceremonies, the governor's physicians had advised, must be held without delay, otherwise the governor would not be able to attend. On the platform sat the state's elect, but only a few of them knew this was to be a ceremony without precedent.

Governor Dave Larkin, paler than usual, walked up the long stairway to the platform, then stopped and looked for Forrest Weaver, who sat beside his wife in the last row of chairs.

On finding him, he said "Here's my speech, Weaver; look it over." And he presented the one typed sheet to which his physicians had limited him.

Weaver read rapidly, then drew a pencil from his vest pocket and struck out the following lines:

> Without the aid and advice of that peerless patriot, Forrest Weaver, this great work could not have been achieved.

"Dave," Weaver said, in a tone that was almost tender, "I appreciate that, but you mustn't say it. Just send a copy of it to my wife. Whenever a fellow who plays my kind of game gets the limelight, he's through. And I'm not through. I'm still the crook in the back room, see? Better hurry along now and sit down. You're tired." The governor nodded assent.

Twenty minutes later he read the last paragraph of his speech while the crowd gasped as the softly spoken words came to them raucously through the numerous mechanical loud speakers.

"I am a spent soldier," he said. "The long sleep beckons and I obey. I go now to die proudly, as I have fought proudly in the plain people's cause. Herewith I present my resignation of the high office of governor. The judges of the supreme court are present and they will administer the oath to my successor, that gallant patriot, Robert Townsend Smith, for whom I bespeak your warmest affection and heartiest support."

Silence—tears—and finally scattered applause—but mainly silence. His speech concluded, Governor Larkin caught hold of the rostrum for support. Mrs. Forrest Weaver it was who hastened to his side and assisted him to his seat while others hesitated.

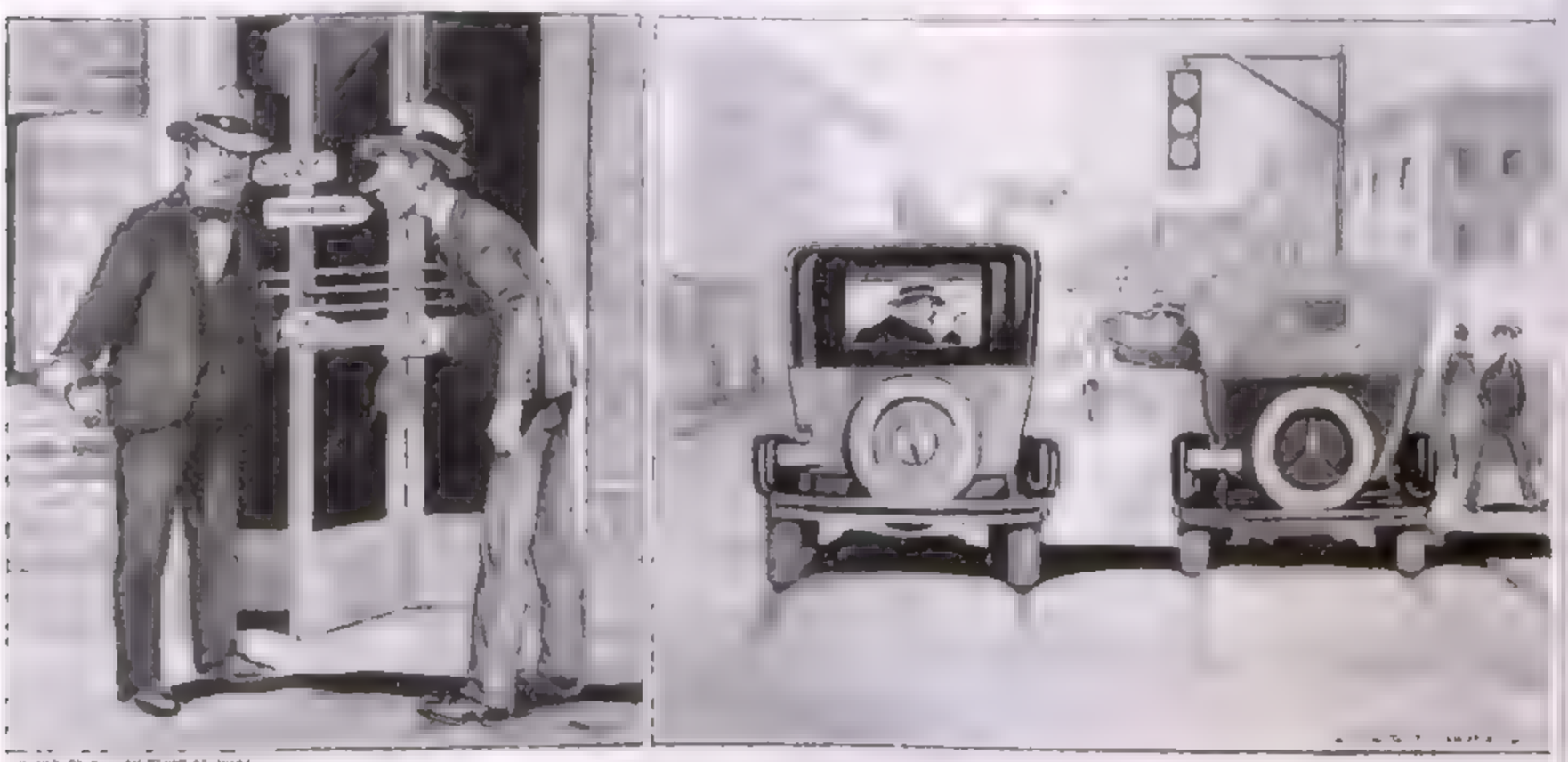
"Rotten luck!" Weaver mumbled. "Rotten luck! I could almost have made a Lincoln out of that fellow in a few more years. It's tough for me that cancer don't hit 'em earlier and spare em about ten years longer. Dave Larkin never amounted to much until —— But now he's immortal. I had a President there! Damn the luck!"

Thirty feet away Jimmy Furlong wrote furiously, while Tommy Blake hung over him waiting to carry each page to the telegraph operator.

Jimmy was suffering acutely from an ailment to which he referred as a lump in the throat.

Once he paused a moment to administer massage. Relieved, he grinned at Tommy and said:

"Kid, either I'm becoming senile or else Old Tree-Full-o'-Owls didn't frame this one. I'm all choked up. I wonder if it could be possible that Dave Larkin really is a great guy. Hanged if the old scoundrel don't look like a saint today!"



Courtesy?—It All Depends

KNAPP-FELT
HATS for MEN

THE Knapp-Felt *Daybreak* is a hat that every man will want and that every man should have—delightfully light in weight and luxuriously soft in texture.

The Hat
for March is the
DAYBREAK

It will be Shown Everywhere Friday, March Ninth

The *Daybreak* represents the finest achievement of the C&K shop, the climax of seventy-five years' experience in making fine headwear. It is convincing evidence of the ability of American craftsmen to produce a type of hat in which the foreigner formerly excelled.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY
JOHN CAVANAGH — President
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ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION seals in the miles

THERE'S big mileage and long service actually built into every Cooper Tire. Coopers are armored against the road . . . armored to give the extraordinary long time service for which these big rugged tires are famous. Nothing short of abuse can shorten the life of a Cooper.

Armored Cord Construction individually armors each cord in Cooper Tires with a protecting cushion of live, resilient rubber. Shocks and jolts that would ruin the ordinary tire meet in Armored Cord Construction an almost indestructible barrier of cord and rubber that no ordinary bump can harm. Armored Cord Construction was designed to make Cooper the strongest tire on the road.

In your town is a Cooper dealer who specializes in quality tires. Let him tell you more about this super-strength construction.

DEALERS: Some splendid territory is still available to good distributors on an exclusive basis. Write for particulars.

Cooper
TIRES
ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1914
General Offices, Cincinnati, O. Factories, Findlay and Cincinnati, O.

WHEN THIRTEEN MONTHS MAKE A YEAR

(Continued from Page 31)

It seemed to me that he had already accomplished a task which appeared greater than any man could achieve alone. He was an individualist laboring in an organized world, handicapped because he lacked the financial support necessary to multiply his own efforts.

Like all men who achieve success, he never acknowledged defeat. I thought he deserved a better opportunity, and sent word to him that I would assist him for one year, during which time he was to use his own judgment in expanding and increasing the activities of the League, without disclosing my interest. In the meantime, Mr. Cotsworth went abroad to organize in as many foreign countries as possible groups of individuals and committees to carry forward his work, while I continued my study and followed his activities.

After the British and the Canadian Governments had printed Mr. Cotsworth's thesis and given it wide circulation it was submitted to the League of Nations through the International Chamber of Commerce. The League appointed a committee of inquiry composed of representatives appointed by the great Roman Catholic, Eastern-Orthodox and Protestant religious authorities, astronomers, and the International Chamber of Commerce, representing business organizations throughout the world.

The chairman of that committee requested Mr. Cotsworth to go to Geneva to analyze the 185 proposals for calendar simplification received from thirty-three nations in many languages. This one fact is an indication of the feeling throughout the world that our present calendar is not adequately adapted to modern life and business. Without receiving compensation from any organization and refusing to accept more than his necessary living and traveling expenses, Mr. Cotsworth served this committee until its report was completed and adopted by the League of Nations Assembly in September, 1927.

During those four years I received monthly reports of the progress made and noted the increasing interest developing in leading nations. The longer I studied the question the more I became convinced that as soon as the business interests of the United States understood what Mr. Cotsworth proposed, and how a thirteen-month year would benefit all people, the inertia which always impedes such a drastic proposal as a change in the measure of time would be quickly overcome. Time is undoubtedly the most important element in business, as it is in life; therefore any change in the measure of time must be carefully considered, as it will affect all business.

Help for the Corner Grocer

Generally speaking, there are two kinds of business in this country and in other parts of the world—namely, the large business organizations and small individual stores and family units. I think the busiest man I know is the corner grocer. He is always busy. Of course the best thing for all of us to do is to keep busy, but living and working as we do today, we need more time for recreation and reflection. I do not mean by this statement that the drudgery of work can be eliminated. There is a great deal of business that is drudgery. We must face that and not delude ourselves with the idea that work can be made play. The only antidote to drudgery is play, but the proper time for play is in our leisure hours.

By working seriously and effectively in our work hours, much can be done to enable us to make the most out of our leisure hours. What we do in our working hours determines what we have in the world. What we do in our play hours determines what we are. There is a mighty lot of drudgery in the home as well as in the factory or store, so I believe that whatever can be done to increase our leisure hours will enable us to make more of them, if, at the same time, our work hours can also be made more productive. This has always been one of my main ideas about business, and Mr. Cotsworth's plan fits into this scheme of life perfectly.

Today nearly every family has an automobile. Parks are spreading all over the country. New highways are being built, and more highways will be built as the number and use of motor cars continue to increase. In one day it is difficult for a man and his family to go very far away from home. In two days, or two and one-half days, he can travel quite a distance, and not only see more of the world but understand some of the problems and conditions which exist outside of his own home and work.

I do not agree with those who say that we must get everything standardized before we can enjoy life. We can only standardize those things which are important in work and research. Intellectual enjoyment and the pleasures of reflection cannot be standardized. Under his plan for calendar simplification, Mr. Cotsworth proposes to standardize the universally important unit of the month and locate four complete weeks in each month. Monday would become the recognized day for the national holidays we now observe.

Statistics With Meaning

If this is done, the corner grocer and his family, the worker and his family, or the business and professional man and his family, will have two rest days together. And, besides, business will be served immeasurably, because the week will not be broken by any holidays falling the middle of the week. If we add to the increased pleasure which the bunching of our leisure hours will give to the greatest number of our citizens, the special value which the regular two-and-one-half-day holidays—counting Saturday afternoon—will be to the automotive, oil and rubber industries, to the railroad and other transportation companies, the simplified calendar will bring assets of incalculable value. Or if we assume that our citizens will utilize this time for other forms of recreation or reflections, may we not believe that the whole religious and social life of the nation will be benefited? Nothing can take the place of reflection in its influence for good.

In contrast to this individual viewpoint let us consider what this change would mean to the biggest business in the world that of the United States Government. I have been impressed, as have all business men, with the service which the Department of Commerce has been performing under Secretary Hoover to furnish the business world with accurate weekly and monthly information on business conditions and trends, both here and abroad. This service has been most valuable in the stability which it has brought to the prosperity of the country. The distribution of sound information is as important to business as the distribution of commodities, but as we progress from year to year we shall need even more exact information. This cannot come completely until the sources of business information of the Department of Commerce are based upon the exactly comparable four-week periods which the Cotsworth plan would establish, and thereby enable the Department of Commerce's most useful Survey of Current Business to give more up-to-date figures and more accurately show the current trend of business.

Export and import statistics will be made more reliable under the thirteen-month calendar, because present months, by their twenty-ninth, thirtieth, and thirty-first days extending beyond four weeks, distort

monthly totals seriously. Exports are inflated about 10 per cent when the fifth Saturday comes in, because ships loaded on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, sail on Saturdays. The fifth Saturday in some months may inflate export totals as much as 13 per cent.

Imports, on the other hand, may be inflated by more than 10 per cent when the fifth Monday comes in months, because many ships arrive after the customhouse closes on Saturday afternoon, during Sunday and Monday, when all those two-and-one-half-day arrivals are accounted as Monday's imports.

Under the simplified calendar, all times for earning and spending will be made equal or multiples of one another. Each individual receiving weekly wages will find it more convenient to meet monthly rent and other bills when the month consists of four weeks of twenty-eight days. Persons receiving monthly pay will have it adjusted to the basis of four weeks; therefore, it is obvious that it will not require as much money in circulation when the month consists of twenty-eight days as when it consists of thirty or thirty-one days. By reducing each month to twenty-eight days, twenty-eight dollars of circulating money will do as efficiently the service for which each thirty dollars or thirty-one dollars is now required. It is estimated that a large sum of money—possibly $1,000,000,000 of the amount now in circulation—will be automatically released.

In addition to releasing funds in national circulation, business generally will be benefited. It is obvious that in months having five weeks, the fifth weekly pay roll, or one-fifth of the monthly money, would be released, and also one-thirteenth of the difference between the total monthly debit and credit accounts. Bad debts and outstanding accounts would be automatically reduced by nearly 10 per cent. These will aggregate a great sum, which, reduced to the average individual, would mean that a similar proportion of his own funds would be released. Consequently the advantage to the Treasury Department of releasing a large sum from the permanent monthly circulation will be similar, on a smaller scale, of course, in individual accounts.

The Pay Envelope and the Mortgage

Under the simplified calendar the Treasury Department could account more truly by quarters and half years ending the thirteenth, twenty-sixth, thirty-ninth and fifty-second weeks alike in each year. It will be a national relief and financial convenience for the Government to pay interest on present-dated bonds upon their equivalent dates in four-week months. For example, with bonds now due on April first, the strain of the daily, monthly and quarterly payments, which now have to be made concurrently through banks, would be relieved by quarterly payments and bond interest being paid on the new April seventh, after weekly and month-paying money had returned to the banks. These financial week, month and quarter strains combined at the month end caused the United States Treasury Department to distribute the payment of interest on Liberty, Treasury bonds, Treasury certificates and notes upon the fifteenth of selected months.

In this connection I might answer an inquiry which has been made by several investors who wish to know whether it would be necessary to change the dates on existing mortgages, contracts, bonds, securities, and so on. It would not be necessary, because an adjustment table would be incorporated in the Act of Congress and this would automatically change the dates to corresponding dates under the new calendar without changing the documents themselves.

The unequal length of our present months, quarters and half years is a cause of confusion and uncertainty in economic relations and in the arrangement of all statistics and accounts. Due to the variation in the month, which may contain twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty or thirty-one days, all calculations of salaries, interest, insurance, pensions, leases and rents which are fixed on a monthly, quarterly or half-yearly basis are inaccurate and do not correspond with one-twelfth, one-quarter, or one-half of the year.

The variation in the lengths of the months causes much difficulty to business. There is a difference of 11 per cent between the length of February and the length of March. There is even a greater difference between the number of working days, which is the important factor in all business. There is a difference of 19 per cent between the number of working days in February and March, the former having twenty-one and the latter twenty-five. It is expensive to make adjustments for these variations, but unless adjustments are made, monthly comparisons are misleading. Interest calculations are especially complicated by the unequal length of the months.

These variations in the make-up of the different months of the same year and of corresponding months in different years cause a great number of difficulties. For example, workdays, rest days and week-ends are unequal in consecutive months and in corresponding months of different years. The variation in the number of pay days during the month causes confusion to the manufacturer in compiling his monthly cost reports, and expensive adjustments are necessary.

Fixing the Day for Spring Fashions

Since the various days of the week are not of the same value as regards the volume of trade, there can be no accurate monthly comparison between one year and another, since the months do not, from year to year, include the same number of individual week days. This is especially true in those lines of business in which week-end operations are heavy, such as department stores, railroads and newspapers.

Take the example of the corner grocer wnich I used previously, and we find that the variation in the number of weeks in the month causes confusion not only to him and to other small stores but to those families whose incomes are on a monthly basis and whose expenses are on a weekly basis.

Another illustration which comes home to all of us is the manner in which the date of Easter wanders. It may vary at present between March twenty-second and April twenty-fifth, over a period of thirty-five days. Numerous disadvantages result, both from a religious and a civil point of view. The present calendar causes church years to be of varying length in those churches which base their year from Easter to Easter. Easter often comes in an unseasonable part of the year. There is a further disadvantage due to the fact that in our present calendar, the number of Sundays of the year being practically fixed, services of the liturgy of certain churches which cannot take place before Easter, when Easter is early, have to be postponed or omitted. Practically all Christian churches are agreed that it would be desirable to fix Easter in the middle of April.

The present shifting Easter causes confusion in schools and universities in regulating their semesters. The chief disruption occurs, however, in connection with certain commercial lines of business, such as concerns dealing in textiles and articles of fashion, since Easter has long been looked upon as the beginning of spring fashions. If Easter is early, on account of the cool weather prevailing in the greater part of the Northern Hemisphere, changes in dress are postponed and the clothing and ready-to-wear industries suffer accordingly. Early Easters often cut down the volume of Easter retail trading and sometimes bring unemployment in the clothing, ready-to-wear and shoe industries. If, on the other hand, Easter is late, the textile trade in spring wear may be injured because summer articles are purchased at once.

When we consider that the purpose of the calendar is to measure time, and that

(Continued on Page 121)

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TWO things you may rightfully expect from the dentifrice you use, says a famous New York dental specialist: "That teeth be sparkling white and that you be protected from the commoner tooth and gum disorders."

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Under close direction of leading dental authority a special film-removing tooth paste, known as Pepsodent, was developed. It acts to curdle that film and then in gentle safety to remove it.

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Fights decay—Firms gums

Pepsodent also acts to increase the alkalinity of saliva and thus to neutralize fermenting starch deposits that cause the acids of decay. Pepsodent aids to firm and harden the gums. Thus, Pepsodent answers fully these requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists is widespread.

Following the wide-spread practice of daily removing film by Pepsodent a fast diminishing number of "glorious" tooth and gum troubles are noted

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White and sparkling teeth must be kept film free. Healthy teeth and gums must likewise have daily film protection.

All dentists know the solution lies in Pepsodent. Send coupon for 10-day tube.

Note how soon teeth grow whiter and brighter. How soon gums firm and harden.

See your dentist twice each year. Use Pepsodent twice each day. That marks the height of modern tooth care.

P E P

(*Above*) SMILES THE BIGGEST THING in being beautiful. Millions, today, know that and employ Pepsodent to make teeth dazzling white. The smiles of Dorothy Kenyon, Roland Mathew and Zona Widener are illustrative of what one may expect from this new way of tooth care

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Your smile cannot be at its best unless film is gone. See what Pepsodent will accomplish within a few days' time

(*Above*) DOROTHY VARDEN knows that shoveling snow brings suppleness and that Pepsodent makes pretty teeth dazzle with sparkling whiteness. Simply remove that dingy film she will tell you, "twice daily"

(*Above*) HONOLULU SANDS lure Mr. and Mrs. George McCollum of Philadelphia. Their charming smiles that Pepsodent keeps sparkling have won them many new acquaintances

(*Left*) IVY SAWYER, star, and JOSEPH SANTLEY, producer, of "Just Fancy," graciously respond to a prolonged curtain call. Their smiles that Pepsodent keeps gleaming white are truly fascinating.

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(Continued from Page 117)

one of the most important units of the present calendar—namely, the month—is not uniform, the question naturally arises: "If the calendar ought to be simplified to meet modern conditions how can a change be brought about?"

It is interesting to observe that the two great movements to standardize and simplify the two recognized world measures of time—hours of the day and months of the year—have been originated by Canadians. Sir Sandford Fleming, who built the Intercolonial and much of the Canadian Pacific Railway, initiated and directed for seven years the international movement which brought about standard time. Mr. Cotsworth, another Canadian, originated the thirteen-month calendar, which is today being seriously considered by every government in the world, and especially by the Government and business interests of the United States.

It is difficult now for any of us to realize that forty-three years ago there were seven different clock times in Chicago, six in New York City, while most of our other large cities had two or three clock times. It is undoubtedly true that if standard time had not been adopted internationally in 1884, it would have been adopted later, because modern business could not have been conducted successfully under the confusion which accompanied the numerous clock and watch times then in use.

Under the direction of the Bureau of Standards, after Sir Sandford Fleming had failed to interest the foreign governments in his proofs of the value of standard time, the United States took the leadership, with the result that it required only the first sixteen days of October, 1884, for an international conference to agree upon a uniform time to change one hour for each fifteen degrees of travel east or west of Greenwich.

More Than a Theory

Within a year or two, as the public here and abroad learns to understand the practical values of this similar movement to standardize and simplify our calendar, we shall witness another international conference, summoned possibly by the League of Nations, which on September 30, 1927, invited all nations, including the United States, to forward all useful information on this subject to Geneva.

In his letter to the Secretary of State of the United States, the secretary-general of the League stated that he had "the honor to communicate to the United States Government the following resolution which was adopted by the Advisory and Technical Committee for Communications and Transit during its eleventh session, held at Geneva from August 19 to 22, 1927":

> The Advisory and Technical Committee for Communications and Transit decides to request the Secretary General of the League of Nations to invite all the administrations and organizations concerned to give the committee all information of value to it on any action taken on the suggestions contained in the report of the committee of inquiry into the reform of the calendar, and more particularly on the national proposal for the establishment of committees of inquiry to study this reform.

Upon receipt of this letter, Secretary Kellogg invited all the governmental departments in Washington to consider it and to report to the State Department. As the Departments of Commerce, Agriculture and Interior have been studying calendar simplification for many years, I have good reasons for believing that the departments of our Government are convinced of the need to simplify the calendar and that they will report in favor of the Cotsworth plan.

As Mr. Cotsworth's calendar has been adopted in principle by a large number of railroads, industries, chain-store systems and other companies in the United States, Germany and Great Britain for cost accounting and other purposes, there is no question today of its practicability.

A few months ago, when I sent personal letters to 1000 business and professional men whose achievements have brought them public recognition, I received more than 600 in reply, 93 per cent of which indorsed the proposals sponsored by the father of the calendar movement. One manufacturer wrote me that his company had been operating under the new calendar since the beginning of 1921.

"We might say," he added, "that to all of us here in this organization the new thirteen-month period calendar is a simplification of our awkward, unnecessary and antiquated calendar, and the new one represents a modern and efficient method of reckoning fitted to modern times and conditions."

I agree so thoroughly with this thought that I believe as modern business becomes larger and more complicated, and as business judgments will have to be based more and more upon the use of statistics to derive exact knowledge, that the time will soon come when the simplified calendar will be an absolute necessity to our business and national life.

When Was Washington Born?

"I think the plan of having thirteen months to the year of four weeks each would be most advantageous," wrote another business man. "I see no objection to it at all, except the old one of always doing what you have done—which procedure, if followed, puts an end to all progress."

When George Washington was twenty years of age the Gregorian calendar was adopted by us. The first President of the United States was actually born on February the eleventh. The reason we observe his birthday on February twenty-second is because our calendar was changed in 1752. Eleven days—between the second and the fourteenth of September of that year—were dropped out because the Julian calendar had drifted eleven days out of gear with the seasons.

Countries with a total population exceeding 300,000,000 inhabitants have, since the beginning of the Great War, adopted the Gregorian calendar, which was introduced in 1582.

The calendar should be universally changed by January 1, 1933, because then the year, month, week, day, hour, minute and second all begin together. That year begins on Sunday and ends on Sunday. That is also the most convenient and logical time for a change from the standpoints of the naval observatories of England, France, Germany, Spain and the United States, which are always at work, years in advance, preparing the exhaustive international statistical data which provide the necessary groundwork for the printed calendar which we hang up in our homes and offices on January first each year.

But to achieve this objective the nations of the world will have to meet in international conference not later than 1929. Time, as I observed earlier in this article, is not only the most important element in life and business but it is always pressing us to keep pace with progress.

It has been gratifying to me since I have been actively interested in this movement to find that in business, politics and the press, the proposed change in the calendar has been considered exclusively upon its merits. A typical indication came to my attention recently when one of our large metropolitan newspapers, which maintained such a positive position in opposition to the League of Nations in the years following the Peace Conference, declared editorially that this movement "has progressed so far as to have been made the subject of a study and a favorable report by the League of Nations committee. Throughout the business world, among educators and scientists, and among many churchmen, it has found zealous supporters. It would seem that here indeed is a field in which an organization such as the League of Nations can be of truly international service."

When thirteen months make a year all mankind will be benefited.

It's the 80 *per centers* who miss the fun

The 80 per centers! How many there are! Men and women—yes, even children. They aren't sick, really. *Just under par.*

And how much they miss! The fun of playing hard, of working hard; the urge of keen competition! Always they are "lookers-on"—because they lack the energy to get into action.

* * *

More vitality, more endurance—these are what the 80 per center needs! How can he get them?

For centuries physicians have recommended one effective way to build this needed vitality, to increase resistance to infections and to help prevent colds!

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For Cod-Liver Oil is the richest known source of the building-up factors, Vitamins A and D. Scientists say its effectiveness depends entirely on the amounts of these two health-protecting vitamins that it contains.

This explains why so many physicians find that they obtain excellent results from Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil. Squibb's is laboratory-tested and guaranteed to be very rich in the essential Vitamins A and D. It is furthermore protected against loss of vitamin content.

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THE COST OF GOVERNMENT

(Continued from Page 23)

This report was not prepared by an angry and perhaps reactionary taxpayers' association, seeking to reduce costs regardless of service, but by professional educators, presumably friendly to the school system. They find 270 elementary school districts with less than $1000 of school property, and thirty-five districts with from $300,000 to $17,500,000 of school property. One district has only $2000 of taxable wealth.

It appears that to build a schoolhouse worth $10,000, the lowest case would have to vote bonds and pay heavy taxes for years, while the highest case could build such a school with a single tax levy of less than 1 per cent. Says the report: "There is no relation between capacity to buy and what the districts have bought in the way of school plants."

Under the existing system of many small districts the resources of poor districts are often strained to offer only a meager educational program, while rich districts are able to finance an elaborate system without perceptible effort. There are fifteen schools in Iowa that spend an average of $159.83 per pupil, with a local tax burden of $2.99 per $1000. But in another group of thirteen schools the tax burden is $6.55 per $1000; although it results in spending only $86.05 per pupil.

Government, Not Administration

In a recent year there were twenty-nine school districts in New York State where the tax rate was one dollar per $1000, twenty-seven districts at two dollars, 1051 districts at twelve dollars, 197 districts at twenty-two dollars and one district at sixty-five dollars.

Due to differences in geography, resources, climate, and density and character of population, it is inevitable that some parts of a state will be wealthy and others very poor. One county or district may have an abundance of railroad mileage and others none at all. In the same way factories may be located in a few districts. The effect often is to throw into a single district taxable wealth far beyond its needs.

In mining communities the mine properties may be in one school district, while the workers reside in another. Manufacturing plants are often located in rural school districts lying on the outskirts of incorporated villages or cities where the factory workers and their families reside. On Long Island wealthy residents may live in one school district while their servants live in another, and although the servants have more children to send to school, the district is devoid of ratables to support them.

The equitable districting of a state is no simple matter, of course, but it is fatuous to assume that the present system cannot be improved. Let anyone who wonders why taxes are high, uneven and unfair read these cogent words from the closely reasoned study of the Financing of Public Schools in the State of Illinois, by Henry C. Morrison, professor of education and superintendent of the laboratory schools at the University of Chicago, and a member of the Educational Finance Inquiry Commission:

> The commission is prepared to state that the burden of taxation in numerous districts, under the Illinois form of taxation and organization, is unduly heavy, either for education or for any other purpose.
>
> Local units for the financing of schools are organized to meet local needs, with little concern for the general effect upon the education of all the youth of the state and with no concern at all for the effect upon the basis of revenues for all public purposes. The result has been that very considerable elements of the total cost of schools in the state have exhibited extravagance, and in some cases serious disaster to local resources and to the aggregate resources of the state has resulted.
>
> Very great inequalities in the educational opportunities of children have grown out of this extreme localism, with unhappy consequences to the state as a whole. The local units form a perplexing mass of overlapping and underlying districts: Three kinds of districts for elementary schools; several kinds of districts for high schools; districts for elementary schools and high schools combined in a single system; separate districts for high schools and elementary schools in the same community; and districts for no high school at all.
>
> It might reasonably be anticipated that such an organization would be the parent of heavy indebtedness, and so it is. Hence, if it were possible to reform at once, the element of interest in school costs would continue to be large for many years.
>
> It is often argued that such inequalities in respect to cost per pupil, salaries paid to teachers, and qualifications of teachers, as have been exhibited in this chapter are inseparable from inequalities in human nature, which cannot be overcome by any device of administration or legislation whatsoever, that poor schools are the result of low aspirations and bad management, that meager educational offerings are the result of native inertia.
>
> This is the attitude of civic complacency which gratifies its own intellectual inertia by refusing to face the facts. The outstanding fact in this situation is that the people of Illinois in general tax themselves in substantial inverse proportion to their resources for education.
>
> Resources may be abundant and yet the mechanism which is intended to apply our resources to the support of social enterprises like education may be defective. In that case the undertaking may be in a condition not unlike that in which the individual who is suffering from a serious malnutritional disorder finds himself. In the presence of abundant and excellent food he slowly starves because he has not the means of assimilation. Such is apparently to some extent the condition of the schools in many of the cities and rural communities in Illinois and elsewhere.

Professor Morrison predicts that schools probably will cost much more in the future even than they do now, and he says that this revelation may lead to "profound discouragement," or it may cause people to grapple with the facts, to work out needful adjustments, and to build for the future as well as for the present.

Grappling with the facts may very likely cost more in the sacrifice of prejudices than in money paid out. It may mean the abandonment, wholly or in part, of the theory of local self-sufficiency which is so evident in the whole structure of the state school system.

Lord Cromer in his Modern Egypt summarizes the governmental situation in that country under the British consulate general by quoting a brilliant Egyptian minister who frequently remarked, "It is not a government; it is an administration." The situation in these schools of ours is exactly the reverse. There is an infinity of government, but an administration which in many cases would scarcely be adequate to the requirements of a corner grocery.

The public school is not only the largest single object of municipal expenditure, it is also the branch of local government in which the growth of expenditure is greatest. Cities as a group devote 40 per cent of their budget to schools. Yet there is no agreement on the responsibility for disbursing these immense sums. To a large extent authority to spend and responsibility for spending are separated.

A Veto With No Kick

The control of schools is vested in boards of education, which even in the same state range all the way from complete dependence upon other municipal authorities—in some cases to three or four different authorities—to absolute independence. In twenty-nine cities in New York State the city government, either through the mayor or the common council, has the power to appoint members of the board of education. In thirty cities the board is elected either at a general election, a special election, or a school meeting.

In thirteen cities the final power to fix the school budget, with the exception of salaries, is vested in the board of estimate and apportionment. In eighteen cities the mayor may veto items in the school budget, but the board of education may restore any vetoed item by a two-thirds, a four-fifths, or a unanimous vote. On the other hand, in twenty-seven cities final authority over the

school budget is vested in the board of education.

To say the least, many serious problems arise from this illogical diversity and variation in the responsibility for school expenditure. Students of city government in general have long contended in favor of boards of education dependent upon the city authorities, whereas specialists in education have argued for independent boards. Students of city government point out that most of the items of expenditure are increased where boards are independent, but the public-school men say that the schools are better where more money is spent.

The schoolmen also insist that independence of the city government is necessary "to keep the schools out of politics." But apparently the original separation of the schools was due to the extremely decentralized form of all government organization when public schools first came into existence. The same separation then existed in the fire and police boards and in health work, and still persists in the boards of assessors.

"In fact," says the New York Special Joint Legislative Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment, "the tendency toward centralization and unification of the functions of government is of relatively recent origin. The significant fact is not that the schools have been separated from the city governments but that the schools have not been consolidated as have other municipal services.

"We were informed that there have been persons in the school system who have feared the loss of their power if the present isolation were broken down. In more than one city we were told that the educational department harbored as many politicians as any other municipal department, and that board-of-education politics was as bad as any other kind, and often more costly to the taxpayers.

"The refusal of boards of education to join forces with the city in establishing central purchasing departments lends color to the charge of political influence. The approval of extravagant building plans with padded architects' fees can hardly be said to rest on sound public policy. Many of the so-called extravagances of the school system are undoubtedly manifestations of such educational politics."

I am not competent to express an opinion as to the relative amount of politics in school boards and other municipal bodies. No doubt many school boards are entirely free from politics. But one does not need to know anything about politics to agree with the New York committee when it says that the separation of city governments and boards of education tends to produce two plans for the city as a whole, one for the schools and one for the other city services.

Running Their Own Show

In plain language school boards tend to run a show of their own, and without much operating knowledge of the needs of other city services. They are never under any responsibility for planning for other needs as the mayor is, and because of their form of organization they are able to make expenditures perhaps desirable in themselves but impracticable in the light of other city needs.

In reality the superintendent of schools is usually responsible for the expenditures made. Members of the school board are unpaid and have many other interests. From the nature of the case they must delegate most of the work to the superintendent, and if he is skillful he can sway their decision. He is responsible only to the board, and in many cases the board has full authority over expenditure.

Yet the people always blame the city council and especially the mayor because taxes are high, although in reality these officials may have much less to do with expenditures than the superintendent of schools. Frequently the terms of board members are overlapping, so that half of the members may be appointees of retired or even discredited administrations. In the same way, if they are elected directly by the people, they can be changed in two elections, but the public never remains interested and militant for that long a period.

In its reports, the result of years of intensive study, the New York committee asserts more than once that the present separation of power from responsibility in school administration "is inherently an extravagant form of organization."

Beyond question such diversity of relationship, such lack of agreed-upon principle in government, makes it difficult for anyone to grasp the needs of a city as a whole and to understand its tax problems. Lack of central control and responsibility may, as the committee insists, "by its very nature encourage extravagance." Certainly the result must be a general competition for public funds regardless of financial conditions, in which the winners need not always be the most deserving.

The Inevitable Official

If we come now to municipal government in general, we find that even in cities of the same class within the same state there is no uniformity of organization. It may range from extreme centralization to extreme decentralization. One city is cited where there are three entirely independent governments, each exercising powers of tax levy and each maintaining its own purchasing, auditing, accounting and engineering machinery.

In so far as there is a general city government, it is composed of a small council, a mayor, an elected city engineer, an elected street commissioner, an elected city attorney, an elected tax receiver, an elected sealer of weights and measures, an independent board of health, an elected board of assessors and an elected board of police and fire commissioners of which the mayor is an ex-officio member The members of the boards are appointed or elected for overlapping terms. The officials here enumerated compose only the general city government.

The other governments are an elected board of education with unlimited taxing powers and overlapping terms, and an elected board of public-utility commissioners with overlapping terms and nearly complete political and financial independence.

It is often said that the newer and improved tools and forms of government, such as budgets, city managers and what not, are of no value in themselves unless there is determination on the part of officials to make them work, and honesty in the hearts of men. But on the other hand one of the few definite and persistent efforts to improve city government—the research movement as expressed in the form of taxpayers' associations and municipal research bureaus—has kept clear of personalities and platforms. Instead of trying to jail grafters, it has sought to install business systems which make grafting difficult.

By the scientific method of research the attempt has been made to get at the structure and underlying technical processes. When damning facts are unearthed they are not published, but are taken first to the proper official, who, if wise, makes the necessary house cleaning and then claims all the credit himself.

"We have to accept officials as they are, like rivers and mountains," said Gaylord C. Cummin, a civic consultant, in course of a statement to the writer. "Even if the brains of a city council, when boiled down, are only equal to those of one half-witted boy, these men cannot do a good job with organizations what they are. The whole approach is wrong when the personal misdeeds or mistakes of officials are played up, even if it is true that standards are low. Business men get no further when they assume public office.

"We can't get rid of politics; if we get out of one kind we fall into another. The real job is to make politics do the right thing. Improved methods are what we want. For inertia helps as well as hinders. As organization and methods are built up, much of them stick. This is not spectacular, but it's a fact."

(Continued on Page 126)

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Tip-Top is a graceful, small, slim, trim wrist watch. A handsome octagon case. Silver face. Sunken second dial. And artistic hands and numerals obtainable in either black or radium.

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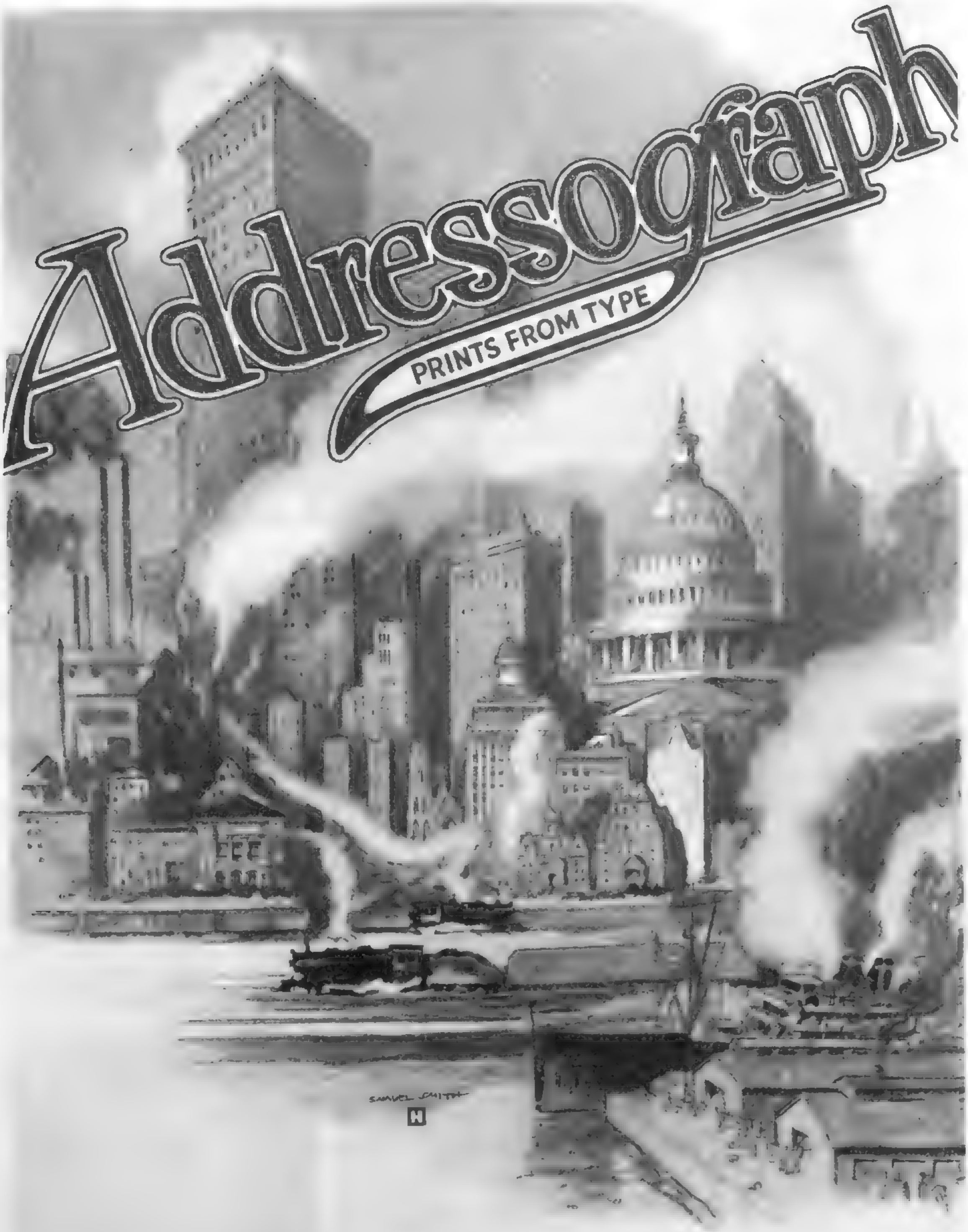
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UPON the foundation of Addressograph pioneering has grown the greatest institution of its kind in the world. The Addressograph is a powerful factor in the vast machinery of today's business. From a mere addressing machine of thirty-five years ago, the Addressograph has become indispensable to thousands upon thousands of business concerns as the speedy, accurate, economical means of imprinting, listing and addressing business forms and communications.

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In every business, large or small, where quick, accurate reproduction or recording of names and data is important, there is need for Addressograph equipment.

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Super-speed automatic models — unlimited in range of service.
Electric models — universal in application — for name and data writing of every character.
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Machines for every size and kind of business — from the small hand-operated machines to full automatics.
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Inanimate as well as living things are endowed with Character. Upon the worth of this character depends public acceptance, awarded only to the deserving.

London Character Shoes, in fact as well as in name, are endowed with a character that has earned the high esteem of America's buying public. And among the qualities contributing to the character of London and other leading shoes are included rubber heels made by the Essex Rubber Company. Heels identical with TITE-EDGE in every detail except name.

You can benefit by the long experience and judgment of the makers of London Character Shoes by insisting upon TITE-EDGE Rubber Heels. Accept no substitute for "The Heel of America's Leading Shoes." Sold everywhere. Made in all sizes for men's, women's, and children's shoes—black and tan.

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TITE-EDGE

(Continued from Page 123)

It should not be overlooked that the savings to be made in government are not in large, sensational sums. Millions are rarely recovered from the rascals. But election laws can be made less unnecessarily wasteful, pension systems more sound, and the purchasing of supplies less antiquated. All authorities agree that a great improvement would result if states and cities could manage to anticipate revenues less than now. Another improvement would be a wider introduction of the more exacting budget practice of the Federal Government.

Nothing could be less spectacular or more seemingly technical than an improvement in accounting. Yet while government is one of the largest businesses we have, it apparently has failed to produce a well-defined profession of accounting as the commercial world has done, and there is no such agreement on technic among government accountants as exists among their fellows in commercial practice.

Muddied Financial Waters

In a recent detailed study of the fiscal problem in Illinois by the National Industrial Conference Board, the flat assertion is made that "no complete statement of expenditures of local governments in Illinois can be prepared from data now available. The taxpayer is likely to throw up his hands in despair and lapse into indifference."

"During the past year it has been necessary to audit the accounts in certain municipalities over a period of from ten to fifteen years in order to obtain a starting point," says the last report of the Division of Accounts of the Massachusetts Department of Corporations and Taxation. "Our audits continue to disclose serious losses to our cities and towns, nearly all of which are due to poor methods in keeping accounts or to carelessness on the part of officials."

In his study of the Financing of Public Schools in Illinois, Professor Morrison attempted to find the terminal costs of the different educational enterprises. To do so, he says it was necessary to work one's way "through a labyrinth of accounts which were not set up to show functional costs of different enterprises and departments; of common use of the same building space by two or more enterprises, and by two or more departments of the same school system, such as teaching and administration; of undistributed use of supplies by several totally distinct functions; of undistributed personal services and use of plants between school and non-school activities."

More quotations would surely exhaust the reader, but they can be produced—regiments of them—from the highest authorities. I referred briefly in a previous article to the desirability of more simple reporting methods, but only in connection with the need of arousing the interest of the average citizen in government.

I am talking about something entirely different now, and that is the fact that even the politician, the official, the legislator, the officeholder, the professional student of government, the researcher, the paid secretary of taxpayers' leagues and the special business groups or interests that want their own taxes reduced or desire some favor from government—even these groups I say, know relatively little about the cost of government.

Really it seems foolish to make speeches and write articles about taxation when from the very nature of the case even the insiders hardly know what taxes amount to.

But alas, we live in a very wicked world, and perhaps many of those closest to government do not really want to know how much it costs. There is always the politician who hates to face the facts, and who above all else does not want the public to face them. He would rather have the public go to sleep with the comforting idea that government doesn't really cost them anything after all.

So we have the edifying spectacle of mayors complaining that they can't reduce expenses because of mandatory laws passed by the state legislature, and yet going quietly to the state capitol to urge the passage of more laws providing for more state aid to the localities, even though nearly all the money raised by the state in taxes must come from the cities themselves.

This roundabout process muddies the waters, and the real cost of city government is lost in the shuffle. It is known as practical politics, or passing the buck, or letting sleeping dogs lie.

The Circle of Taxation

Students of taxation are aware that New York City, with its enormous needs, should and could find new sources of local revenue. One which has been suggested is a head tax of five or ten cents a night on each hotel transient, which, in a city like New York, would produce a lucrative revenue. But city administrations are often on friendly terms with the hotel owners and may not wish to bother them. So the old game goes on of getting more money in state aid from Albany, although Albany must get most of it from the big city itself. The idea of practical politics is always to get by this year with as little disturbance as possible.

So we find a vituperative argument going on about New York City's budget. What I have seen of it consists of a volume so large that a strong man can hardly lift it. The administration says the budget is around $525,000,000, but a few critics insist that it is nearer $600,000,000, and that the former figure is not right. That depends upon what you are talking about. The budget certainly does not advertise the fact that a very large sum is received from the state for schools, which, if added to the lower figure, makes quite a different total.

But state-aid money comes mostly from New York City itself, and if we go even further back than that we find that the state probably could not give so much in local school aid if the Federal Government did not assist it in highway building. But the city also pays a large part of all the Federal taxes. Of course no budget is anywhere near accurate unless it shows all the money raised by taxation from the community.

Election-Year Camouflage

Any kind of complicated arrangement which conceals facts seems to find wide favor. Officials of several states approve of the Federal inheritance tax for reasons which, it may be suspected, are not widely advertised. It will be recalled that the Federal tax rebates to a state having inheritance taxes of its own up to 80 per cent of the amount collected. This enables a state, which does not dare openly and on its own to put up the rates as high as in the Federal schedule, to raise large revenues under the convenient shadow of the Federal tax, and with that as an excuse.

In one of his arguments in favor of bond issues for improvements in New York State as against the pay-as-you-go plan, Governor Smith says that financial history clearly indicates that "public improvements have progressed from current revenues only in so far as compatible with political interests, and always subject to the necessity of having low appropriation bills in the even-numbered years, when a governor is to be elected."

In other words, the cardinal sin evidently consists in letting people know how much government really costs. But I am sure that officials and politicians are no worse than the people in general, if as bad. It is a striking fact that great public expenditures are entered upon with the approval of the public, not because they fit into any comprehensive plan or because the ultimate costs will come within the community's means, but solely because they seem desirable at the moment. That, however, is another story, to be touched upon on another occasion.

The simple point with which I wish to close is that appropriate organization and methods of government should serve to make aggregate costs clear, even if they are not reduced, and thus help to keep people's feet on the ground.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Atwood. The third will appear in the issue of March 24.

THE POETS' CORNER

A Little True Song

WHEN I see you every day
I scarcely know I care.
It's only when the dusk blurs gray
And you're not there.

It's only when you've not come back,
And, menacing again,
The night slinks toward me, still and
black—
I know then.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The Prairie Schooner

FROM out the glory of the dawn
The prairie schooner came,
The rolling prairie schooner
From a sea of seeming flame!
Men cracked the whip, men urged the ox,
Where river beds lay dry,
Across the reaching plains, beneath
A hemisphere of sky.
Men cracked the whip, men sang the song;
They went with constant mind.
Hope led them, shining in the van,
Faith trudged, secure, behind.
The wives, the children, sat within
While, thrilled with tender power,
The men on horseback strayed apart
To pluck for them a flower.
Dark spread; they drew their wagons round
And safe they slept inside;
On one arm lay the rifle,
On the other lay the bride.
To assure their steadfast purpose
And the lives their hearts held dear,
They were equal to each danger,
Ever lurking, ever near;
From their courage sprang our nation,
Meaning more than wheat and corn;
Sprang increasing generations
For a shining future born.
Going forward, nothing stays us
Down the golden years to be;
What they could not, we accomplish,
And our children, more than we!
Though we since have builded cities
That have locked the prairie out,
And the midnight constellations
That each morning flings to rout,
The pioneers sleep not so far
Beneath their children's skin;
Witness when a crisis rises
Or the calling drums begin!
We are children of our mothers,
Sons of those same stalwart men,
If the star of freedom darkens
But a moment from the ken.
Driving swift in speeding motors,
Though our ways at times loom
blind,
Hope, splendid, still leads on the van,
Faith guards, secure, behind!

—*Harry Kemp.*

Picks you up *Instantly*—when you feel "all in"

Here is a new Swiss "pick-up" drink for busy people . . . peps you up at once in a healthy, natural way

MAKE THIS 3-DAY TEST AND NOTE THE RESULTS

DO YOU have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself? Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim.

Cause of logginess—how Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both. Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

FIRST—It combines in easily digested form certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Your mind clears and your body responds. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

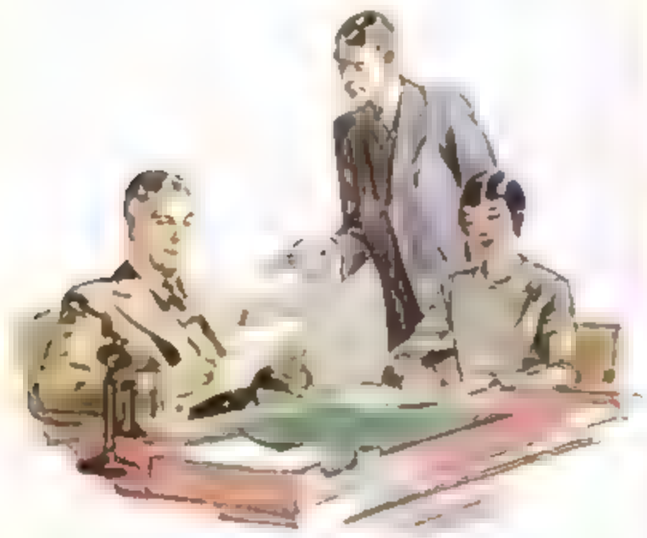
A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine, hot or cold, whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users. (Note the unsolicited testimonials.)

All druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

"Don't let yourself become over-tired" is a modern-day medical urge. Thousands of busy people, executives and workers, are meeting it with this unique "pick-up" drink.



"Let-down" Periods vanish this way

Thousands of successful people now drink Ovaltine regularly. To end costly "let-down" periods—keep them alert, both mentally and physically. Mr. Mitchell states:

"I take Ovaltine 3 times a day and feel 100% better. Now I do not get tired during the day."

Claude Mitchell,
Hibbing, Minn.

Full enjoyment at evenings' diversions

Whenever you find yourself fatigued or tired in the late afternoon, drink a glass of Ovaltine. It will refresh you at once Give you energy that outlasts the day. Mr. Thompson testifies:

"I am a new man since I began to take Ovaltine. Never fagged out. I feel as fresh at night as when the day started."

E. M. Thompson, Boston, Mass.

New Pep almost instantly!

Whenever you feel pepless, drink a glass of Ovaltine. Then, note the change. How you fairly tingle with energy. Mr. Higgins writes: "I had a very tired feeling. Tried Ovaltine and the results were wonderful. It put pep in me. Took away that tired feeling."

Joseph Higgins,
Yonkers, N. Y.

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Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. (*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name .....

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(One package to a person)

The only way to ride

EXPENSE FREE

NO gas to buy, no garage expense, no carfare, no "operating cost" or upkeep of any kind if you ride an Iver Johnson Bicycle.

For riding to work, for pleasure, for convenience on the farm, for exercise—for whatever use you put your bicycle to, you want to insist on the king of all bicycles—the Iver Johnson.

The frame and forks of every Iver Johnson Bicycle are made of high carbon seamless steel tubing that has a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds to the square inch. Vital parts are drop forged to resist shock. Two-point ball bearings with cups and cones turned from solid bars of special steel, heat treated, reduce friction to a minimum, and make pedaling easy. The rich, flashing finish is the result of five coats of special Iver Johnson enamel baked on, then hand rubbed. Best guaranteed equipment.

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SEEING IS BELIEVING

(Continued from Page 29)

Bill Barnes looked this horse all over when Johnny rode up leading him.

"Why, Johnny," he says, sort of reproving, "that ain't a Trainor horse. He's wearing a brand that is strange to me. Couldn't you find a Trainor horse for Lanky? Whoever owns this cayuse might object to having him rode off so unceremonious."

"That's all right," Lanky spoke up. "I own him. Bought him from a party off south last fall, but haven't run our brand on him."

Bill grinned at Johnny. "Don't that beat anything you ever heard of?" he demanded. "Him speaking out in meeting and admitting it thataway?"

He took a folded sheet of paper from his saddle pocket, lifted the bay's left hind foot and compared it with the tracing of that print they had made on the Nisquallin River. Then he fitted the tracing onto the shoe.

"It fits to a hair, Johnny," he declared. "This here is the final link. That foot was wire cut so bad when he was a colt that he come pretty nigh losing his foot, looks like, and it healed in this shape. The ways of providence is inscrutable, as the fellow says; but Lanky's ways are more easy to scrutinize. The fact that this pony didn't quite lose its foot will work out so that Lanky will completely lose his neck, what with both providence and Lanky laboring toward that same end."

Barnes took Lanky and lodged him in jail, charged with killing elk for their teeth, and Johnny started riding back from Cloudburst to the ranger station. Carson had repaired the telephone line and, of course, the whole countryside had been busy gossiping over the wire about the killing and the fact that Johnny Matteson had gone with the sheriff on the trail of the holdup. Also the news had been telephoned from the Bar O into Cloudburst that they were bringing Lanky Trainor in with them, charged with tusk hunting.

Ellen, listening in on conversations on the Forest Service branch, was apprised of this long before Johnny came riding up Crow Creek.

Also she had heard considerable speculation over the phone. Barnes and Johnny had set out to track down a murderer and had come back with Lanky Trainor, and folks was wondering somewhat if tusk hunting was the real reason.

"So you caught Lanky tusk hunting?" Ellen asked of Johnny.

"Red-handed, Ellen," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Well, he deserved to be caught, I suppose," she said. "But I'm sorry it was you that had to bring him in, Johnny. And I know you are. Now tell me the truth. Is there anything else? You don't suspect Lanky of being mixed up in that—that other? Johnny, just because he's wild you wouldn't accuse him of that on suspicion?"

"No," says Johnny, "I wouldn't. But the signs all point to him, Ellen. Do you want me to tell you?"

"Yes," she said. "Don't leave anything out. Go over it step by step."

And at each step she lost a little mite more of her color. When Johnny had finished she was as white as if she was just over a bad sick spell. Ellen didn't often give way, but her hands were opening and clinching shut again in her effort to hold onto herself. She sat down on the steps and buried her face in her hands. Johnny patted her head sort of awkward, but there wasn't much that he could say that would bring her any comfort, so he didn't try. She knew he was all cut up over it himself, without his indulging in protestations about how regretful he was. She'd mothered Lanky ever since he was a little shaver, and in spite of his shortcomings she loved him. This was a terrible blow to her.

"Does anyone know that there's anything else against him except killing elk for their teeth?" she asked, shaky like. "Has Barnes already accused him?"

"No, Ellen. Bill has charged him with tusk hunting—nothing else yet. He did that for me, to give me time to look round and make sure. There's one or two little points ——"

"Yes?" she encouraged.

"One or two things that don't quite seem to tally," he said. "I want to study them over a bit and see if I can make sense out of them. They're obscure, sort of, so you'd best not work up too much hope, Ellen. I may not be able to do anything. You know I want to. Because if it turns out wrong for Lanky I know that I might as well be on my way so far as you are concerned — things happening to come up just as they did."

"Yes. I'm afraid so, Johnny," she said. "Not that I'd ever blame you, dear. But if Lanky—if anything did happen to him I'd always see you following that trail, step by step, never overlooking so much as an overturned leaf, tracking Lanky down to his death. It's a queer thing, a woman's love is, Johnny. No matter what Lanky does, I'm just destined to go on loving him. It is in my very blood, someway; perhaps because I've mothered him for so many years. And we can't turn our love on and off according to whether or not the object of it is deserving. I couldn't stop loving you either, Johnny. But that picture of your tracking Lanky down would always be there in my mind. I'm afraid I just couldn't live with that specter always in the house with me. You understand, don't you?"

"I've understood right from the start," Johnny said. "And maybe you think it was easy for me, knowing that. There was many a little thing that I might have failed to notice, but misreading signs is out of my line someway, so I went right on working out that trail as if it wasn't leading us right to Lanky. I couldn't do any different. You understand that, too, Ellen. I know you do."

"I won't believe that Lanky did it," she declared, which was the first time she had resorted to feminine logic. "I just can't believe that he did. And I won't ever believe it."

"You go right on feeling that way, honey," Johnny counseled.

He reflected that a conviction like that would be helpful to her and that it wouldn't be doing her a kindness to attempt to dislodge it. Anyhow nothing would alter that conviction. It emanated from her emotions and nothing would serve even to modify it until the emotional need for it was eliminated. No amount of logic would shake it. She was due to go on believing that Lanky was innocent even after he was hung. Johnny wasn't foolish enough to try and argue her out of it. Instead he patted her shoulder in parting and told her to go right on believing thataway. It wasn't but three or four days until he came riding down the road again. Meanwhile Ellen had been over to Ten Sleep to visit with Lanky.

"I'm on my way over there now to interview him," Johnny told her. "Maybe I can pump some information out of him about a few little discrepancies that I can't quite make fit into the pattern. There's one or two minor signs that point to a bare chance that Lanky didn't do it. I expect Bill knew that my job was middling difficult for me, but that I played square with him. He didn't say anything, but that's the reason he's holding Lanky on that elk-killing affair, without lodging this other charge against him yet a while. And for the same reason, knowing for sure that I wouldn't manufacture anything in Lanky's favor, Bill will be open to reason on any little point I've got to recite."

Ellen opened her arms and took Johnny into them. "Women are queer creatures, aren't they, Johnny?" she asked. "But everything in life is queer. I've talked with Lanky. He was hiding out up there all that time hunting elk, so there isn't a chance for him to prove an alibi. Not a soul saw him. And he was absent from Halcyon last summer just as you suspected he was. He left to slip over there and build that little cabin in a hurry, planning to poach martens from it last winter. He went back in the fall and killed a few elk for their teeth, but didn't stay on into the winter to trap. He left an old pair of shoes there, and those quilts. They were his, Johnny, and he lied to you. At first he thought that you and Barnes were just trying to fake up a murder charge to frighten him into admitting that he'd been tusk hunting at the time that killing was supposed to have occurred. He didn't even believe that there had been a killing. I'm not a weak and suppliant woman as a rule, Johnny. You know that. But I am afraid for him now. It makes me weak inside. And there isn't a thing I can do but just wait. But you can. You're the best tracker in the state. You'll help him. I know you will."

But Johnny wasn't inclined to rouse any false hopes. "Lanky is convicted in advance, the way it stands now," he said. "So for experimental purposes I assumed that he was innocent and I went over every inch of our back track in my mind, reviewing every step from that angle. And as I said, there's a few minor discrepancies."

"Johnny, I'm using a woman's weapons now," Ellen said. "But I'm square enough to admit it. I told you that I couldn't live with that specter between us, in case things went wrong for Lanky. And I'll tell you the other side too. If you bring Lanky clear of this, Johnny, I'll come to you on that very day and love you the rest of my natural life. I swear it."

Now Johnny knew that the best woman in the world—which he believed Ellen was that—would put a man in that sort of a hole now and again, so he was neither surprised, indignant nor elated. He just kissed her, told her to be of good heart, and dangled on into Cloudburst to hire a car to drive him over to Ten Sleep for a conference with Bill Barnes.

"Let's review this matter, Bill," he invited, "and inspect our back track, assuming that Lanky isn't guilty."

"How can we assume that?" Bill inquired. "That comparison between the drawing we made of that track on the Nisquallin and that mule-footed horse of his will stick him. It fits his horse to a hair."

"That's just the point—it don't fit him to a hair," Johnny protested. "It fits him as to feet, but not as to hair. That horse of his is a bay. The two horses that accompanied the man that we trailed across the Pipestone were both buckskins or cream-colored animals."

"How do you make that out?" Bill asked.

"From several angles," said Johnny. "You recall where those horses had been tied for several hours at the point where he stopped on his way in to retrieve his last summer's cache? I noticed where they had been rubbing against the trees, and as horses is shedding this time of year, they had plastered the bark with hair. And that hair was yellow."

"Sho!" Bill protested. "You're allowing your sentiments to obscure your eyesight, Johnny. The elk migrate back across the Pipestone by the thousand in the spring, right when they're shedding, and there ain't anything that can scatter hair as profuse as a shedding elk. Just a pine bough brushing along the side of a spring elk will dust a quart of loose yellow hair off it. I've seen it on the head of Spread Creek over Jackson Hole way, where elk hair was half an inch deep for half a mile along the migration trails. And there's barrels of it on the Pipestone. That was elk hair you observed."

"Bill, don't you suppose I know that elk hair is hollow as a straw and will break in

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two just as easy when you bend it, while a horse hair is more slender, fine tipped and pliable; the two as different to the eye as a sheep and a tomcat?" Johnny demanded. "That was horse hair, and nothing different."

"Well," Bill grinned, "now, since you remind me, I do recall observing that it was horse hair at the time. We'll say that the print fits Lanky's horse to a foot, but not to a hair."

"But when you examined Lanky's saddle blankets down in Eagle Breaks," Johnny said, "you undoubtedly observed that they was plastered solid with dark hair. He hadn't used them on any shedding buckskin horse in many a day."

"They didn't look it," Barnes conceded.

"Now there's another little point," Johnny stated. "Just what do you make of those little scraps of red quilt being dropped here and there?"

"Probably the bed roll was lashed on the led horse without a pack cover to protect it and sharp limbs, maybe, snagged a piece out of it now and again," Barnes plausibly submitted.

"But he didn't have his horses with him at the car, where we found that first little scrap," Johnny pointed out. "And then again, way over in that open rocky stretch where he had halted for a period and let his horses wander round, the piece of cloth I found was fifty yards to one side of the trail, without a horse track closer than that. And it so happens that it was on the upwind side of the trail. It is contrary to Nature for a little piece of cloth to travel against the wind without help. So it narrows down to the point that both those scraps of cloth was shed when he was afoot. They just had to be."

"That's logical reasoning," Bill conceded. "I thought you'd get round to that."

"But what was the reason he didn't drop them when riding, as well as when walking?" Johnny asked.

"Maybe he walks looser than he rides," Bill suggested. "That narrows it down somewhat."

"And it can be contracted still finer than that," Johnny predicted. "When he left that car he took his shoes off, so it would be difficult to track him out to his horses and he'd gain time for a good start in case someone took up his trail sooner than he expected. Once out on the Pipestone, he rode pretty steady, but there were three or four places where he dismounted, as indicated by the tracks of those big cleated shoes. But we didn't find any shreds of cloth at those points. When we got out in that open rocky stretch we didn't find any tracks of those shoes, but we did find another little mite of red rag. Its location, way upwind from the horse tracks, proved that he had been traveling afoot, and indicated the direction he took. But there wasn't a boot track. I scouted round quite a bit, but I couldn't find so much as a scratch where a man had jumped from one rock to the next. If he'd had boots on there'd have been something to show—tiny scratches or little places peeled loose from the weathered surface of such rocks as he made use of to travel on. There was nary such mark. Therefore it's a dead mortal cinch that he didn't have boots on. He was traveling in his socks or bare feet. That refines it down to the point that the only times he shed those little scraps of cloth was when he took his shoes off."

"You're doing great, Johnny," Bill complimented.

"There's a sizable chunk gone off the end of that quilt," Johnny resumed. "The only connection I can make of that coincidence is that he must have wore a piece of that quilt wrapped round his feet inside the shoes and shed a scrap of cloth that had been clinging to his socks when the shoes was removed. Big as those shoes are, Lanky's feet are plenty ample to fill them clear full without leaving room for so much as a cigarette paper. A man with a fair average hoof, say like yours or mine, could make out to wear those shoes without any padding, although there would be way too much margin. But someone with a moderate small foot would pretty near have to pad his feet some. A wrap of that heavy quilt would answer the purpose."

"Up to the point where he shed those scraps of cloth when his shoes was removed, you was quoting cold facts," Barnes agreed. "From there on it's verging on speculation. However, it sounds reasonable. I'd got that far myself. Furthermore, there's the fact that he didn't actually need those shoes, or he wouldn't have left them behind in that cabin. A man doesn't usually take two pairs of shoes along on that sort of a job. And from the time he left that point, you likely observed, as I did, that if he ever set foot off his horse he performed that act where a track wouldn't show. He wasn't leaving any prints of the shoes he put on in their place. Not so you could notice—and you and me are both real apt at noticing. And if it'll do you any good, Johnny—why, there's a mite of cotton fuzz still adhering to the inside of that shoe."

"So far we're abreast of each other," said Johnny. "Now comes the point that if the holdup wore a shoe that didn't belong to him, why, he might also have equipped a horse with a shoe that didn't belong to it either. We know that the horse that wore that shoe was a buckskin, but we don't know any buckskin that wears that shape of shoe. However, there's this: Bud Dorin threw a bunch of horses out in Eagle Breaks a month or more back. He left the shoes on such of them as he expected to get in and use again soon. Anyway, there was two buckskins, sizable animals wearing Number 2 shoes such as those horses we tracked across the Pipestone was wearing. When Bud went down to get these horses in, the buckskins was absent. He thought maybe they had drifted back to his home range, but they hadn't. However, they did come drifting back home four or five days ago. They was still shod all round, but one of them was just a mite lame in the left hind foot. I pulled that shoe off him and it was maybe my imagination that made it appear as if he'd been wearing a shoe recent that didn't fit him any too good. You recall, Bill, that after we'd worked out that trail down into the foothills where there was hundreds of other horses ranging, we lost that mule-shoe track absolutely. It seems that the party must have done a quick job of transferring shoes thereabouts, then threw those horses loose on the range to drift back to Bud's. Don't it?"

"Yes," Bill agreed. "It sizes up that way to me. But, Johnny, you and me see such things. It's in our line, so to speak. To us such little details is facts. We read 'em without any more trouble than a town man reads his newspaper. But to a jury that ain't up on such matters it would make out a real trifling defense. A little tuft of a certain color of horse hair way out on the Pipestone Plateau, those little scraps of red rag many a mile apart, and all such, wouldn't mean one thing in the world to the average juryman. If you had a bunch of cowmen and such on the jury, they'd follow you step by step. They'd be going over that trail with you in their minds and reading it just as you and me did. They'd likely clear Lanky. But you take a town jury and they'd vote unanimous to hang him inside of five minutes. So if you're going to act as counsel for defense you'd better select an outdoor jury if you don't expect Lanky's long neck to get still further elongated on the very first ballot."

"It narrows down to the fact that Lanky didn't do it and some other party did," Johnny summed up. "It is up to us to ferret out who."

"Just so. We're still abreast of each other," Bill agreed. "But beyond that point our ideas diverge somewhat." He grinned engagingly at Johnny. "You want to see Lanky come clear. Between friends, I'd as lief he didn't. There's a big increase in crime of late years and way too much tendency to let the criminals off on the most flimsy technicality after the crime is committed. My theory is the exact opposite of that. I'd hang 'em all on the slenderest pretext long before the crime was committed. The one sure way to check a crime wave is not to let it get started. Apparently Lanky hasn't committed any murders up to now, but the way he is headed it is downright certain that he'll have considerable murdering to do later on, give him a chance. Crime waves thrive on legal technicalities like a hound pup thrives on eggs. My system nips all crime waves in the cradle. There is a dangerous killer at large and it is our duty to apprehend him and bring him to justice. But failing that, I don't see any reasonable objection to hanging Lanky instead."

"There ain't any, taking a broad viewpoint of it," Johnny conceded. "But for personal reasons I'd prefer that the matter be deferred to some later date. Whoever did this was apprised of three things. He knew of the system that the Sunbright Company used to transport that money every month; and that of summers they used that old hill road. He was acquainted with Lanky's tusk-hunting habits and knew that he had built that cabin and left those quilts there. The shoes might have been just a happy afterthought when he found them there. And he knew that Lanky owned that mule-footed horse. If we can start with a complete list of suspects along those three lines we can do some more boiling down and maybe arrive at a helpful conclusion."

Lanky informed them of twenty-odd men that had seen and commented on that horse's foot. Then he recited the names of almost as many that knew he indulged in tusk hunting on and off as a side line. Some of them he had told about the location of that little cabin cached away on the head of the creek in the Nisquallins, and offered them the use of it if they wanted to do any poaching. Some of them might have relayed that information on to a friend of their own. He couldn't say as to that. Such of them as were tusk hunters themselves or just friends in whom he had confidence he declined to say.

Johnny and Barnes checked those two lists and discovered some ten or twelve different parties that knew about both the odd-hoofed horse and that cabin. Then they made exhaustive inquiries to discover how many of those listed ever visited the mining camp of Sunbright, had friends among officials or employes that worked there, or had ever worked there themselves. This narrowed the list to seven names, counting the Capelli brothers as one. Then they started sifting and eliminating some more. First they crossed off the Capellis and Bud Dorin. Johnny had both heard and seen the Capelli brothers in Cloudburst the night of the day that the killing occurred. It had been impressed on his mind from the fact that they had been discussing their trespassing plans. And he had met Bud Dorin early the next morning. It didn't seem possible that Bud could have made the ride in that time by the route over which Johnny and Barnes had trailed the holdup. Besides, he hadn't any call to mention that his two buckskins had been absent. Why would he do that and call attention to the fact, if he had been using them himself on that job? Could he have brought that up as a possible alibi? That seemed a little too thin and far-fetched. So they crossed Bud off too.

There was a party named Herrin on the list, and he had a brother working at Sunbright. They visited back and forth now and again. But Herrin had been riding for the Bar O, and his whereabouts on every day for the past month could be verified.

Then there was an old fellow named Conklin, a sort of drifting prospector and miner, who would work at some mine or other until he could gather a grubstake and start prowling the hills and prospecting again. He'd worked for six months for the Sunbright outfit a year or more back. He had been caught tusk hunting once and was suspected of it the big part of the time. And he was forever out prowling the hills by himself. There wasn't any record of this old mountain rat's whereabouts for a week or more prior to the date of the holdup. For a while Johnny and Bill believed they had a lead there, until it was discovered that old Conklin had been in Grayling drunker than a hoot owl throughout the day of the murder and incarcerated in the Grayling jail all of that night. Which eliminated him from the contest. After going over things with an eye for the most minute details they finally had to eliminate every name on the list and found themselves confronting a blank wall.

"It begins to look as if we'll have to hang Lanky after all," Bill predicted. "That'll give me a chance to demonstrate my theory of how to nip crime waves in the cradle. There's a ray of sunlight in that, Johnny. Just think what a check it will put on tusk hunting. The way it is now, a tusk hunter slips off by himself and makes dead certain that nobody is informed as to his whereabouts, so they can't prove where he has been or what he's been doing during his absence. But once they hang Lanky because no one can prove where he has been during his most recent absence, and it will change all that overnight. I'll bet, with an object lesson like that in the foreground, you just couldn't hire the most hardened poacher to go tusk hunting without taking along twenty witnesses to prove just where he'd been and just what he'd been doing. Tusk hunting would languish and become as extinct as the dodo. From your viewpoint, Johnny, it don't look so good. But as for me, I never sat in on a more satisfactory case. We can't hardly go wrong. No matter which way the cat jumps, it will result beneficially to the countryside as a whole and reflect credit on us. I can't see a thing to cause us the least bit of worry."

But Barnes, nevertheless, was every bit as worried as Johnny. A cold-blooded murder had been done and he hadn't been able to apprehend the killer. Both of them knew how to read their signs right, and those little stray bits of evidence that wouldn't mean much of anything to most men had convinced them that the perpetrator was not Lanky Trainor. The party had so arranged it that in case his trail was picked up and followed it would point to Lanky. In order to insure himself against a misfire on this point, it would have been essential that he should acquaint himself with Lanky's plan of operations during the appointed time.

Thus it narrowed down to those who knew the previous three test points by which Barnes and Johnny had compiled their list of suspects, and who also had been apprised in advance of the fact that Lanky intended to cache himself out in the west end of the Nisquallins and engage in tusk hunting. Either Lanky had donated the information or the party had discovered for himself that Lanky was up in there. Bud Dorin could have ferreted out that fact when he went down to gather his horses in Eagle Breaks. He might have chanced across Lanky's saddle and outfit where he had cached his stuff near the spring; and knowing Lanky's ways, he would have divined the fact that he had invaded the high country on foot to engage in tusk hunting. Herrin, the Bar O rider, could have become informed on that score by the same means. So could Conklin, as the old fellow had been prowling in that country just prior to his pilgrimage to Grayling to indulge in a spree. In fact, it was easy to see how anyone on the list could have acquired that information, since they all belonged more or less to the same fraternity. But that didn't alter the fact that every man on that list had been cleared in the minds of Johnny and Barnes through their own quiet investigations.

"Damn it all, Johnny," Barnes remarked fretfully. "It certainly looks as if you and me have fell down hard on this case. And any time that the pair of us can't decipher

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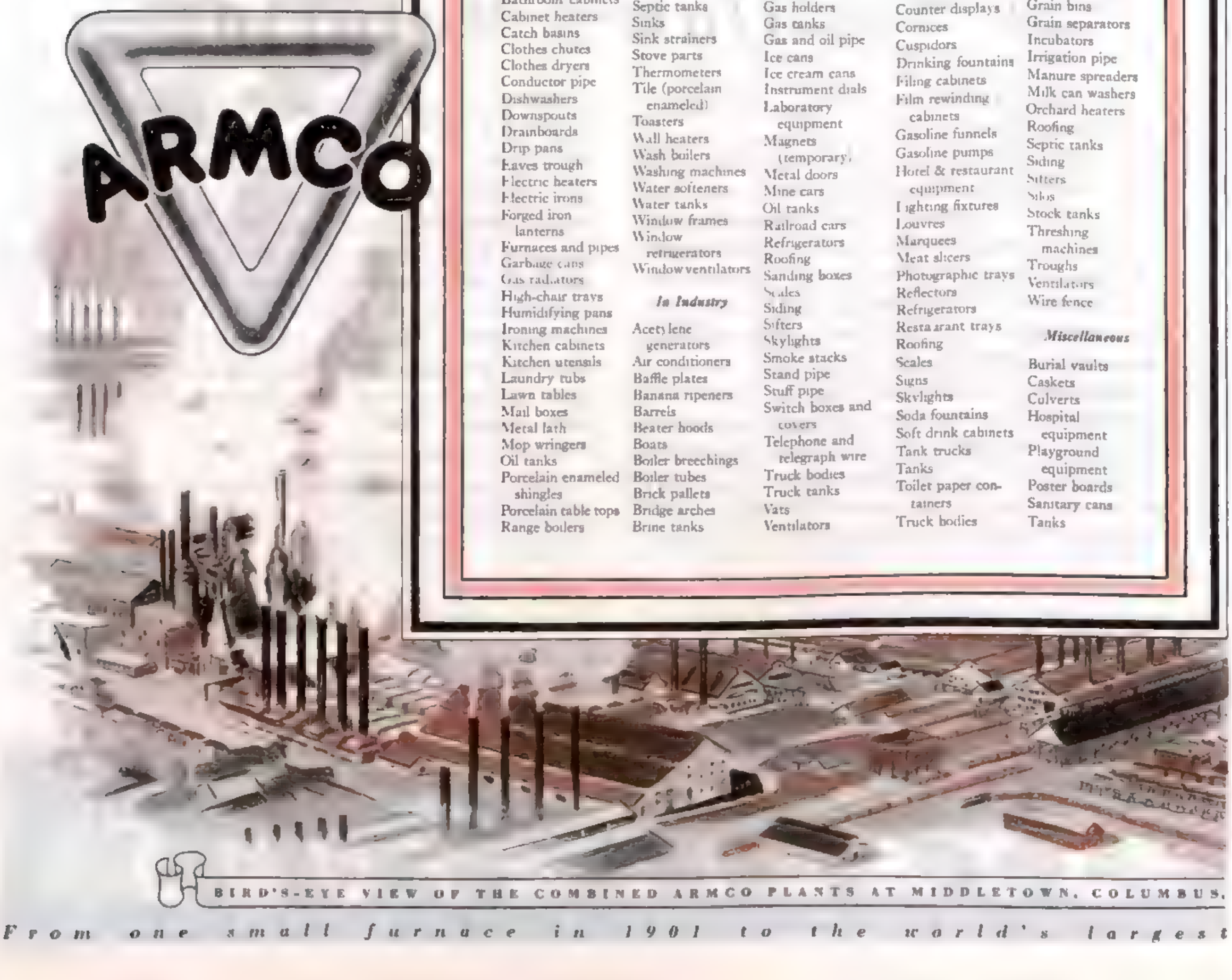

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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 130)

a problem of this sort it is real elusive. It don't seem hardly possible that you and me could have covered that trail as careful as we did without turning up some symptom or other to give us a lead as to who did it. But all we've succeeded in doing is to find out who didn't do it. Which it is fortunate for your friend Lanky that we were able to interpret things as well as we did. But, after all, we didn't start out to discover who didn't do it, but to catch the party that did. And up to date we ain't even acquired a good healthy suspicion. It's downright unnacheral. We're still running abreast and headed for nowhere."

They had ransacked their minds and reviewed their back track along every step of the way. Any little point that either one of them thought of he had submitted to the other and they had scrutinized and dissected it together. It was certain in both of their minds that the killer had borrowed Bud Dorin's two buckskin horses. The question came up as to why he had picked on buckskins. Why would he have chosen a buckskin to act as understudy to Lanky's mule-footed horse, when it was a bay? Of course, he didn't expect anyone to see him in that country with those horses, so the color didn't matter in any event. In case someone did meet him riding out of there, it wouldn't make a great deal of difference whether his horses were black or light pink. He would be stuck anyway. But there was one thing distinctly in favor of buckskins. All the hills were full of elk with their shedding spring coats bleached out to the color of dead grass. In case any man was to catch a distant glimpse of two light buckskin-colored animals high up in the hills he'd think they were a brace of elk and pay no attention, whereas if they were darker animals that showed up to be horses it might rouse any man's curiosity to the point where he would investigate. The holdup evidently hadn't overlooked any such fine points that might work to his advantage. Neither did Barnes and Matteson overlook any fine points that might work to his disadvantage. But so far their studying had netted them just exactly nothing, while the holdup's studying had netted him ten thousand dollars and a clean bill of health.

Lanky had plead guilty to killing elk and had been given fifty days and fifty dollars. Johnny had passed in his resignation from the Forest Service earlier in the spring, same to take effect in the summer. Another ranger had been sent in to take over his job as soon as Johnny had showed him round a bit. So now he asked the supervisor to stop his pay for the balance of the month that he was still to remain. Then he felt free to take whatever time off that he might want to put in on that case. He had come to regard every man on that list with a trace of suspicion, even though he and Bill had worked out an equation on each individual that proved it had been clear out of the bounds of possibility for him to have committed that murder. Nevertheless, he was satisfied that one of them had committed it. He spent considerable time in Cloudburst, and every move made by one of the listed parties was subjected to analysis. His suspicions was whetted to a razor edge. One day he saw Bud Dorin conversing in low tones with the blacksmith and began to speculate as to what he was communicating. Was he conferring about having a mule-shaped shoe made for a horse? Herrin came riding down the street with his saddle pockets bulging and Johnny caught himself wondering if he had that stolen currency stowed in them. But it was only the mail he had brought in from the Bar O.

"Sho!" Johnny exploded disgustedly. "I'm getting weird in my head."

He went over to Ten Sleep to confer with Barnes. Neither of them had opened up a new line of thought.

"My thoughts is similar to a squirrel in a cage," Bill informed him; "galloping frantic and arriving nowhere. How's yours?"

"Bill, I was just thinking," said Johnny. "You recall the time way back when we was half-baked kids, and you mistook a female impersonator for an overripe charmer? And how she turned out to be a man in disguise after you'd bought him three bottles of beer and he'd chucked you under the chin? That has always stuck in my mind."

"And it has likewise remained stuck in mine—crosswise," Bill returned, glaring at Johnny. "I'm not through feeling indignant over it yet, and if you've come in here to start reminiscing about early days, let's settle on some pleasanter topic—say about some of your own youthful indiscretions. I seem to recall that time when ——"

"Yes," says Johnny, interrupting. "But I didn't mean to twit you with it, but merely to use it by way of illustration. It was only that your ears and eyes deceived you. You believed you heard something and saw something that you didn't. And that is what we're doing right now. Either us or some of our informants have been subject to the same sort of delusions as you had when you set eyes on that blonde. At some point along the line, Bill, we're being misled "

Bill sat back and gazed at him admiringly. "Bravo, Johnny!" he applauded. "Your powers of penetration are downright astonishing. The fact is we are being and have been misled at every point all the way along the line for the past thirty days. And you're just finding that out! We ain't running abreast any longer. I'm ahead of you now."

"Just the same," Johnny returned, "we've been following out many an obscure lead and I have a feeling the solution is right out in the open and staring us in the face. Not only us but other folks have been looking right at something and believing they saw something that they didn't."

"That's all right, Johnny," Bill says soothingly. "Just lie down here a while. I'll go get you a drink of cold water. And while you're relaxed and resting your head I might as well relate to you that I think you're dead right on that score. Some one of those parties on our list did that killing, in spite of the fact that it appears impossible on the surface. Which means that one of them was supposed to be somewhere when he wasn't. And that folks thought they saw him when they didn't. By logical deduction we arrive at the point where such hallucinations didn't happen by mere coincidence, but instead was cleverly arranged to that end. The fact that the arrangements misled us is an affront to our intelligence. We just have to apprehend him, Johnny, in order to look ourselves in the face. Your present line of reasoning may trip him. Up to date his alibi seems holeproof, but there's a crevice in it somewhere if we prospect for it long enough. You're right over there among them, Johnny, so keep your eyes and ears attuned for a false note or action."

So Johnny loitered round Cloudburst, saying that he hadn't made up his mind what to do since he'd quit the Forest Service. No one had any notion that his interest in the killing was other than casual. He listened to other folks' solutions of it whenever the matter came up for discussion, occasionally dropping a word to keep the argument rolling. And all the time he was asking himself what it meant whenever one of the parties on that suspect list so much as sneezed out of turn. But every question he asked of himself turned out to have a perfectly natural answer.

When Bud Dorin hailed him with a grin and waved a hilarious hand at him, Johnny wondered what occasioned these high spirits. Was it because Bud was elated at having covered his tracks so well that he was feeling all safe and sound about it? But it transpired that Bud's wife had presented him with a son and heir. When Herrin came riding along the street, his face set in stern and anxious lines and clutching his left elbow with his right hand, Johnny asked himself if Herrin was suffering from guilty conscience and apprehension. But it turned out to be nothing like that. Herrin's horse had throwed him and broke his arm. But Johnny didn't despair.

"Bill told me one time that it was the unusual thing, not the usual, that impressed itself on our minds," he said. "And Bill was right, as usual; which is why his remarks didn't impress me at the time. But if I keep at it there'll come a time when I'll observe one of these parties do something unusual. And right there, down goes his meat house."

So when Old Man Conklin made a sudden sidewise dodge round a corner, when the second before he had been walking straight at Johnny, the latter inquired of himself what was the meaning of that? Was Conklin avoiding an encounter with him? But it transpired that the old man was just drunk, as usual, and that side step hadn't been premeditated. He'd just lurched back round the corner and hailed Johnny profusely. When the two Capelli brothers passed down the street, both jabbering a mile a minute, Johnny asked himself what they meant by conversing together in a foreign tongue that he couldn't understand? But he had heard them doing that so often that it was as usual as wind in Wyoming. In fact, it would be unusual if they didn't do it.

At that thought Johnny straightened himself like maybe a bee had sat down on him. "Why," he asked himself, "would Giuseppe and Antonio violate custom by conversing in any other than their native dialect? How come that on a certain night a month or more ago they had sat up late at night in the Cloudburst Hotel and conversed in American?

"Now that occurrence," Johnny said, "was unusual. For that reason I recall it, where if they had confined themselves to their ordinary jargon it wouldn't stand out in my mind as any different from a hundred other occasions. I reckon that a good definition of the unusual is that it don't happen often. And this never happened but once. The next question is why?"

Why, also, had the Capelli brothers on that night violated custom doubly by coming to their room singly? They were usually inseparable. Where went Antonio, there went Giuseppe also. They weren't often separated by so much as a minute. It was seldom, in fact, that a question addressed to one of them received an answer until it had been threshed out in Italian by both of them, then answered by either of them. Why, also, had Tony—coming in after Johnny had been slumbering for a considerable period—made such an unusual racket, falling about over chairs and jarring the whole hotel? Johnny was a fairly audible sleeper, and looking back it didn't seem possible that Gus Capelli, who had come in first, could have remained unaware that the adjoining room was occupied. Not in that old hotel where the whole upstairs quivered when the cat in the lobby vibrated his whiskers.

Had that stumbling round been staged to make sure that the forest ranger in the next room would awake and overhear that low-voiced conference? If not, why had they carried on that consultation in what they hopefully believed was the American language, when they were together twenty-four hours a day and could thresh it out in guinea? And if that was the case, then they had intended him to believe they were going to do one thing when they were actually going to do something different. One unusual circumstance suggested another. The two Capelli boys always talked at the same time when conversing together. But thinking back to that night, Johnny remembered that he hadn't once heard both of them speak up at once. Each one had waited his proper turn. Why was that?

"This here," said Johnny, "furnishes food for reflection, and all themes for interesting speculation that I've uncovered in the past ten days wouldn't strain the deductive faculties of a cockroach. There's maybe more in this than strikes the ear."

(Continued on Page 137)

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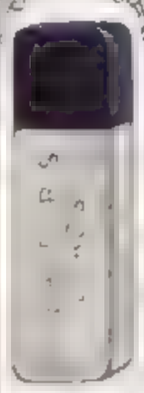

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(Continued from Page 135)

But though the occurrence was unusual, it did not seem to have a direct bearing on the killing, even though it had transpired on the night of that same day. For there was always the unalterable fact that Johnny himself had seen and heard both the Capelli brothers in Cloudburst. Johnny suddenly realized that he was reversing in practice the very principle he had expounded to Bill Barnes in theory.

"Now Bill both heard and saw a fine-looking, soft-voiced and blond charmer that time—except that he didn't," Johnny mused. "And maybe that is the same way I saw and heard the Capellis. True enough, I heard them both and saw them both. But it's an absolute fact that not once did I hear them both at the same time or set eyes on them together. Which taps a promising vein of thought."

He wandered round a bit, turning things over in his mind. One question gave rise to another. Then he strolled into the hotel for a chat with Old Man Tompkins.

"The Capelli brothers buy those cows from you a while back?" he inquired.

"No. Those tarnation little guineas ain't buying anything. They get het up with the notion every now and again, and pester me about it," Tompkins declared fretfully. "They had a similar spasm last year, along late in the summer, and came near wearing the life out of me. They'd come romping in after nightfall and leave before sunup, which I do my best sleeping at night and don't care to be conferring about cows."

"Do they both come in together on those nights?" Johnny asked. He was turning over the register and observing that both Capelli brothers had been registered every night for a period of ten days up to and including the night following the murder, but never once since.

"Oh, yes. They're here together," Tompkins said.

"What I mean," Johnny explained, "is this: During that last session of ten days or so, did they come in together and set round discussing the business, or did they relay on you, sort of; coming in only one at a time, as if maybe they was working double shift to wear you down on the price?"

The old man's eyes was on the down grade and he couldn't tell a white man from a load of hay ten feet off, and they wasn't any too good at close range. But his understanding wasn't similarly impaired. On the contrary, his savvy of things was as acute as his eyesight was dim.

"I'll think that over for a minute," he remarked sort of slow.

"Didn't Gus—the smooth-shaved one of the pair—do most of the negotiating, now you think back?" Johnny helpfully inquired.

"Johnny, now you mention it, he did for a fact. He did all of it, to be exact," Tompkins testified. "I'm beginning to get your drift. It was the smooth-faced one that always came in a couple of hours or so after nightfall and registered for the two of them. Also it was him paid me of a morning, provided they stayed after daylight, which was seldom. They put up their horses in my old barn out behind, instead of at the livery, and paid me for what feed they used. Gus did all the talking about that contemplated purchase of cows. I didn't see the one with the mustache much, except when he came through the lobby occasionally of a night and spoke a word or two. I heard them talking to each other in their room sometimes, and so did what few other guests I had. I recall someone asking me if those two little guineas always sat up of a night talking. But now since you've opened up a line of thought, Johnny, I'll say this: Not once did I ever set eyes on those two little midgets at one and the same time. If that's what you mean."

"That is just what I do mean," Johnny told him. He talked with old Tompkins for upwards of an hour, then skirmished round Cloudburst for the rest of the day; after which he rode out for a consultation with Squires, the squatter on the next piece of land to that which the Capelli brothers had filed on. Then he sought out Bill Barnes.

"I'm ready to point out our man, sheriff," he informed. "It is no one but our old acquaintance Tony Capelli -the one that we crossed off the suspect list at the start because I had seen him in Cloudburst. That was just another optical delusion, Bill, same as you had that time. What I actually saw was Gus Capelli, who for a brief minute had plastered his upper lip with a mustache that was a mate for Tony's, and waved to me from the upstairs hotel window when it was just turning daylight. Other folks likewise had brief glimpses of Tony on and off for a week prior to that killing. He passed Old Man Tompkins in the lobby now and again in the light of that old kerosene lamp. And folks heard them talking together of nights same as I did. Which, of course, all this was put on by Gus while Tony was riding through the Nisquallins and across the Pipestone Plateau to do his killing.

"Gus would ride in of a night, register for the two of them, put up his single horse in that old barn of Tompkins', hold imaginary chats with Tony for the benefit of other patrons and leave before daylight. Or if he did stay over into the day he'd explain that Tony had rode off to the homestead earlier. That would explain how there was only the one horse in the barn, in case it was noticed, which it was ten-to-one that it wouldn't be, since that barn hasn't been used for years except to store hay in. So you see that Tony Capelli is the man that we want. There was a similar alibi program featured by Gus late last summer, within two months after they had turned up there and filed on those homesteads. That would have put Tony up on the Pipestone about the time those old signs was made. Likewise it tallied real close to the time when Lanky Trainor slipped away from the lookout station on Halcyon Mountain to erect that little cabin.

"Also Lanky indulged in a bit of tusk hunting. That would account for Tony having abandoned his plans at that time. Probably he heard the shooting on the Nisquallin when Lanky was bombarding elk on some still day when the sound carried, and Tony knew that whoever was doing the shooting was somewhere along the route he had mapped out for his get-away. If he was to be seen in that country after a holdup, and with Gus doubling for him in and round Cloudburst, it would surely shatter his alibi. He gave it up. Then that early fall snow shut off the road and his plans, so they elected to stay over, as if they was actually homesteading, and do it this spring.

"The rest of it was just artistic touches. Last fall they had helped fashion a shoe for that odd-shaped foot of Lanky's horse. Why not fix one up so that if some tracker did work out the trail to this side it would get his mind on the most obvious thing, and engage his thoughts with Lanky? Also, Tony had been informed of that cabin by Lanky, and of the fact that he'd left a camp stove and a bedroll there if Tony wanted to use it. There was a good chance that Tony would have to lay out nights for a week or ten days, but he didn't want to be encumbered with a bedroll that he would have to conceal on his way out, and which would maybe be found. That bed of Lanky's fixed that. Then when Lanky stopped by to inform them that he was going to hide out in the west end of the Nisquallins for a session of tusk hunting, it made things real simple.

"Tony borrowed those two elk-colored horses of Bud Dorin's, not knowing that Bud would go after them so soon, tacked that queer-shaped shoe on one after he was up in the hills, and rode to the cabin. He packed up Johnny's bedroll for the trip and stopped to get the grub from his last year's cache on the Pipestone. Finding Johnny's shoes discarded at the cabin gave him another idea. With them on he wouldn't have to be so dead careful about leaving his tracks. Added to that is the fact that the Capelli boys worked for the Sunbright outfit until just before they came over on this side of the hills to file on that land. Also, they had gone out in a car that the company sent to clear the road one spring, which maybe set them to wondering, because all the freight and travel goes over the new road.

"His small size, his guinea jargon and all would have revealed his identity to those mining officials, them having known him of old. A mask wouldn't remedy that. So, instead of holding them up he just shot them down without notice. He scooted back, left Lanky's bedroll and shoes at the cabin, rode on down this side to where there was hundreds of horses ranging, changed that left hind shoe again, threw Dorin's two buckskins loose in the hills and went home afoot at night. Likely he left home with nothing but his gun and a rope to make a hackamore and a lead rope out of, and came home the same way. And that is the result of my speculations these past few days, Bill. We know now who did it. The only thing left is to prove it."

"Johnny, I made a real good selection in picking my posse. Tony it is—there's no doubt about it. And like you say, it only remains now for us to prove it. Again there rises up the point that such little items as constitutes facts to you and me don't appear as facts to a jury. But there's one thing that occurs to me. Tony wasn't anyways careful about leaving tracks of those big shoes around. He got on and off his horse at several points and left his tracks all about. But out in that one big open stretch that's covered with rocks he dismounted again and traveled for a considerable distance afoot, as indicated by that little scrap of cloth way upwind from his horses. But he took off his shoes and never left so much as a track. That one dismount varied so distinct from all the others that we might mark it down as unusual. Now why would he be so cautious not to leave any tracks to show he had dismounted at that particular spot, when he was so careless about it at all the others? What does it suggest to your mind, Johnny?"

"That it is the most feasible place on the Pipestone to make a cache without leaving a sign," Johnny said. "He could have prepared a spot on the way over—maybe removing a flat rock from its bed and making an excavation beneath it. The dirt could be packed off to a distance and the rock would fit back in its bed without leaving a hint that there was a cavity underneath. A man could travel afoot for two hundred yards in any direction by stepping on rocks and never leave so much as a track."

"And the reason he didn't want it observed that he'd dismounted thereabouts was because he stopped there to deposit the money in that little cache he'd prepared," Bill surmised further. "There was three thousand dollars in silver in that haul, Johnny. That's heavy. Even if he brought the currency along with him he'd cache the silver somewhere until he knew the coast was clear. Now they can go up and retrieve it at their leisure. The chief trouble is, Johnny, that they may be entirely too leisurely to answer our purpose. They could leave it there safe enough for one year or ten. There's hardly one man a year that crosses the Pipestone, and those that do are generally riding steady to get back to water. We'll have to devise some means to stampede that brace of murdering little Italians. Let's go into session on that."

Shortly after that session had ended it became noised abroad that Johnny Matteson had told his friends good-by, quit the country and accepted a good job in Denver. Maybe a week later the Forest Supervisor, Johnny's friend and previous boss, turned up in Cloudburst and called a meeting. It had been decided, he said, that the Forest Service would erect a lookout tower out in the middle of the Pipestone Plateau and keep a man there of summers. Water was the chief drawback, of course, and the plans would call for the construction of a sizable cistern to catch melting snow and retain it

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for water for rangers and rangers' horses in summer. In order to assure sufficient drainage area to fill the cistern, a broad, shallow saucer-shaped depression would be worked out. On account of the excessive cost of transporting cement up to the Pipestone by pack train, this drainage area would be floored with native rocks and the cracks between puddled with mud and tramped in when the snow was melting off in the spring. There was one big open rocky stretch that was ideal for the purpose. It was centrally located, sufficiently flat to permit of the construction of such a drainage depression, and the rocks were there on the spot.

He pointed this out on the big Forest Service map of the Pipestone Plateau. If this plan was approved by the powers that be the work would be started at once. He wanted to know how many men he could expect to go out on that job from Cloudburst and vicinity. The work would consist of wheeling excavated earth from the site of the proposed depression and prying rocks from their beds to be piled close at hand, so that they would be available when the snow should start melting the following spring. Rangers would pack in water and food for the workers. He would know within the week if the plans had been approved. If so, he would want men at once. And meanwhile anyone who so desired might ride up on the Pipestone and look the situation over. He left the map so that the proposed site could be easily located.

"Those plans for a lookout station on the Pipestone never went through," old Pap Sanders concluded. "In fact, they was never submitted. But some other plans did come to a head. That is how it come to pass that Gus and Tony Capelli went breezing up to look over the proposed site for the lookout tower on Pipestone. Right out there where it was going to be located they turned over a flat rock just at sundown and pulled an old satchel out from beneath it. But when they headed back for their horses they found their trail blocked. For Johnny Matteson, with his rifle in the crook of his arm, was setting there on a down log at the edge of the timber."

"Well, well!" the horse wrangler observed. "That Johnny Matteson, now, was what I'd label a real keen observer. He had sharp ears and eyes—just like I have. Well, I feel rested now, so I'll hustle along and gather those horses that young Weatherbee let out. And I don't feel very kindly to'rds that young cub for occasioning me all that extra labor."

"Instead of which, I saved you some labor," Pap Sanders asserted. "The dudes changed their minds about wanting the horses while you was out gathering them. They went to town in the car. Art Holly was riding past and I asked him to run those horses a piece upcountry to save you the trouble."

"Well, however could I know that?" the horse wrangler demanded aggrievedly. "With him looking like Weatherbee's twin."

"You just couldn't, buddy," Sanders said. "Not for as long as you persist in riding your pet theory that seeing is believing. Right now Johnny Matteson wouldn't be mated to the finest woman he ever set eyes on, and surrounded by a bevy of youngsters that match her, if he'd believed the way you do. But he didn't. Instead of that, he conducted his affairs as if he didn't believe anything that he heard and but mighty little of what he saw. And next time, instead of your jumping to half-baked conclusions, I'd counsel you to apply an ounce of the same. Then, buddy, you won't be near so apt to misread your signs."

(THE END)

SECOND CHOICE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Luncheon's ready. Come on, girls," said Maude, bustling up as she saw a maid signaling to her from the doorway.

They went into Maude's dining room and sat down at her long walnut table with its overelaborate linen and silver, and to a very heavy, rich and oppressively sweet luncheon, served expertly, though somewhat grimly, by Maude's two Swedish maids.

The weekly luncheons had always been a matter of rivalry between the various hostesses. And after years of such rivalry they had become almost desperate in their efforts to outdo one another. Valeria's simple tastes were offended and her wonderful complexion threatened by the weekly orgy of overeating, and by the weird mixtures which were invented in the frantic search for novelty.

Clara specialized in things that were out of season, difficult to obtain and patently expensive, things that had mellifluent names—caviar and casaba melons, alligator pears, winter strawberries and strange cheeses. That was not bad, though boastful. But Maude's specialty was sweets. Everything was fat and fattening and sweet; a thick, creamy, sweetish soup, heaped with whipped cream sweetbreads, covered in cream sauce; sweet potatoes baked with sticky marshmallows and raisins; chicken à la king, with more pimientos, green peppers and sherry sauce than anyone had ever seen before; marshmallows again in the salad. "Disgusting idea!" thought Val, merely poking at it with her fork. And then the masterpiece of Maude's cook—the dessert that none of the others' cooks could make quite so well—Boston cream pie, with the most sickeningly extravagant layers of whipped cream.

"Isn't this terrible?" murmured Clara. "All this heavy sweet stuff is so countrified!" Clara's final and most scathing word of condemnation.

"Maude doesn't care any longer about her own figure, so she wants everyone else to lose theirs," Louise grumbled.

The maids were handing the coffee. A lull had come in the chatter before this. And now there was a listless, heavy pause. Everyone was feeling bored and overfed and longing to get away.

"I wonder what this club is all about!" demanded Edith crossly.

"Why, we've always had it!" cried some simple soul.

"Yes, I know. What for? If it's just to eat, all of us could have plenty to eat at home. Besides, none of us ought to eat luncheon except Val, and perhaps Louise."

"What do you mean by 'perhaps Louise'?" Louise demanded. "I was exactly one hundred and twenty-five on the bathroom scales this morning, with nothing on—or in. Now—I don't know."

"That's just what I mean. Luncheon ——"

"It's nice to see each other, though," said Alma. "Don't you think so?"

A chorus of laughter mingled with groans answered her.

They were all conscious of the boring futility of their meetings and they had all come to dread the weekly encounter of sharp tongues. Yet, collectively, they hadn't the courage to dissolve the club, nor, individually, the courage to withdraw from it.

The trouble was that they had known one another too long and too intimately, developed a kind of family feeling toward one another—that curious mixture of loyalty and quick irritability and suspicion and petty jealousy and real concern which breaks out in senseless quarrels over trifles, the kind of sarcastic criticism which is known as plain speaking, and the even worse rudeness called doing one's duty by someone. No doubt, in a great crisis some of these women might have risen to the heights of self-sacrificing devotion, but they were not equal to the small grinding frictions of every day.

The strain of constant rivalry over hats and husbands and incomes and babies and cooks and complexions, skill at bridge and degrees of popularity at the country-club dances had worn them all to a knifelike edge. All of them dreaded, and yet rather wickedly anticipated, the lunch-club meeting, came away feeling strained and nervous and fatigued, excited and embittered, and rather anxious and ashamed; resolved each week never to go again and each week dared not stay away. For it was worse to stay at home imagining what was being said about you than to go and face it. Valeria was not the only victim by any means. Each member came in for her share of the inquisition—cross-examining and criticism and innuendo and "friendly" advice.

Now, at the time of leave-taking, there was a furtive skirmishing for place. No one wished to leave first, nor alone, though all were anxious to get away. Clara and Louise, who liked to go to Grace's house for a private conference and rediscussion of all that had been said at the club, did not wish to be seen going away together, else Louise's tiresome sister-in-law might follow them. Maude, the hostess, was determined that no one guest should linger after the others, lest she be accused of favoritism and connivance in gossip about the rest. Solitary members looked at groups suspiciously, wondering what plans they were making, fancying a slight to themselves.

Valeria, who was the only member of the club who had no car, refused Alma's offer of a lift. "No, I'd rather walk, thank you," she said. "I want to get some of that atmosphere out of me."

Alma nodded sympathetically.

"I know how you feel," she said. "It's all so petty and poisonous. Why are we like that?"

"You're not."

"Oh, yes, I'm afraid I am. I love gossip too."

"But you don't say mean things."

They were standing in front of Maude's brick house, which looked as much as possible like an English manor. A great sweep of wooded grounds before them—acres of valuable land near the heart of a growing and thriving town, fast becoming a city. Like a sign of its prosperity, at a distance, through the trees, great white puffs of smoke rose against the even pallor of the gray sky. Alma's town car and chauffeur waited under the porte-cochère, Annette was coming down the steps to get into her limousine. Blond Clara, wrapped in a squirrel cape, appeared at the door.

"I'm off. Good-by!" Valeria called, plunging down the drive.

She took long swinging steps—almost ran. She didn't want anyone to overtake her, offer a lift. Her friends were kind, very thoughtful; someone usually telephoned before a party to say they would pick her up; she seldom had to take a taxi; they knew she couldn't afford it. But today she just couldn't bear to ride in anyone else's car or look at anyone else's possessions. She wanted to feel that she owned something. And she did own the day—this clear gray day, almost the last of winter, the last patches of snow melting, a clean, damp, earthy odor, the sound of water trickling, tinkling.

Valeria drew the cold air deeply into her lungs, expelling it with vigorous puffs, feeling that she was cleansing herself.

"Damn! Damn! Damn!" she exclaimed softly with each puff. "Soap and water! Soap and water!"

She swung into a swift easy stride, walking beautifully, carrying her head and chest high, her long legs moving rhythmically.

"Live on a ranch. The only woman Clean air. Oh, those horrible sticky-icky, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet potatoes!"

(Continued on Page 143)

TODAY—*more* is expected of a store than mere merchandise

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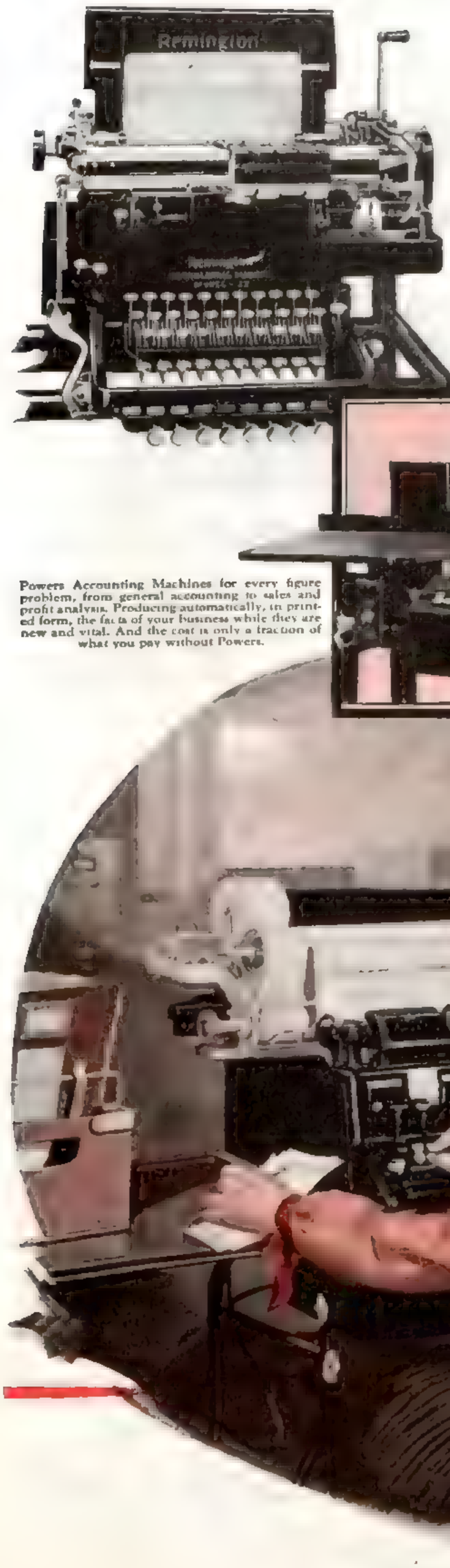

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(Continued from Page 138)

She laughed and felt free. She had reached the pavement outside Maude's boundary wall and turned up the steep hill toward the city. And each movement of her glowing young healthy body gave her delight—the swing of her silken shoulders against the silk of her dress and the swing of her silk-clad legs against her softly brushing skirt. Full chested, firm breasted, long-legged as Atalanta, she came up the hill like a breath of the approaching season, as warm and poignant and as softly glowing as the wind that heralds spring.

Past large handsome houses and landscaped grounds, past smaller and smaller houses and modest lawns, then churches, drug stores, apartment houses—the uptown residence section. Valeria turned into one of the most pretentiously refined of the apartment houses, and all the joy of the walk and the day left her. As the elevator carried her upward the atmosphere of the lunch club ingulfed her once more.

"I wonder what they'd have said," she thought, "if I'd told them the truth about my beaus."

And with the little bitter smile still on her lips, she opened the door of her mother's apartment.

II

"WELL?" demanded Mrs. Grove briskly, raising her bright brown eyes, searching her daughter's face.

"Hello," Val responded.

"Is that all? I suppose you've heard the news."

Valeria sat down in the shabby old morris chair, swinging her foot.

"Dad home yet?"

"Don't put me off like that. How rude! You see he isn't. But did you hear ——"

"We hear everything at the lunch club, mother."

"And you don't care? You don't care!"

"Why should I?"

"Ha! Why should you care? For at least two million dollars!"

"But, mother, it's been over nine years ——"

"You could have had him back at any time—at any time!"

"Now, mother ——"

"Don't say you didn't want him back. What about me? What about me and poor old dad? Your poor old dad. The bill from Reynolds' came again today."

"I know."

"They are getting very rude. I've a good mind to call up Mr. Ben Reynolds and tell him what I think of him."

"You can't do that. We do owe them the money."

"I suppose there are other people in this town who keep them waiting. We are not the only ones. I shall just call them up and tell them what good customers we've alway been."

"Not so good."

"Look at the money that's gone for your clothes!"

"Oh, don't!"

"Well, somebody's got to worry. You don't. How you can take it all so calmly? A girl who's been out almost eleven years! Heaven knows you've had every advantage—every opportunity. I can't understand it. I'll never be able to understand it."

"Oh, mother, what's the use of talking that way?"

"Well, haven't you—haven't you? Didn't you go to Miss Seeley's school, though we couldn't afford it? You had your debut just like a rich man's daughter. Didn't you? Didn't you? Answer me! Don't sit there sulking!"

"Why should I answer, when you know the answer? It's yes, of course."

"You admit it then? You've had every advantage."

"I admit it. I confess it. There, will that satisfy you, mother?"

Valeria gave a short mirthless laugh, and rising abruptly went to the window and stared out.

Her heart was so swollen with hatred of her whole life, she felt so smothered, so caged, that it would have been a tremendous physical and mental relief to lift her arms high in the air and crash down with her fists on the windowpane. Mentally, she heard the tinkle of the breaking glass, her mother's outraged scream.

The room upon which Valeria had turned her back was decorated in banal apartment-house style—commonplace doors, tasteless lighting fixtures, an ugly mantel over a gas log.

A large soft mulberry-velvet-covered sofa in front of the fireplace was new. The rest of the furniture was a miscellany from the better days of Valeria's father's family, ancestral mahogany, and the rather worse days of his bachelorhood—the morris chair, the smoking set and the sectional bookcase. The curtains were skimpy and the lamp shades homemade by a rather unskillful hand. The general effect was one of waiting.

Even the room was waiting and hoping for Valeria's marriage!

She felt that she could bear it no longer. But she had felt that way many, many times in the years since her debut, and she had gone on just the same. There had been one or two fierce revolts, but they had come to nothing. The time she had wanted to earn her own living—the time, during the war, when she had tried to go to France—her furtive and disillusioning visit to a theatrical agency in the course of a trip to New York ——

But what was the use? There was nothing she could do. Even if she could learn to do something, she would not be allowed. No doubt one ought to have the courage to break away, defy everyone, endure hardships. But then she was not a heroine. In real life, one went on—stupidly, blindly—as others wished or chance dictated. No one that she had ever known had ever made a real decision.

"Master of one's fate!" What utter rot!

"I've said it before and I'll say it again—there never was another girl had a better chance than you, with your father's family connections and your good looks; there's not a girl in your set was ever as good-looking as you. That's what's the matter, I suppose—jealous cats—and with your poor father and me sacrificing everything to you—literally everything. Do you know that I haven't had a really new dress in a year? And as for buying anything for the house—and that set of Balzac dad wanted—and we might have had a little car by this time if only you ——"

Good heavens! Her mother's voice was still rasping on.

"I wish you wouldn't," Valeria murmured.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Sacrifice—everything—anything. It isn't fair."

"But we wouldn't mind, if only ——"

"I mean—it isn't fair to me."

"—— there'd be some result," her mother finished her sentence. Then: "What?" as her mind responded to Valeria's unexpected answer.

"I never asked you to sacrifice anything!" Valeria cried, flushing darkly, her words tumbling out quickly. "It was all your own plan. It's only made me unhappy to have friends who are richer than I. All your advantages have just been a disadvantage to me!"

Her mother gasped.

"Well, upon my soul and body! And what is your idea of the way you should have been brought up?" she exclaimed in her most sarcastic tones. "It's a pity we didn't ask your advice!"

"Oh, don't let's fuss," said Valeria wearily.

"There, you see! Blaming me for everything, and yet you won't make an effort for yourself. Don't even want to think—or talk!"

"I wanted to earn my own living. You wouldn't let me."

"Earn your own living! Ha! A girl who doesn't even know the price of butter a pound, and with six-dollar stockings on this very minute. If you'd had to manage and rake and scrape like I have, you'd have more respect for earning a living than to talk of it yourself. What on earth could you do?"

"I might have been a teacher, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, with glasses! Who'd have looked at you then?"

"I wanted to go to business college."

"Oh, yes, I remember that escapade. Don't remind me of it, please. It makes me mad clear through even now. My daughter learning to be a stenographer—in this town—ha!"

"I suppose I might have gone to some other town."

"Yes, and I suppose you might go and be a cook too. Why don't you? You must be crazy! Besides, you couldn't work. You don't like to. How ridiculous—talking about earning her own living, and never so much as making up a bed! There's plenty to do right around this apartment, young lady, if you're so anxious for work."

Valeria threw herself down on the sofa and closed her eyes.

"Well, it's over. Don't let's talk about it," she murmured.

"Get up! You are wrinkling your suit. Anybody would think you had a maid. Ellen's too busy to press your clothes every day. Put on something old, unless somebody's coming ——"

She let her voice trail away questioningly, hopefully, but Valeria did not respond.

After a moment, her mother asked directly, "Are you going out again?"

"No."

"Somebody coming this evening?" Mrs. Grove's voice was the essence of archness as she pronounced "somebody."

"No, I don't think so."

Mrs. Grove sat up and her tone sharpened:

"You haven't got a date at all this evening, Valeria?"

"No."

"Well, I must say! For a girl who was one of the most popular ——"

"Please, please, please ——"

"It's all your own indifference. You don't seem to care! You don't seem to care!"

"I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"I don't know what you mean, and I object to your tone of voice, Val. I'm sure I think your married friends ought to be a little more thoughtful of you. There must be someone who's giving a party tonight—at least, there's always someone going out to the dance at the club. Why don't they take you along?"

"It's not my married friends' business to look out for me, mother."

"Well, then—where's Hugh Warrener? And where's he been all this week?" Mrs. Grove hurled this at her daughter like a blow.

Valeria sat up. Her face grew tense.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said with elaborate indifference.

"Ha! Well, I think the time has come to know where you stand, once and for all, with that young man, my dear."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? You've been going with him for five years now—five years! He's taken up your time to the exclusion of everyone else. Everybody thought at one time it was a settled thing—a settled thing—and now ——"

"Don't be absurd, mother, please. I've known Hugh always."

"You don't have to tell me that. I suppose you want me to believe you're nothing but friends."

Valeria caught her lip between her teeth.

"That's all we are," she said with a little gasp.

Her eyes looked desperate, frightened, like a wild thing pressed and pursued.

"Nonsense!"

"Why is it nonsense?"

"If that's true—if that really is true," cried her mother, in a voice shaking between anger and tears, "then all I've got to say is you're the greatest fool on earth!"

"Mother, you mustn't talk to me like that!"

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"I will talk to you. You might as well hear the truth. It'll do you good to know what everyone is saying."

"What are they saying?"

"That you're in love with Hugh Warrener and he's not in love with you."

A wave of deep crimson flooded Valeria's face and stained her throat, but she held her mother's eyes with her own—wild and shining and defiant.

"It's not true! It's not true!" she cried in a deep, throbbing voice.

But her cry was vibrant with the passion she denied, and her quivering lips, her moving breast, her wild, proud, hurt, imploring eyes betrayed it.

Her mother could not look at her. A pang clutched her—an elemental pang of love for her child—love and fierce pity, fierce hatred, fierce longing to do battle for her young. This little, hard, worldly woman, whose natural impulses had been so glossed over, so coarsened, so deadened, suddenly came back to herself in a rush of the tenderest feeling she had ever known. But she could only mutter futilely, exasperatingly:

"It's jealousy makes 'em talk like that—they've always talked about you. But then it's your own fault, too, Val—the silly way you've acted."

Valeria lay back in a corner of the sofa and she was very pale. When her mother tried to take her hand she jerked it away. Her mouth was hard and her eyes were cold.

"I don't give a damn what people say," she uttered deliberately. "So don't take the trouble to repeat it to me. I don't give a damn for anything in this town, or anybody. And my idea of heaven is a place where nobody is interested in anybody else, and where everybody's got to mind his own business and shut up—shut up!"

Her voice rose and she beat a clenched fist on her knee. The tears that had threatened so long pressed too painfully now against her eyelids. She jumped up and rushed off to her room before they could fall.

Alone, on the comforting whiteness of her bed, clutching her pillow, she tried to make her mind perfectly blank—to see only a blank expanse of grayness. But hurting images stabbed through. And a cry, somewhere within her, went on endlessly, relentlessly:

"Hugh! Hugh! Oh, Hugh!"

A thin sound, shrilling familiarly, piercing her gray gloom with familiar and even more penetrating emotion. She jumped up, heart pounding wildly, waiting, tense, hardly breathing, scarcely daring to hope, yet hoping of course. Hope, the most cruel and tenacious of all passions! How she had suffered from it—never learning not to hope. She steeled herself for disappointment, telling herself that she did not expect—what she expected.

But her mother came in. Her face was happy, her tone exultant and excited and conspiratorial.

"He's called up!" the gay voice cried. "Hurry and change your dress! He's coming right over."

III

"OH, HELLO," said Hugh Warrener, strolling into the living room, where the gas log was lighted. "How are you, Kitty, old dear?"

But his tone expressed no interest whatever in Kitty, old dear; his glance passed by her indifferently as he dropped on the sofa. Mrs. Grove liked to be called Kitty by the young men who came to see her daughter. She had been a very handsome woman in her time, and that time was not yet quite over. She often felt that if the truth were told she was much more attractive than her daughter. At any rate she had far more magnetism for men, she was certain, and a great deal more tact and insight into how to manage them. Not that she was one of those middle-aged flirts who make perfect fools of themselves over young men. Thank heavens, she hadn't the slightest personal interest in any of Valeria's beaus, except, of course, to help Val, who was apt to be too haughty and indifferent, rather on her high horse, and not the pliant slave that men still expected, in spite of all your feminism.

She hastened to hand Hugh cigarettes and matches, fluttering about him with sharp twitterings of interest, not altogether assumed. For she had always been genuinely attracted to Hugh, with that odd mixture of liking and contempt which we feel for someone whose ambitions are identical with our own. They understood each other, those two, without words, and without words constantly expressed their mutual admiration and scorn. For both Mrs. Grove and Hugh Warrener were climbers, without, of course, admitting it except in this subtle unspoken way to each other. They were both deeply absorbed in the affairs of their own small community, vitally interested in the happenings and mishaps and the maneuvering for place of the group that constituted society in their town. And, subconsciously, to both of them, Valeria was an outsider—someone not to be let quite into the secret.

"Well, what do you know, Kitty?" drawled Hugh when he had been made comfortable. He gave his hostess the rather surprisingly sharp smile that slid out of the corners of his pleasant, composed mouth, that made his composed blue eyes even more cold. "I always come to you for my scandal," he added.

Mrs. Grove sat quite erect, as she always did, in a straight-backed chair, holding her small plump body with a great deal of dignity. Her hair, under the standing lamp, shone bright brown, with not even a thread of gray. Her quick brown eyes were eager.

"I don't know a thing," she protested, laughing. "I have to depend on you, Hugh. You go everywhere."

He looked as pleased as a cat that is stroked.

"Gosh, but it's been a mad whirl this week!" he complained, lounging still deeper into the sofa. "I'm about all in," he went on with candid pride. "Girls ought to have more sense than to come out five in the same week. It's like first nights at the theater."

"Which you, as the blasé critic, must attend."

"Well, I didn't know I had quite that reputation."

"Oh, yes, you have!" she cried gayly. "Oh, yes, Hugh! You are a regular old bachelor now—the Debutantes' Delight. Tell me, how are they this year?"

"Pretty poor. Is that what I'm expected to say? As an old bachelor and critic: 'Times and gals ain't what they used to be.'"

"No, not at all. The older you grow the more attractive they seem. But really now, are there many terribly attractive girls? I haven't kept up with them this year. Of course I was invited, but Oh, I don't know—such children—it gets so tiresome. I really don't see how you stand it, Hugh. But tell me, who is especially fascinating?"

He looked at her with cool comprehension.

"Oh, there are several perfect little darlings. But of course you know, Kitty, I'm not interested."

She gave him a sharp glance.

"More interested in last year's crop—is that it, Hugh? Let me see, was it last year that Madge Harcourt and that crowd came out?"

"Who's been talking to you, Kitty?"

"Why, nobody. What do you mean? What do you mean?"

They both laughed.

"You are the most cagy old darling," murmured Hugh, taking her hand for an instant and then letting it drop. "You pretend to be a stay-at-home granny, and yet you know more than I do."

"Even more than you know about yourself?"

"But isn't that always the way in a town of this size? Everybody else knows your affairs before you do. Look at the

number of times they've had me married off! Gosh, what a Mormon I'd be if they'd doped it out right every time!"

"I really think you are as big a flirt as Val," cried Mrs. Grove, with her thin, tinkling, artificial laugh.

He gave her a curious look.

"Oh, I don't pretend to count as many scalps as Val," he drawled. "Besides, you know, it's always I who've been cruelly deceived and thrown down, Kitty."

"I don't believe that."

"Believe it or not, I've been very badly treated. And Val, you know, is treating me even worse than the rest."

"Val?" Mrs. Grove's tone was too eager. "Why, how can you say that? You haven't been near us in a week!"

A flicker of annoyance crossed his face.

"May I bother you for a match?" he said. "Thanks. . . . Really, you know, I've been awfully busy."

"Still, when you live just across the street ——"

A slight frown puckered his firm dark eyebrows. His tone was cold.

"I am very sorry if you think that I have been neglecting you," he began formally.

"Oh, no! No!" she interrupted, seeing her mistake too late. "Don't be absurd, Hugh. There's no reason you should call on us unless —— But with such old friends—I really miss it, you know, when you don't drop in with the latest scandal."

She attempted to make her tone humorous.

"I was sure you would forgive me, since we are such old friends," he replied smoothly. "Rotten, isn't it, having to go to a lot of parties you care nothing about? But then I knew Val would understand ——"

"Oh, of course—of course."

"—— since we are such old friends."

There was something ominous in his repetition of her phrase. He was not using it as she had intended. They exchanged mutually sharp, equally veiled looks.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" Mrs. Grove said, rising. "Valeria will be in in a minute. She was in the tub when you phoned. I'll go out and shake up some cocktails."

"Oh, please don't bother."

She laughed and asked, a shade too carelessly: "Oh, by the way, is it true about the Harcourts?"

"What?"

"You know—their parties—disgraceful!"

His eyebrows went up.

"Disgraceful parties at the Harcourts'?" he asked reprovingly.

"Is it true they don't serve anything?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," he replied coldly.

"You believe so? I thought you had been out there quite a lot lately."

"Oh," was his only answer.

"Well?" she countered, determined not to be abashed by his level stare.

"Are you asking me if I have been at the Harcourts' quite a lot lately?" he asked in a tone that bordered on insolence.

"Why shouldn't I?" she exclaimed in a voice that quivered with anger, in spite of her efforts at control. "Is there anything wrong in my asking?"

"No more than there is anything wrong in my having gone."

"But, my dear Hugh, who suggested anything so utterly ridiculous?" she cried, with a laugh that rang false.

"Sometimes your tone is quite inquisitorial, though, Kitty," he remarked blandly.

"How perfectly absurd you are!" was the only retort she could find. "Well, I must make those cocktails."

"Really, don't bother. I've only a few minutes. I just ran in ——"

"But aren't you going to stay to dinner?" she almost wailed.

"No—no, thanks awfully, Kitty."

"Do stay, Hugh. Don't be formal with us."

"Really, I just ran in ——"

"But I've already told Ellen—everything's ready."

"I'm sorry. I have another engagement."

"Oh, really?"

"Really."

"Well"—her tone had become flat—"but I thought of course you were going to stay to dinner."

"Sorry."

Mrs. Grove recovered herself.

"So am I," she said brightly. "Of course Val has an engagement for this evening, but we'd have been so glad to have you for dinner. We might have made a four at bridge, with Val and her beau—if they had nothing more exciting planned."

"So Val has a new beau?"

"Why, not new exactly—an out-of-town man."

"I see. Has she exhausted the supply in Midland?"

"Oh, well, you know how impossible most of the men in this town are!" cried Mrs. Grove gayly. He bowed. "Oh, I don't mean you, of course! But there are so many queer young men about nowadays—don't you think so? Really, it makes you wonder how they could ever have got in—horrid little climbers!"

They measured glances.

"Of course it is always easier for a man," Mrs. Grove went on deliberately. "No matter what kind of family he comes from, if he is just fairly attractive, and some nice girl who belongs happens to take a fancy to him ——"

"Quite so—quite so," he agreed dryly, maintaining his poise, although his healthy cheeks seemed to grow a shade ruddier. "All the mothers are complaining of the scarcity of young men this season."

"I suppose that is why Mrs. Harcourt allows Madge to have so many queer people at her parties."

"I haven't seen any queer people there."

"Oh? Well, I heard that one of Madge's suitors used to be a rubber in a Turkish bath."

"That isn't true, of course."

"No, of course not. I knew it wasn't. It was probably his father who was something funny. I only repeated it to amuse you."

"I'm sorry, but it doesn't."

"Well, it interests you, at any rate?"

"Not particularly."

"You are very sure of yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. But you are, aren't you? They say Mrs. Harcourt chaperons Madge terribly."

"Yes?"

"I don't imagine that she is going to allow any one young man to monopolize her daughter, unless ——"

"Unless?"

"—— there is really something in it, you know."

"Are you warning me, by any chance, Kitty?"

"Why should I warn such a very wary old fish?" They were both laughing, but their eyes met in deadly earnest. "Still, even the most experienced old fish does get landed some day!" she cried, overflowing, apparently, with mirth.

"Yes, one has to look out," he answered carelessly. "Still, the Harcourts need hardly take the trouble to angle—with such an attractive assortment of flies."

She gave him a startled, quickly covered, glance.

"How stupid I have been to wonder at Madge's popularity!" she exclaimed. "Of course a girl doesn't have to be pretty if her people have millions and the best possible social position."

"Do you think Madge ugly?" he asked coolly.

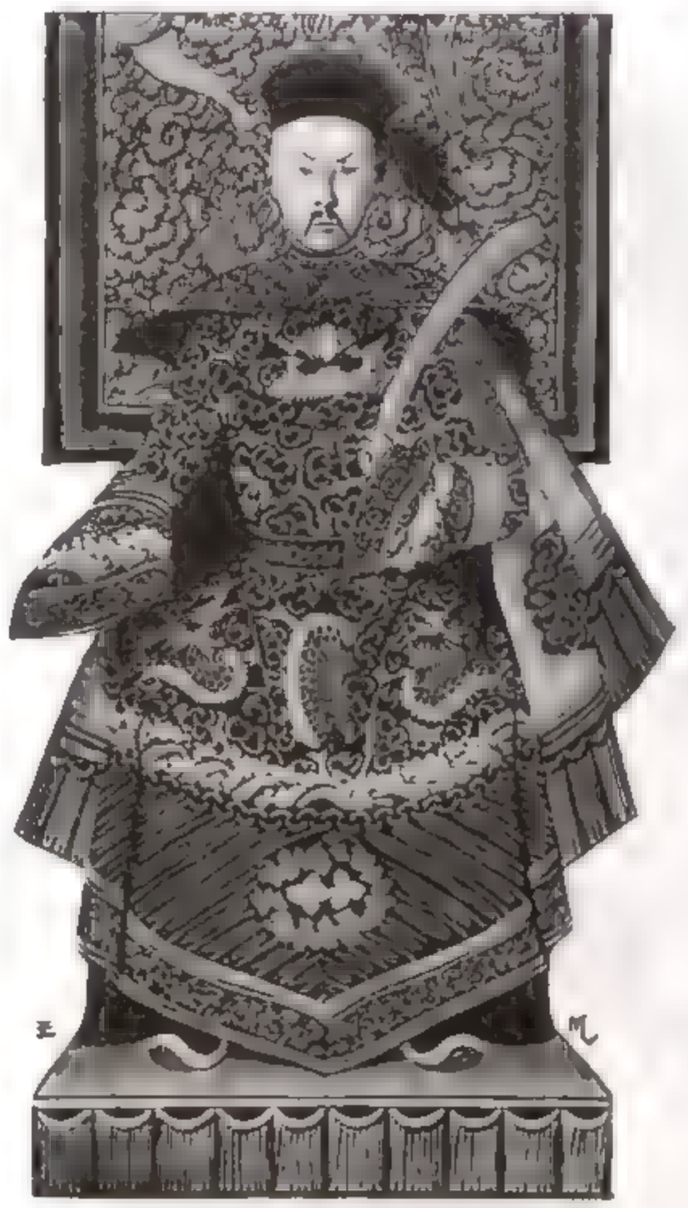
"Oh, no, no—plain."

"Nice eyes though."

"But fat!"

"I don't mind plump girls. This exaggerated thinness is only a temporary fashion."

"Exaggerated thinness! Valeria is not the least bit too thin."



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"I thought we were talking about Madge. Val has a beautiful figure, of course."

"Why do you say 'of course'?"

"I mean everybody knows that Val is a beauty," he replied in a bored tone.

"Thank you," said Valeria, coming into the room and more than justifying his faint praise.

She had changed to a soft frock of gray crêpe de chine, with a small white collar and long tight sleeves, a costume of nunlike demureness that contrasted piquantly with her vital beauty.

She gave Hugh her firm white hand, warm and vibrant, and they sat down on the sofa together, while Mrs. Grove quietly slipped out of the door and as softly closed it. Hugh lit another cigarette, fumbling at it rather nervously, and Valeria watched him with a still intent shining in her eyes.

She did not see Hugh as her mother saw him. She was one of those women who are quite incapable of analysis in love. Besides, she had done too much for Hugh to see him clearly. For, though a woman may judge a benefactor with critical coldness, it is seldom that she can bear to find faults in a protégé, and Hugh had been Valeria's protégé for five years. To her he owed the invitations that he valued so highly, his friends among the best people—her people—even the club memberships which seemed almost a patent of nobility to his snobbish soul. With all her enthusiasm and her influence the influence of her father's family connections and her immense personal popularity—Valeria had worked and schemed to get Hugh the toys he coveted.

Sometimes amused, slightly scornful, always amazed that he could value such things so highly, the pitying indulgence she had first felt for Hugh had changed to tenderness. His egotism, his superficial ambitions and trivial interests, now seemed to Valeria a delightful childlikeness. She felt for him the passion of the artist for the thing he has created. For out of her genius for love she had created the image of a lover and an idol out of her need for worship.

And now so far had her infatuation gone that she no longer even saw Hugh clearly, in the physical sense. She had forgotten, or her conscious mind refused to remember, that once she had thought the shape of Hugh's head rather common—too blunt, too abruptly, hastily formed, as if Nature hadn't bothered much with so unimportant an individual. Now she saw only his blue eyes, still as stars on a frosty night, cold, even when he was stirred by passion. And she had forgotten or refused to remember that once she had been repelled, with a sick feeling of shame, by those wide-open eyes which could stare at her with greedy calm, while her own eyes wavered and darkened in the fainting rapture of kisses. Now she was fascinated by their coldness. For even out of Hugh's faults she had made a fetish. And she loved him now with the desperate and frightened and stubborn feeling of committing a crime, a crime against herself, something that was best in her wantonly giving itself over to the worst, as if she were deliberately dragging her gift through the dust, flinging away her supremest worth in handfuls of incense before an idol who, she secretly knew but would not admit, was worthless.

Hugh was the first to break their silence.

"What have you been doing this week?" he asked. And he glanced at Valeria cautiously, not meeting her eyes.

"Did you ask me first so I couldn't ask you?" she replied.

"No, not at all. I hadn't seen you, and "

"I don't care for debutante parties any more. They make me sad. I'm getting old."

She tried to keep her tone light, but her voice trembled a little at the dreadful word.

"It's a great mistake for a girl to begin talking like that," Hugh reproved her.

"I know—but I'm almost thirty."

"Well, that isn't so bad."

"Thirty not bad? Oh!"

She shivered and tried to laugh.

"George Moore says that's a woman's best age—doesn't he? *Femme de trente ans.*"

"Yes, but George Moore doesn't live in Midland. Well, anyway, let's not talk about it. But I won't go to any more debutante balls at the Hampton. Mine was the first there. Think of it—the year it was built! Some day soon I expect some young thing will point to it and say, 'See that funny old-fashioned hotel? Just imagine! Valeria Grove made her debut there the year it was built—the year it was built, my dear! Isn't that a scream? She must be at least fifty!'"

"Perhaps by that time you won't be Valeria Grove any longer."

She gave him a quick glance.

"Please don't join in the chorus," she said in her forced tone of raillery.

"What?"

"I've heard it all afternoon—I've been at the lunch club, you know—'Val, why don't you marry?'"

He gave her a cool level glance.

"Well, why don't you?"

She blushed and was furiously angry at the betrayal, so blushed more hotly.

"Do change the subject!" she cried crossly.

"How nervy you are tonight! What's the matter?"

He put his hand on hers with apparent carelessness, but smiling strangely. His lips were pressed tight, cold and annoyed, and his eyes were cold, but with a strange frosty glitter.

She did not withdraw her hand, did not look at him. All the blood in her heart seemed to rush to his hand. He took hold of her arm, warm and alive under the tight-fitting sleeve. Through the silk he could feel the silken texture of her skin. He drew her toward him. She did not resist. For a moment they clung together in strange thrilling comfort and strange anger. Both drew back, each furious with the other. Neither had intended the kiss. But he, less than she, had wished for it or meant it. He was angry with her for her power to thrill him, to upset his cool composure. He could not forgive her for the attraction she had for him.

For her part, Valeria gazed at him, miserably ashamed. He had neglected her for a whole week, and she had been bitterly resentful and angry, meant to punish him and at the first touch she had melted in his arms.

"I can't stand myself!" Valeria said in a low shaking voice. "And I—hate you!"

She rose abruptly and moved to the fireplace, stood leaning against the mantel, her head on her arm.

He had recovered his poise.

"I'm just going," he said, "so you won't be bothered by my hateful presence."

She raised eyes that were wild with dismay.

"Going?"

"Yes. I have an engagement."

Her face closed up, tight and cold.

"Then you ——" she was beginning, but the door opened and Mrs. Grove came in with a tray of cocktails.

Valeria and Hugh each took a glass mechanically. Valeria set hers down on the mantelpiece untouched. Hugh drank his with exaggerated expressions of enthusiasm. Mrs. Grove beamed and refilled his glass from the shaker.

"Do change your mind and stay for dinner, Hugh!" she exclaimed. "Didn't you invent that engagement? Ellen has made your favorite dessert."

"I'm sorry," Hugh said, finishing the second cocktail and setting down the glass. "I really have another engagement, Kitty."

She hastily refilled his glass.

"Break it!" she cried daringly, laughing a little too loud.

"I can't possibly," he said, looking deliberately from mother to daughter. "You see, I am dining with the Harcourts."

When the door closed after him Valeria was still standing against the mantelpiece, motionless, tall and straight, with a quiet, pale face.

(Continued on Page 149)

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Operates 12 to 24 hours without attention

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Spencer Heaters are specially constructed to burn this low-cost No. 1 Buckwheat.

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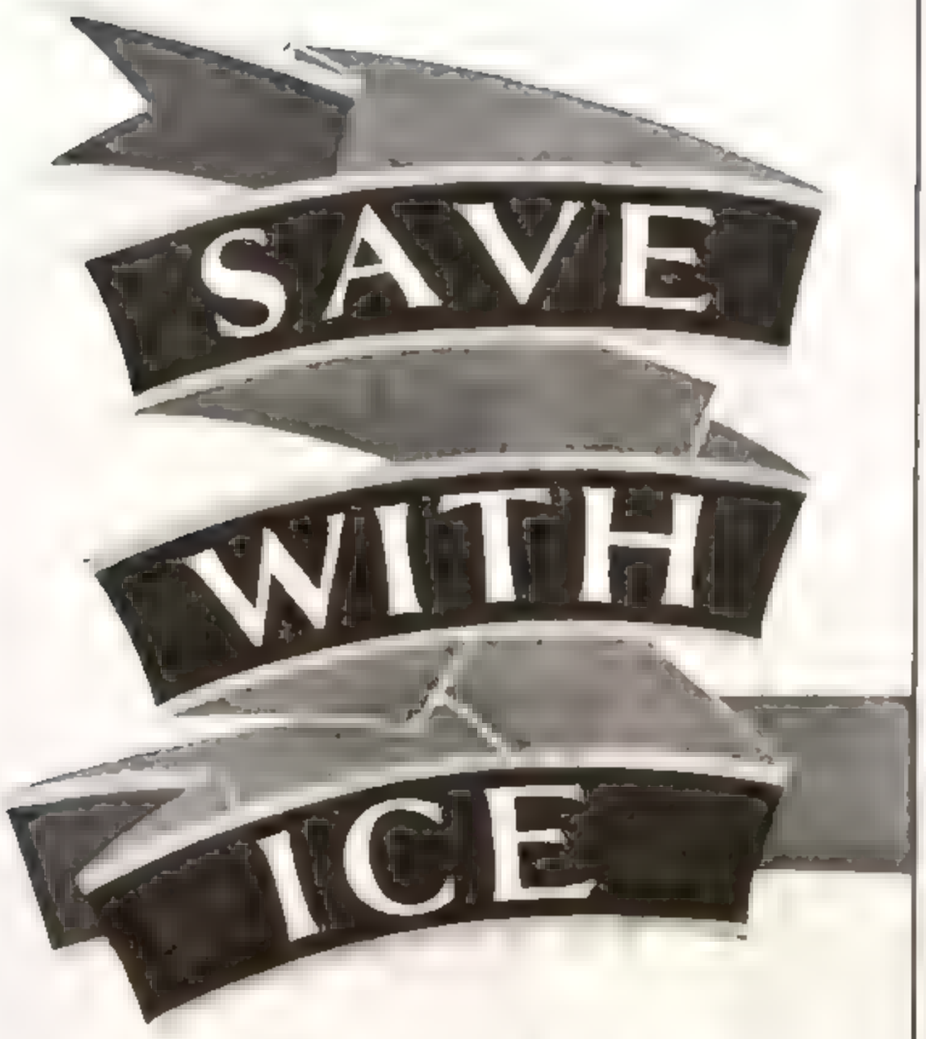

The WATCHWORD *in millions of homes*

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Without refrigeration, few edibles could be kept longer than a few hours without loss in food value. Ice checks bacteria growth in foods, the cause of spoilage. It maintains just the right temperature to do so. It keeps milk pure, butter sweet, vegetables crisp, meats fresh. Ice brings out the full flavor and appetizing quality of the many things you serve. Use it freely the year 'round. Ice actually *pays for itself* in food saved.

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As air circulates over ice it is constantly purified. As ice melts, it washes down the drain the impurities and odors collected by the air circulating over the food. Ice guards in every way against loss of flavor.

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Please send booklet, "Why We Refrigerate Foods."

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(Continued from Page 146)

"He's going to the Harcourts'!" her mother burst out with furious venom. "The Harcourts, indeed! Well, that's a good joke on me! They're too goody-goody to serve anything to drink at their house, so I must pep Hugh up with cocktails for their party."

A thin scornful smile played over Valeria's lips.

"I don't suppose Madge Harcourt is very intoxicating either."

IV

"WOULD you like to go to the Bijou with me tonight, daughter?" Mr. Grove asked after dinner.

His habitual mild and nervous tone seemed to imply that whatever suggestion he made was merely tentative, to be quickly withdrawn or apologized for in case of opposition.

Christopher Grove was tall, thin, stooping, with a vaguely distinguished air and delicately cut features—the kind of man of whom people say, "He looks as if he ought to be somebody!" As a matter of fact, he had never been anybody but the grandson of an extremely wealthy old man who was inconsiderate enough to lose the greater part of his fortune just before he died. And as Christopher's handsome, charming and reckless parents had spent the remainder of the fortune, after carefully educating Christopher away from every possible gainful occupation, his rôle of grandson had turned out to be neither profitable nor distinguished. However, his distinguished air persisted, and with the help of his many friends and family connections, he managed to make a living out of the real-estate business. Midland was a rapidly growing town; several men of Christopher's age had made fortunes out of their able judgment of real-estate values. But Christopher was neither quick nor bold nor shrewd, nor—strangely enough—had he any real love for money. His dreams of personal luxury included only books and quiet and the companionship of his beautiful daughter at the movies.

Every night that his wife permitted him, Christopher went to the Bijou, the moving-picture theater of their neighborhood, and sat, as naïvely pleased as a child, before the preposterous dreams of shadow land. There he lost himself, forgot the jarring vulgarity of his uncongenial work, was soothed most of all by the absence of contending voices and was happy. If Valeria went with him he was perfectly happy. He could feel her aliveness beside him. Sometimes he took her hand. She renewed him. From her vibrant youth, youth flowed back into his veins. She was a never-ceasing wonder and delight to him—as miraculous now as when she was first laid into his trembling arms. He had not the amused, indulgent, patronizing attitude toward his daughter that more successful fathers had. He felt humble before her, a little like a presumptuous stranger. His wife had so often told him that he had not done his duty by their daughter. She hadn't the things other girls had, and she was so beautiful. With an obscure jealousy, of which he was deeply ashamed, he dreaded the day when another man would give Valeria all that he should have given her.

He had known, as soon as he came home that evening, that something had gone wrong. All through the silent dinner Valeria had that air of steely calm which, he knew, covered a deep hurt. How he liked her pride and reticence! Even when she was a little girl, she wouldn't let anyone see her cry. He remembered some of her childish hurts and her courage in bearing them, and at each memory he suffered actual physical pangs, as he had then. His flesh shuddered away from injury to her flesh, and his spirit shrank even more violently from injury to her spirit. Those wounds of childhood he had been able to heal with a kiss. What consolation had he now for her deeper wounds? He could offer to take her to the Bijou! His voice faltered as he tendered his poor little gift of love, his ridiculously inadequate healing. Other fathers consoled with fur coats, trips to Europe, town cars, pearls.

"How would you like to go to the Bijou, tonight, daughter?" he repeated bravely.

Valeria lifted eyes dark with brooding. "Oh—well—all right, dad," she murmured absently.

But Mrs. Grove interposed vigorously. "I should say not! Go to the Bijou, indeed!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

Her husband's gentle eyes were startled.

"She was at the Bijou with you last night!"

"Well, is there anything wrong in going there?" he asked with a deprecatory laugh.

"Wrong! It's foolish! And that's worse!" she cried scornfully.

"I don't understand ——"

"Oh, no, of course not! Of course you wouldn't understand what will happen if Val is seen at the Bijou with you night after night."

"Surely I am not an unfit companion?"

His tone of gentle irony always antagonized his wife.

"I don't suppose it has ever occurred to you what will be said about a girl who's seen every night at the movies with her father."

"Why, I should think that she was a most exemplary young girl."

"Certainly not that she's most decidedly an old maid!"

Valeria flushed and drew back as if her mother had lifted her hand to strike her. Never before had that dreaded phrase fallen from her mother's lips. Hitherto, by a tacit agreement, they had ignored the subject of Valeria's age. Skirmishing about the fear of old maidenhood, with her perpetual talk of marriage, still, Mrs. Grove had never directly flung the insult. For as insult she intended it. Her scornful mouth, flashing eyes, showed that plainly.

Christopher Grove's pale, finely cut lips tightened. He stared coldly at his wife, wondering at her vulgarity, wondering how he could ever have fancied himself in love with her.

"I shall be very glad if Valeria never marries," he said, enunciating slowly. "But it is absurd of you, Kitty, to speak in that way. Besides, I object to—to that name. I always have. It's vulgar and it's rude. It reminds me of comic valentines."

Mrs. Grove pursed her lips and tapped lightly with one foot, regarding her husband with ironic eyes.

"Oh?" she retorted. "You don't like 'old maid'? What would you suggest?"

"I don't care to discuss the matter at all."

"No? Well, that's very sensible—very sensible, I'm sure. I see now where Val gets her good sound common sense. You two! If you don't like a thing you pretend not to see it. Ve-ry sensible, indeed. Ostrich logic, I call it!"

She flung out her phrase triumphantly and broke into a high-pitched laugh.

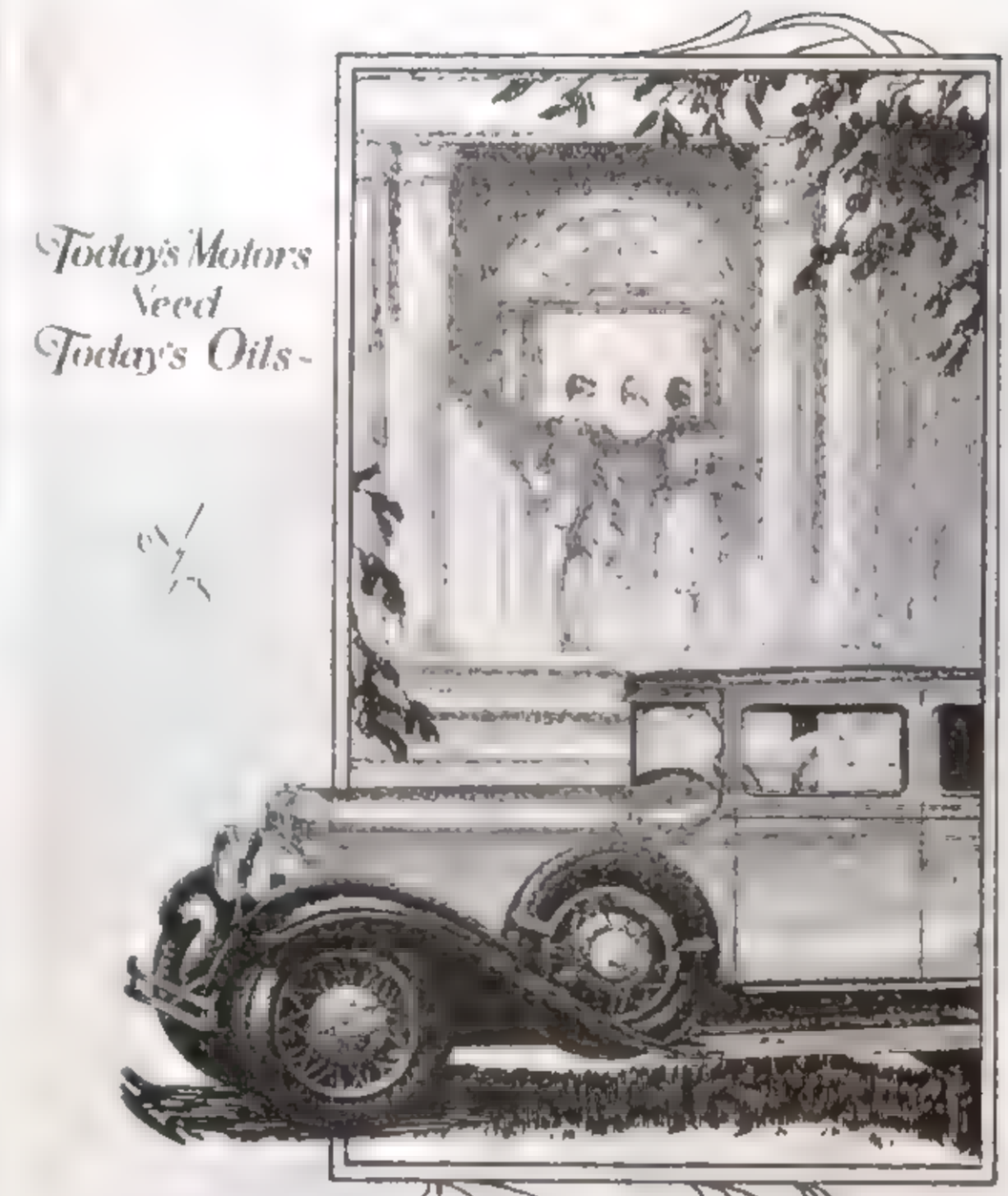
Valeria and her father exchanged sympathetic glances.

"Just what do you want dad and me to do?" Valeria asked quietly, looking directly at her mother, who fidgeted under that clear gaze.

The telephone rang. Ellen, the maid, came into the dining room.

"It's for you, Miss Valeria," she said sullenly. She began to clear the table with quick jerking movements, banging things about. Mrs. Grove dared not protest. Ellen could cook well, when she wanted to, and she was the only servant they could afford. She was angry now because Mrs. Grove had rushed into the kitchen and told her that there would be company for dinner—Mr. Hugh—and she had had to prepare another dessert, for they were having bread pudding, which Mr. Hugh didn't like. Then Mr. Hugh had not been present at dinner, after all.

"You may have that old plaid skirt of Miss Valeria's you wanted, Ellen," said Mrs. Grove, watching her lowering face.



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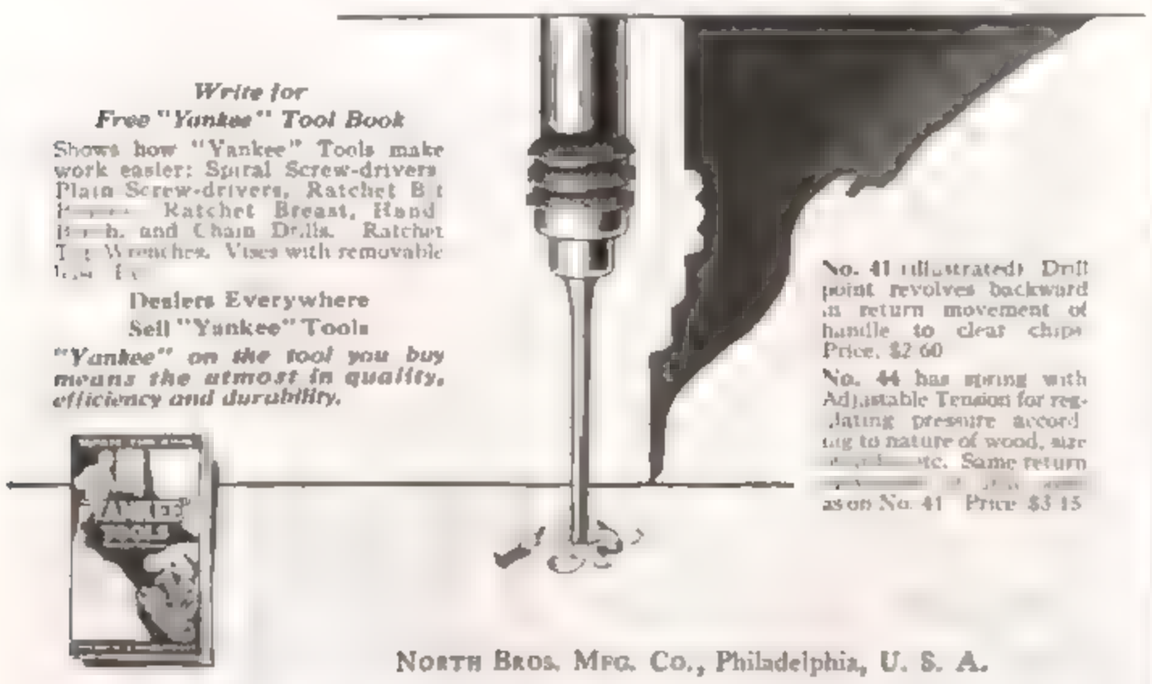

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"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Ellen jerked her head and went into the kitchen without answering.

Tears suddenly sprang into Mrs. Grove's eyes

"Oh, for the day when I won't have to stand impudence from servants!" she said between her teeth.

Mr. Grove looked at her, mildly surprised.

"I am afraid we shall never be rich," he said gently and with unintended humor.

"We could be!" she cried. "If only ——"

She stopped. A strange, hopeful, almost greedy look had come over her face. She held up her hand to silence her husband. She was listening to Valeria's end of the telephone conversation across the hall

"Thanks very much, Edith, but—yes, I know, but I'm tired, and he probably wouldn't be interested in me anyway. . . . No—no, I wasn't fishing. I really am tired, though, and—yes, of course I'd love to do anything I could for you and Ned, but it's just that I'm not in the mood." Her voice rose a little. Mrs. Grove shut the dining-room door behind her and stole on tiptoe across the hall. "Oh, he'd expect to be entertained, I suppose!" Valeria was exclaiming impatiently. "And I simply don't feel entertaining tonight. There's no use going to a party unless you are full of pep. Better get someone else, Edie."

"No! You will go!" cried Mrs. Grove vehemently.

Valeria whirled about, startled, flushing. "Mother, they'll hear you!"

She covered the mouthpiece of the telephone with her hand, tried to listen to Edith's protests, while her mother made violent signals and finally broke into speech again.

"You've got to go, Val!" she whispered passionately. "You can't refuse to go! Who does she want you to meet? Is it a new man—from out of town? What —— "

"No, Edith, I'm sorry, but —"

"Valeria!" Mrs. Grove snatched the receiver out of her daughter's hand. "Wait a minute, Edith! Edith!" she implored into the telephone. "No, it's I—Mrs. Grove. Hello, Edith! Hello! I haven't talked to you in such a long time. I just wanted to say hello. And to thank you for calling Val up. . . . Quite well. Quite well, thank you. And how are the dar-ling babies?"

Valeria stood watching her mother in shamed silence, pressed against the wall, where she had been pushed aside.

"It was so sweet of you, Edith, to phone Val," Mrs. Grove's voice purred on. "And I'm sorry she was so rude to you."

"Mother!"

"Sh-h! Sh-h! . . . Yes, she was rude, Edith. Though I'm sure she didn't mean it. You can't tell from Val's abrupt manner ——"

"I haven't—I'm not!"

"Sh-h! Please be quiet while I'm talking, Val. . . . Edith? Hello! Hello! Yes, I'm still here. I was just saying how much Val really appreciates your hospitality and your thoughtfulness, Edith. But—well, yes—yes—yes—old friends do understand, of course. But I was afraid you might —— No, really? Well, I'm so glad! And as I was saying —— But you have guests, Edith? I'm keeping you from your guests? No, really? But I thought you told Val — Oh, I see. I see. He's coming later. What did you say his name —— Oh, yes! Yes! Yes, of course. Oh, yes, I've heard of the family—oh, yes, indeed. . . . What? No, really? Well, that's too bad—too bad—what a pity! Shame! Yes, isn't it? Yes—yes—yes—you are always so good to people, Edith. That is just like you—so thoughtful—sympathetic. Yes, yes—poor boy. I know he must. . . . It would. . . . She could. . . . She always does. . . . She is—she really is. Even if she is my daughter, she really is!"

"Mother!"

"Don't interrupt"—fiercely. "What time, Edith?"—resuming her cooing tone. "Oh, no, she isn't! . . . Oh, yes, she will! Oh, that's only her way. She wants to be coaxed, I suppose. . . . Ten? Why, of course—of course. Yes, of course, you can count on her, Edith."

"Mother, are you saying I'll go?"

"Sh-h! Sh-h!"

"I won't be treated like a child!"

"No, don't bother—don't bother. She can take a taxi. . . . Well, all right. All right, if you insist. It's awfully sweet of you. You are so thoughtful, Edith dear. Quarter to ten? All right, she'll be ready. Good-by. Thanks so much. Good-by, dear. Good-by."

She hung up the receiver quickly, turned a triumphant yet somewhat frightened face to Valeria, flushed and darkly brooding against the wall.

"There!" chirped Mrs. Grove cheerily, as they do in kindergartens and hospitals.

"How dare you?" Valeria said very low. Her clenched hands were quivering

"What are you so melodramatic about?" replied Mrs. Grove with a laugh. She moved toward the door.

"Hurry, Val," she chirped. "Better put on an evening dress. You'll probably go to the Selkirk or to the club. Besides, Edith and Ned always dress for dinner, so you —— "

"I said I wouldn't go."

"But I've told Edith you will!"

"How dare you treat me like a child?"

"Do calm yourself. Don't be so absurd, Val."

"Either treat me as a child or as a woman. I won't be called old one minute and treated as if I were a baby the next."

"Be reasonable, dear, be reasonable."

"It's you I'm asking to be reasonable."

"Don't be impudent to me, Val."

"I suppose it is impudence to expect one's parents to be reasonable."

"Don't talk. Get dressed. Edith is sending the car for you at a quarter to ten."

"Do you really think I'm going?"

"Why, of course you are! I told her you would!"

"Then call her up and tell her that I won't."

"You must be crazy. Why should you refuse to go? You're not tired. Even if you were, that's no reason. And she wants you to meet a new man—a friend of Ned's. He's all right, I'm sure, if he's a friend of Ned's. What's your objection? What possible earthly objection could you have?"

"I'm not in the mood."

"What a word—what a silly word!"

"Do you really mean to say that I am to be forced to go to parties whether I want to or not?"

"Don't be ridiculous! What on earth is the matter with you? Why shouldn't you want to go?"

"But please answer my question first."

"Well, then—of course—of course you must go, whenever you're asked—and be grateful too!"

"Especially grateful if there's a chance to meet a new man?" Valeria asked, looking down at her mother with a scornful and bitter smile.

Mrs. Grove would not meet her daughter's eyes.

"It's very good of your friends to think of you," she muttered sullenly. "I appreciate it, even if you don't."

Valeria turned away with a short hard laugh, walked toward the door, hesitated, and came back

"Let's give it up," she said in a low tense tone. Her mother stared at her questioningly. "I'm so ashamed of it all!" Valeria cried. "It's so humiliating—degrading! Let me go away somewhere—anywhere!"

"Where would you like to go—without any money?" asked Mrs. Grove coldly.

Mother and daughter stared at each other—the one determinedly matter of fact, the other quivering, wild, rebellious, imploring.

"Can't you see that it's—shameful?" Valeria cried.

"Don't make a scene, please! You will have to go and dress now," Mrs. Grove said wearily. "I promised Edith, and the

Continued on Page 153

You Don't Have to Coddle an INGERSOLL ALARM CLOCK

An alarm clock is meant to serve rather than to be served. *Nobody* wants to make it the pet of the family. *Everybody* wants it to give reliable service, both in time and alarm, and stand uncomplainingly the ordinary amount of abuse that every necessary article receives during a long and honorable life.

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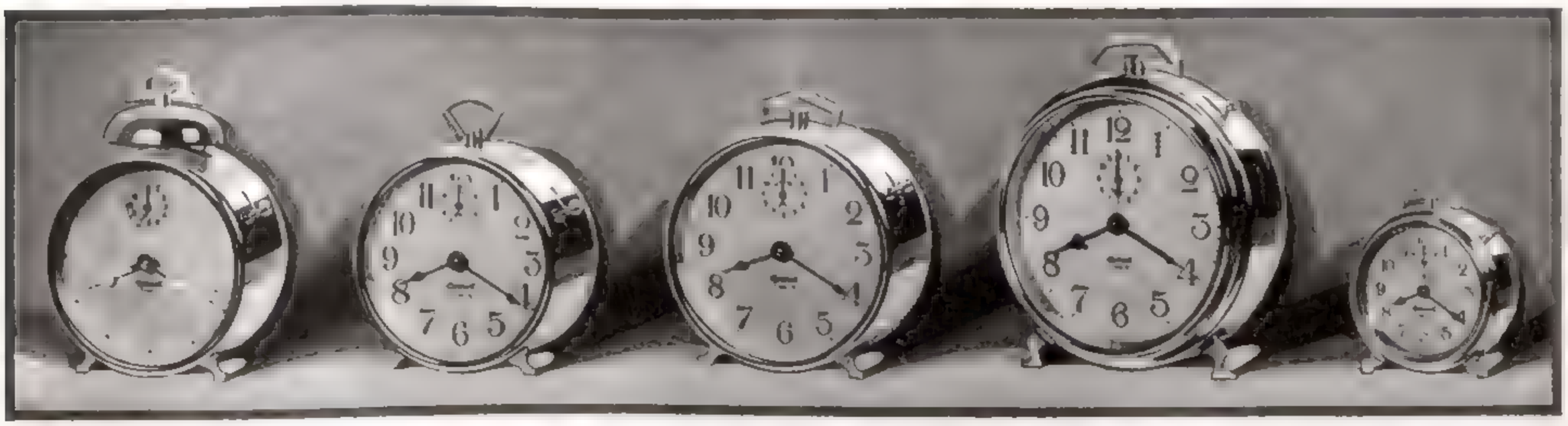

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(Continued from Page 150)

car will be here any minute. I don't suppose you want to let Edith into our family quarrels, do you?"

She had touched the sensitive spot in Valeria's pride. She knew it. Valeria would always keep up a brave front to the world. She could rely on that.

"I'll go this once—because I can't help myself, I suppose," Valeria said angrily "But don't ever treat me like that again, mother. I won't keep it up—I won't go on ——"

She choked, whirled sharply about and fled to her room.

Christopher Grove, who had long since learned not to interfere between his wife and daughter, was pretending to read under the shaded light of the dining-room lamp. He had heard the raised voices, Valeria's quick steps down the hall. He was troubled. He wanted to call to his daughter. But he was afraid of only making matters worse. He knew his wife's imperious nature and how little either he or Valeria could stand up against it. He dreaded scenes. After all, it probably was some trivial matter about which they had disagreed.

He listened intently, heard his wife's footsteps go down the hall toward Valeria's room. It must be all right then. He sighed and relaxed. His fine head, with its whitening hair and delicate thin features, shone almost transparently against the yellow glow of the lamp. Soon he lost himself in his book, drugging himself out of reality, as all sensitive, weak natures must. He looked noble in the lamp glow, and he would have been capable of laying down his life for his daughter under romantic circumstances. Yet he was powerless to help her in the crushing pettiness of every day.

When, a few minutes later, Valeria came in, wrapped in an evening cloak and followed by her triumphantly beaming mother, Christopher looked up, smiling.

"Going to a party, daughter?" he asked, confident of her delight in parties.

"Yes," she answered, and could not bear to disappoint him; so she answered his smile too.

"Edith and Ned wanted her to come and help them entertain a friend of theirs," Mrs. Grove explained, twitching at her daughter's cloak, then patting her shoulders. "He's very unhappy and they thought Val could cheer him up!" She stood back, looked at Valeria critically, then beamed with approval. "I never saw you look better," she declared. "Take off your coat and show papa your dress."

Valeria let the dark velvet cloak fall. In a straight, slender frock of silver tissue her white beauty was exhibited like a flower in a vase.

She stood before her parents, unsmiling, almost stern. Of her bare shoulders and half-uncovered breast she seemed unconscious, as impersonal as marble. She turned, showing the exquisite line of her nude back. Then she completed the circle and looked full into her mother's face with a faint ironic smile.

Christopher Grove was vaguely troubled by that smile.

"Is -is it a new dress?" he murmured.

"No!" cried Mrs. Grove triumphantly. "I made it over. Would anyone ever know it?"

"It's beautiful," he said. "But but isn't it a little low?"

"Nonsense! What do you know about style?"

"Of course I don't know, but I thought - I only thought ——"

"But, as you say, you don't know!"

Valeria looked at him then. She was still smiling—the smile he did not like. But her eyes were tender.

"You see, dad, you don't know."

She picked up her cloak and wrapped it about her shoulders again, and there was in her face something of which he felt afraid.

When she had gone Mrs. Grove came over to her husband's chair and laid her hand on his shoulder. Her eyes were blazing with excitement

"It's Owen Mallory!" she half whispered, bending over him.

"Who?" he asked, startled.

"The man Val's to meet. He's tremendously rich! And his engagement has just been broken. He's fearfully unhappy."

"Yes?" Christopher murmured, quite bewildered. "Too bad."

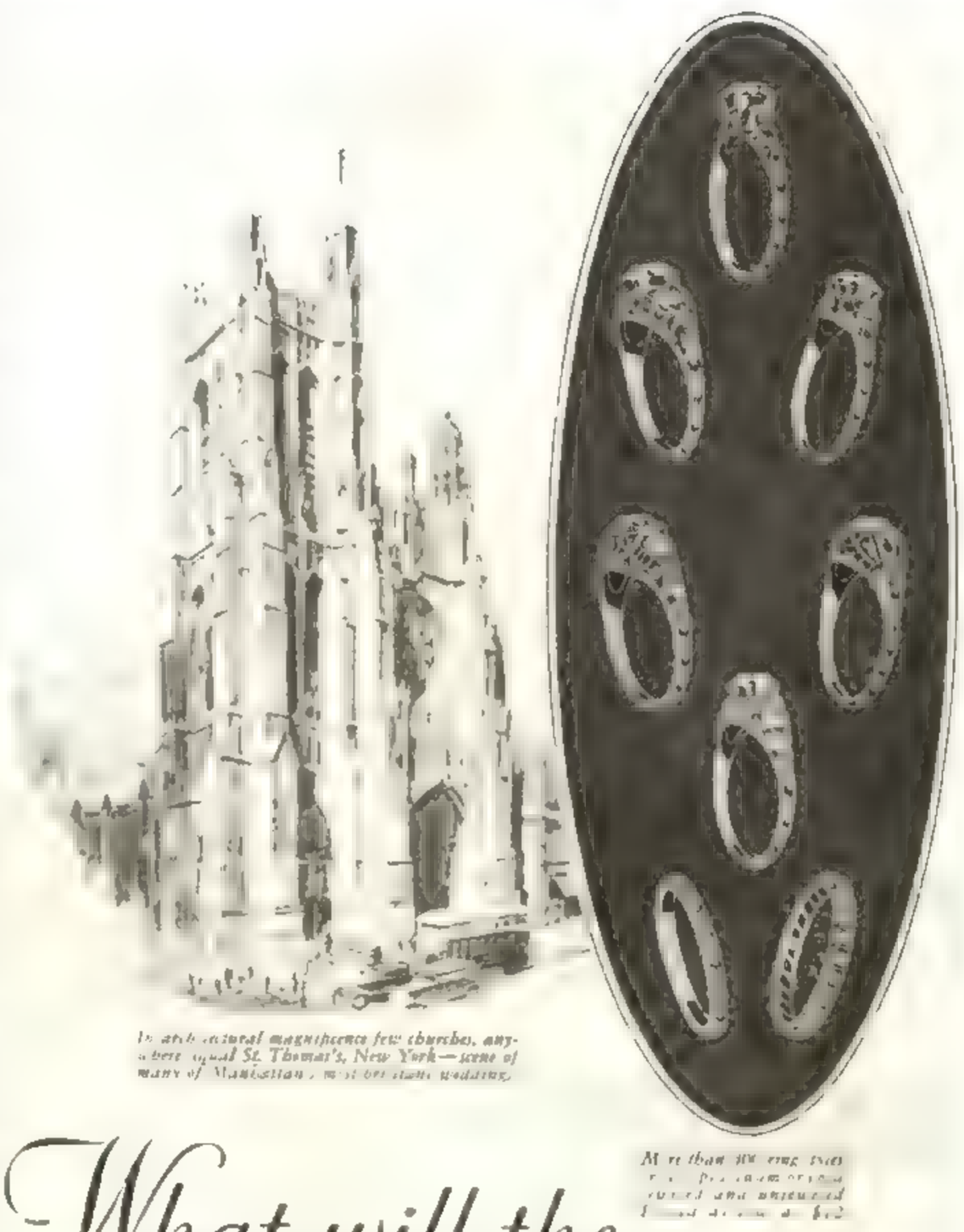
His wife had begun to walk about the room, making queer excited little movements—picking things up, setting them down aimlessly. His eyes followed her helplessly, making an effort to understand her extraordinary elation.

She whirled about, a spot of bright color on each cheek.

"Val looks her very best in evening clothes!" she declared triumphantly. The father's mouth contracted in a slight involuntary gesture of distaste. But the mother went on: "Thank goodness for short skirts! There isn't another girl in Midland who has such marvelous legs."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mirror Lake, in New Hampshire



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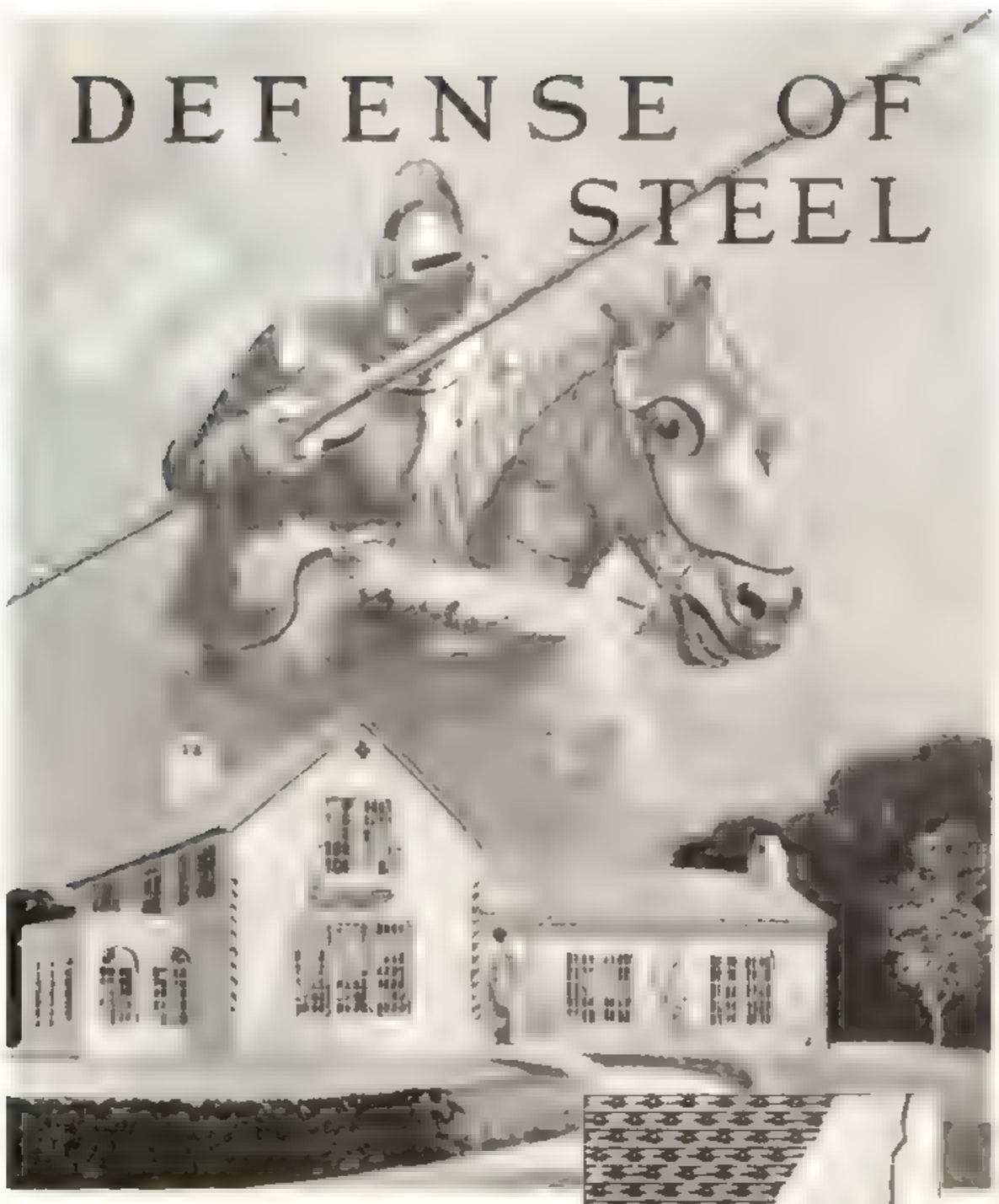

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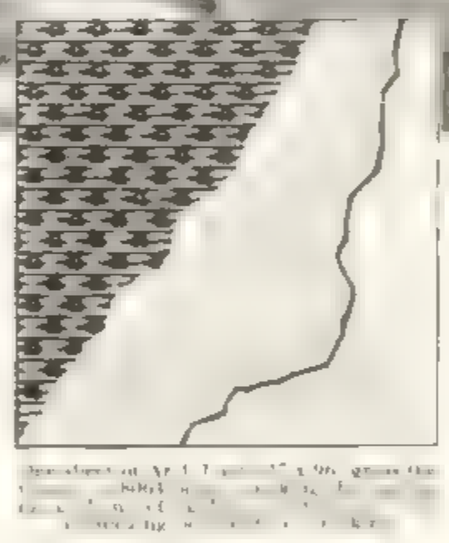

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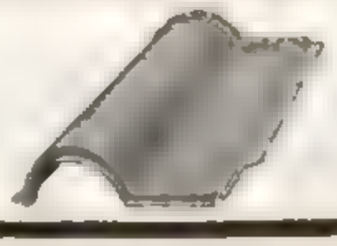

THE GREAT SHUSH-SHUSH CAMPAIGN

Continued from Page 11

was to get busy and create sentiment for Governor Howard M. Gore as a candidate for President before the Republican National Convention at Kansas City next June.

The excellent qualifications of Governor Gore were set forth, the alluring situation that will ensue when the convention is deadlocked over Hoover, Lowden, Curtis, Dawes, *et al.*, described in detail, the chance for West Virginia to march to the front and center and secure the nomination for Gore depicted with lavish rhetoric, and the recipients of the letters urged to get busy at once and form Gore clubs, get Gore publicity and do all sorts of Gore stunts in the hope of making an impression and gathering delegates in states where, it might be, no favorite son would be promoted and where, it was certain, anti-Hoover, anti-Lowden and anti-other-candidate delegates were needed.

Some of these letters got back to persons interested in preventing the Old Guard from getting control of the convention, and the flowery and patriotic and earnest West Virginian who wrote them was looked up to see what he represented and whom. Without going into details, it may be said he represented a branch of the Old Guard factory for making favorite sons in order that the said Old Guard may control the convention and slip over the nomination of the man they decide upon. Nor is West Virginia the only state thus favored with the manufacturing genius of the favorite-son makers. There are others.

That Mystical Gentleman

Coupled with this deadlock lure, this rosy hope that the convention may turn to any candidate in the balloting in its weary extremity, is the vice-presidential bait. The process of inciting a favorite son to enter the game has the vice presidency for its second attraction. A candidate standing well along and sturdily in the balloting is most likely to be taken for the vice presidency. Then lookit! Oh, lookit! Remember Roosevelt! Remember Coolidge! Think of Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, who refused the nomination for Vice President with Harding when it was offered to him at Chicago in 1920, the nomination that went to President Coolidge. Well, what do you think of that? No man should refuse a vice-presidential nomination. You never can tell what will happen.

That is old stuff, that favorite-son bunko game. It has been worked for many, many years and with considerable success. There is nothing subtle about it, nothing in the way of finesse or astuteness of operation. It is raw, crude politics, neither more nor less. The vitality of it is amazing. One would think that after a hundred and fifty years the American people would see through the favorite-son dodge, but apparently it is as virile now as when it was first used to kill off a candidate whose success would crimp the plans and prospects of the ruling party politicians.

The uninstructed-delegation scheme is not so raw. That is a device that has its working basis in an appeal to the better elements of the party and is founded on the premise that if a state has no citizen candidate it is far better to go to the convention with a delegation unhampered by pledges of any sort in order that the delegates may take counsel with their brethren and perform a real service for the people, whose interests are paramount, as all must know, by deciding to support the best man.

The best man!

That's the selling talk that gets many a proponent of an uninstructed delegation by with the voters. It has a noble and a patriotic sound. The best man! Hevings, how many political crimes have been committed in the name of that anonymous but always extremely righteous person!

You would think, to hear the pleaders for uninstructed delegations plead, that the days and nights of every politician in the country are devoted to an unceasing search into the hearts and manners and minds of all possibilities for a presidential nomination; and that the reason they want their delegates to be free and untrammeled, not bound with instructions to vote for any specific purpose, is to enable these superpatriots to lead their flocks to the convention city, there to meet and consult and pray for guidance with other seekers after true nobility and patriotism and character and independence and ability as most highly combined in some outstanding figure, and after consultation and deliberation to give them the opportunity to vote their free and untrammeled delegates reverently but solidly for this paragon of a candidate and nominate him triumphantly for the exceeding good of all of us.

That is what you would think if you did not do much thinking. If perchance you pried a little into the real motives for this earnest and sanctified desire among the politicians for uninstructed delegations you would discover that the real reason behind every plea by a politician for an uninstructed delegation is twofold: First, to prevent candidates or any candidate not amenable to the bosses from getting control of the votes of the convention by tying up votes for themselves or himself and thus setting the bosses to one side as managers of the destinies of the party in convention assembled; and, second, to enable the bosses to get together, combine their uninstructed delegates into an instructed wedge and go in and nominate their own man.

It is merely a matter of the source of the instructions. The gist of it is that the bosses want to do the instructing, at the proper time and after the deals are made, instead of allowing the people back home to mess things up by showing any initiative in the matter or displaying any political intelligence or independence whatsoever. Any such demonstration as that by the voters would be fatal to the bosses and must be avoided at all costs.

The Same Gold Brick

Hence we observe in numerous of the large, populous, heavily delegated states, states that have big blocks of votes in the convention and especially on the Republican side, passionate devotion to the cause of the Best Man among the bosses in those states. We note in Pennsylvania, say, and in New York and in New England that the leaders fervently desire uninstructed delegations to Kansas City. They point out that it will be to the enormous interest of the party to allow the delegates from New York and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and so on, to proceed to Kansas City with no expressed convictions as to which person mentioned for the nomination, or qualified for it, would be the best for the interests of the country and the people as President, but with free and untrammeled minds—minds with every door, window and other method of ingress wide open—in order that there shall be no error in this high and patriotic mission, and that the delegates shall be fully advised as to the merits of all rather than committed to the cause of one.

Regularly every four years that gold brick is sold to the people who vote for delegates to national conventions. This year the brick is even shinier and brassier than usual. But it looks, as this is written, as if the voters in these states, where the bosses are praying on every political street corner for uninstructed delegations, will buy again. Experience may teach many classes of people, but never the voting class, in political matters. This is the reason political bosses survive. It is just

(Continued on Page 156)

Libbey-Owens

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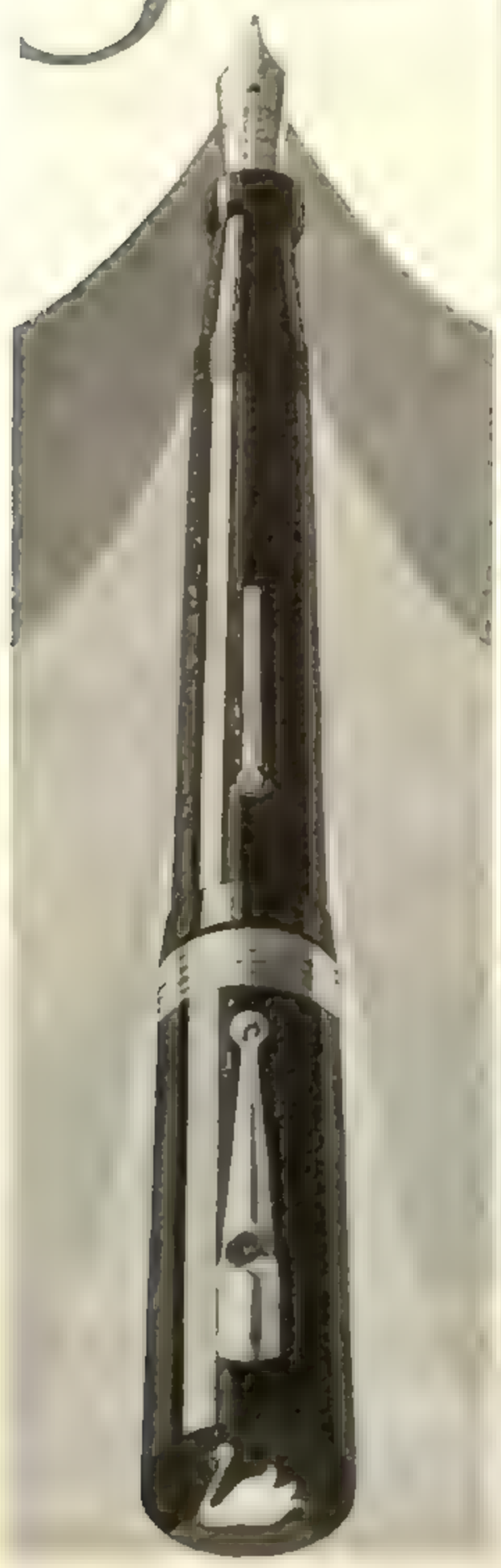

Continued from Page 154

as easy to work a political bunko game now as it was fifty years ago. And this game has few, if any, new angles since it originated away back yonder among the Whigs.

Why are the bosses begging, manipulating, scheming, imploring for uninstructed delegations? Why shouldn't the Republican voters of Pennsylvania, say, or New York or Massachusetts or any other state send delegates to Kansas City favoring the nomination of Herbert Hoover for President, for example? Certainly a great many of the Republican voters of New York and Pennsylvania and Massachusetts do favor the nomination of Hoover. They are for him. Why should the bosses interfere in this delegate business? Where do they get the authority or the power to dictate in this important matter? The answer to those questions strips stark the enormous political ineptitude of the voters of this country. The bosses get the power because the people allow them to take it.

The Old Game With a New Twist

Furthermore, in this matter of Hoover, the bosses are fully aware that his nomination means little to them in those things that bosses fatten on. Theirs is a fight for continued power and prestige and patronage and perquisite in politics. If they cannot have a determining influence in selecting the candidate to be nominated at Kansas City they immediately cease to be bosses. They lose their jobs and all that goes with those jobs. And so do their lieutenants. It is vital that they shall be in position to hale the candidate of their choice before them at the proper time in Kansas City and say to him:

"We can nominate you for President. If we do nominate you, will you play ball with us?"

The answer will be satisfactory. It always is. And when the man of the bosses' choice signs up he will be nominated.

They can do this if they have uninstructed delegations, if they have delegations not tied down to any specific person and free for delivery as per agreement. Usually they can deliver up to about 90 or 95 per cent. Occasionally there is an independent on a delegation who votes as he pleases, but not many of these emerge from under the bulk delivery of the bosses. Delegates are mostly politicians, and politicians know better than to be independent at a time when subservience brings home the bacon.

That is all this clamor and fervor for uninstructed delegations amounts to as the game is being played in this preconvention campaign. It is a maneuver of the bosses to preserve themselves. And though it is an old maneuver and executed in strict accord to precedence and tradition in most of its aspects, some of the brethren up in New England have originated a new wrinkle this year that is both interesting and ingenious. This is a feature of the shush-shush campaign. It is a maneuver in whispers, strategy based on confidential information clandestinely imparted, influence exerted on knowledge direct from the highest sources but entirely secret in its nature.

There were moving about New England at the time this was written a considerable number of rubber-soled politicians who were in possession of momentous tidings. Those tidings were that President Coolidge really does not mean what he has said about running again and that in the proper circumstances, with the proper inducements and as a loyal Republican with his party's interests foremost in his consideration, he will run if nominated.

"Therefore," say these rubber-soled, whispering New Englanders, "let us not commit ourselves to any candidate, in order that we may all unite on Coolidge, who is one of us, from New England and our pride and joy, when the great moment comes in the convention to rise and show by our votes that we do not believe what our first citizen has repeatedly said."

This plea is made with the assurance that the information as to the compliant state of mind on the part of President Coolidge is authentic, official, absolute. The statement is definitely made that the President is only awaiting the call, that he was fooling in South Dakota and again in Washington when he announced his retirement from the race. New Englanders are urged to stand by a New Englander and refrain from tying themselves up with any outsider. The way to be loyal to Coolidge, to Massachusetts, to New England, is to send uninstructed delegations to Kansas City.

Also that is the way to be loyal to the bosses, but the rubber-soled whisperers do not mention that side of it. They are shush-shushing all about New England imparting this Coolidge news in strict confidence and for the purpose of helping the voters to understand the situation and act intelligently, loyally and New Englandly on it. It is a widespread and expert campaign. The rubber-soled whisperers have good credentials furnished by the bosses for whom they are working. They are on the inside. It is boss propaganda for the benefit of the bosses, and using the President to further the scheme to hold New England out at the convention for such trading and bartering and other ulterior political purposes as may seem desirable and useful to the New England bosses when they meet with the other bosses in Kansas City to select the candidate the poor dumb-bells of delegates will later nominate at their direction.

Strictly Private

Naturally and politically, as, at the time of writing, Mr. Hoover is showing greatest strength among the people as a possibility for the nomination, the shush-shush campaign is most virulently directed against Hoover. We get more of this in the East than in the West and more in the big cities than in the country. New York is full of Hoover shushers. A former United States senator has written a pamphlet in which he decries Hoover at length, which is marked For Private Circulation—a fact that should cast devastating doubt on its credibility. Why so "private" about it? Hoover is out openly. Why not attack him openly? There are several mimeographed lists of alleged Hoover disabilities. Everywhere one goes there appears a printed copy of a letter Hoover wrote in 1918, when we were at war, in which he patriotically supported President Wilson. This is to prove that Hoover is not a Republican—a charge that is whispered with horror by the bosses and is as flimsy as the rest of the allegations.

The stuff is as feeble as it is vicious. For example: You can hear, anywhere politics is discussed, that Hoover, when he lived in England, made application to become an English citizen. Notwithstanding the fact that the Home Secretary of England after a search of the records has set forth under his official seal and the seal of the British Empire that no alien named Hoover ever applied for British citizenship since the days of the Magna Charta, that story goes its unceasing rounds. And many more of the same untruthful sort. Nor does Lowden escape. Nor Dawes. Nor any of the rest. No use to catalogue these whisperings here. They will all be taken care of whenever they get out in the open, if they ever do. But what price a lot of political leaders who originated and are supporting a campaign of this sort? Why let these self-seekers select a candidate for President for the people of the United States?

The Great Politician System

So far as Governor Smith, of New York, is concerned, his position on the Democratic side is similar to that of Hoover with the Republicans. He is in the lead in early February. Whether he will continue in the lead—or whether Hoover will—is a matter that will be determined in the months of April and May. As it stands in February, Hoover and Smith are out in front. The Democratic shush-shushers are busily at work on Smith. The amount of whispering that is being done about that prominent person is incredible, although on one or two, perhaps three, phases of his candidacy there is a disposition here and there to speak a little above a whisper.

The shush-shush campaign will last probably until about the end of March. By that time events will make at least a modicum of aboveboard politics necessary and desirable. However, by that time also the bosses may have their uninstructed delegations framed and their favorite sons lined up. If there is a real disposition among Democrats to keep Smith from the nomination, their task is easier than that of the Republicans who want to hold their convention away from any stated candidate or all who may be apparent now. The Democrats need only to get one more than a third of their convention to hold Smith back, while the Republicans must have one more than half to do their job. And here we are, fellow citizens, allowing the bosses to run things again in the same old way, basing our political actions on innuendo, whisperings, pleas for support from leaders with nothing in view but their own perpetuation.

Here we are, being shush-shushed along toward convention time and feebly allowing the shush-shushers to get away with it. Who was that man who said our political system is representative?

Representative of what? Will the men who run the Republican Party, for illuminating instance, please write?

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CORAL

Continued from Page 25)

She heard in memory Verable's hesitating sincere voice. He wasn't afraid to support his beliefs. He had paid no attention to Zinc. He'd be a perfectly splendid husband, a miraculous father. She imagined a life with him and with their children—a happy, placid, serious existence. When, in the fall, he coached the Yale team she'd go to New Haven. Tremendously interested. His influence for good would spread and spread; he would become a celebrated figure. She must do nothing to hurt that, to limit his power for good. Coral realized that she must specially watch her destructive sense of humor. It was precisely like Zinc Bent's. She would have to teach herself to be constructive. Lee Verable would help her.

Verable was sitting with her in Elena Barns' drawing-room; they were having tea, with toast and marmalade. Coral rang. "Margot," she told the maid, "some more toast, please, and open a fresh jar of raspberries." Where she was concerned, Verable showed the edge of a slight skepticism "I'm glad you said all that," he assured her; "I mean about the seriousness of life. But it's one thing to realize a thing and another to do it. The world is full of good intentions. I don't know, either, what there is for you to do. You might be a Girl Scout. Or do they call them Camp-Fire Girls?" It was doubtful, Coral thought, if she would be a satisfactory Girl Scout. "Would it be necessary, do you think, to have a camp fire?" He laughed at this. "I mean as an adviser," he reassured her. "If anything, girls are more important than boys. The mothers of the race—the cradle of the nation. Now while it is natural for you to smoke, smoking as an abstraction is bad, particularly for women. It hurts the wind. And cocktails—if women must drink, why not a bottle of stout now and then? The English train on it."

"Do you think it would be a good thing just before dinner?" Coral asked. "Isn't stout rather filling?" Its food value, he admitted, was high. They might take a little sherry and bitters. At any rate, that wouldn't be too cold. Ice ruined the stomach. "Take dinner, for example—you have it too late—hard on the digestion. You should eat a light supper at six." Coral sighed. "Everybody would think you were having a cocktail party and they wouldn't understand the food." That was her objectionable humor again. He didn't notice it and she was relieved. "Money won't do," he declared; "charity isn't the answer; it's a personal engagement. It is belief." It was, Coral agreed, absolutely belief. She felt very small and remarkably fatigued. "This habit of tea," Verable pointed out, "destroys the appetite." That, gazing at a third plate emptied of toast, didn't amaze her.

"Of course it would," she said sympathetically. "I don't know why I have it. I won't again. Just another poisonous habit. You can't believe how much good you've done me already. I hope you are not going to forget me and let me sink back. You are responsible for me now, if you see. I can't ever again be just what I was before—before this afternoon." Lee Verable spoke to her about the beauty of self-reliance. "What you are is inside of you. In five minutes after a new boy comes on the field I can tell if he is valuable, if he has nerve. A tackle or two and a punt and I'll know his history and habits and possibilities. Take young Kander, two years ago. He was built like a water tower. He wasn't at Yale a week before I heard about it. I went to New Haven just to see him. I never looked at a handsomer boy. But after a few minutes—no! He was wrong. Too much self-indulgence. No feeling for the team. That boy would never run behind an interference. He wouldn't learn to be in the interference. Spoiled. The whole athletic board thought I was crazy. When the season started he couldn't even stay on the scrub. He was thrown off the freshman team. Kander didn't last the first college year."

"I've never heard anything more miraculous," Coral told Lee Verable. "It's too wonderful for Yale you are willing to take so much trouble. Almost no one has your sense of responsibility." That was the word, he assured her—responsibility. "And responsibility to what? Why, to the greatest good for the greatest numbers. In other words, to the team. You must play together. You must remember the other man. That is the great principle back of our democracy. That is the reason we are the finest nation the world will ever see. Democracy! Responsibility to everyone, the least with the greatest. Teamwork," Lee Verable declared, "from the President down to the lowliest worker. America hits the line hard. We tackle low." Coral said, "I'm sorry, I'm afraid there aren't any more raspberries. But there is candy." It was evident that the candy would do.

"Promise me you will come back to dinner." Coral was speaking. "Remember your responsibility—in me." Verable shook hands with a straightforward vigor. "Yes, I had better see you again," he admitted. "It wouldn't be fair to stop now. There is a lot no one would suspect in you. We will try to get it out. I would like to think I had a part in realizing your fullest possibilities."

She couldn't, Coral told herself, remain at Elena Barns' indefinitely; it was practically impossible for her to remain in New York any longer. With her trunks in Palm Beach, she had almost no clothes. It wasn't a part of her intention to buy things for a New York winter. She'd simply have to go South and depend on Lee Verable following her. He had not, she realized, reached that interesting point yet; he was still pretty general, thank you. Verable showed little sign of deserting his convictions and aspirations for her. She knew them now by heart, and she agreed with every one. At dinners she was absolutely appalled by what and how people ate—yes, and when. In place of a simple supper at six, dinners dragged on past ten—past eleven o'clock. There was no time left for digestion. She just couldn't guess what most stomachs were like. The men, she saw—as men—were literally nothing. It was principally their wind. It didn't exist. A tango exhausted them. What, she asked herself, would they do if they were in a burning theater—if a building collapsed? They'd be hopeless. Coral advised Tony Atkins to drink stout, but he merely seemed amazed.

"This is December," he replied, "not April. Besides, there is nothing the matter with me." Coral was ironic. "Oh, no," she echoed him; "nothing, of course. You are more like a pudding than anything else, but nothing is the matter with you. Do you ever look in a mirror?"

"What the hell!" he exclaimed helplessly. "You've been reading one of those magazines." She demanded, "Could you run a quarter mile?" He said firmly that he couldn't. He had no intention of committing suicide. Under what possible circumstances would it be necessary for him to run that far? "It's revolting," Coral asserted; "you live a horrible self-indulgent life. You haven't any right to be a part of our democracy." Tony Atkins left her as rapidly as possible. She could see him in the farthest corner of the room, talking, and even gesticulating violently. It was, she realized, ten o'clock. Lee would want to go—he was practically never up after eleven—and she went over to him.

"If you're ready," she said intimately, her hand on his shoulder. He was talking to Rhoda Malin. "It is too bad," he said: "you have a personality. You might exert a great deal of fine influence." Coral sat down. "It is only a question of ideas," he explained; "you must change your ideas to ideals. You needn't do any more than that. If you will let your ideas grow into ideals, life will be solved. An idea is a thing, if you see what I mean, but an ideal is an attitude, a conviction about a thing. Let me illustrate it this way: It is an idea that you want food but it is an ideal to abstain." Rhoda nodded. "For example," she said, "I've finished this highball and it's just an idea that I want another." That was it, he assured her. "It is ideal not to have another. Not because a highball is important; it's only a state of mind.

"The important thing is discipline. Discipline and responsibility are the two greatest words in the English language. Think of them, think of all they mean—discipline and responsibility. You may ask me, Responsibility to whom? Why, to the greatest good of the greatest number; to the team—teamwork!" he declared. "There was a boy at Yale two years ago supposed to be the biggest find in college history—football. The moment I saw Kander my thumbs were down. The wrong spirit. No sense of others. I said that boy is a failure before he begins." Coral thought Rhoda Malin looked rather sunk. She rose. "We really must go, Lee," she insisted. "You'll just give me the devil if I don't get you away. You know you won't be fit for anything tomorrow." She continued tentatively in the cab: "Do you know, I think you wear yourself out uselessly. Rhoda, for example; she didn't understand a word you were saying to her. Rhoda simply couldn't take that in. She's got the most sobbing mind you can imagine." Coral's gloves fell on the floor. It was evident that her hands were bare. Lee Verable took them tenderly. "Coral," he said—"Coral, I'd like to kiss you." She leaned toward him with her face upturned. Coral supposed it was a kiss. She could think of nothing else to call it.

"Thank you." Verable's voice was shaken. "You must believe I didn't do that lightly. I have too much respect for you. Your sympathy, Coral, is too great for me to insult it. You have brought a new happiness into my life." He practically squashed her hands. Coral managed not to make a sound. Her fingers, she thought, must be bleeding. "Other men have kissed you," Lee Verable went on; "I realize that. You couldn't avoid it. But no one has meant more." They were already at Forty-third Street, on Park Avenue, and Coral interrupted him: "I do need air. I'd like to drive in the park—do you mind?" She leaned forward and told the driver to go on to the park. "A kiss ought to be sacred," Verable asserted, "the seal of a pure emotion, an honorable intention." He stopped. Coral moved closer to him. "There is entirely too much familiarity," he pronounced. He had again ascended to the realms of the general. "It is very bad for society in its broad meaning, and for the individual. Kissing is a dangerous indulgence. Young people ought to be held back; boys kept at hard physical exercise, girls occupied with domestic studies"

"See here," Coral Mery demanded, "did you kiss me or didn't you? I can't remember, it was so long ago. We've had an entire lecture since." She kissed him. "I don't care about other people," she half whispered. "You are so stupid really. You keep on and on and I don't hear any of it." Lee Verable said he must bring his father to see her. "He is a very remarkable man—he has a complete collection of footballs used by Yale teams since I was at New Haven. He hasn't missed a Yale-Harvard or a Yale-Princeton game in I don't know how long. He's on the side lines through most of the training. He can tell you the names of every member of ten Yale University teams. I mean," Lee Verable said, "with the substitutes—with the substitutes!"

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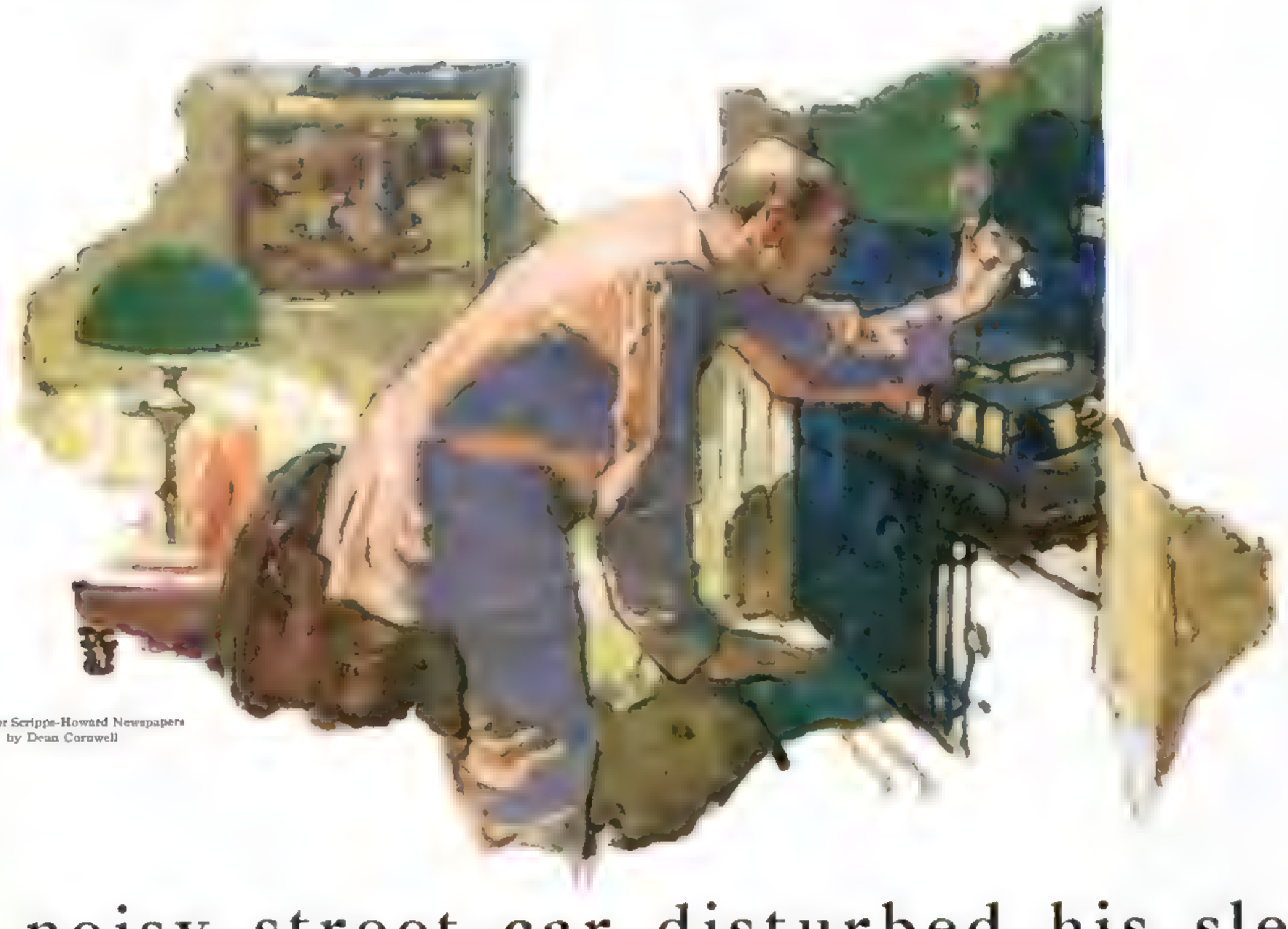
LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM



Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers
by Dean Cornwell

A noisy street car disturbed his sleep so he telephoned "Mr. Fixit"

A crosstown car line, in an Ohio city, ran one rickety old car with a flat wheel which bumped and squealed.

Housewives said it got on their nerves. A minister was so much bothered that he couldn't prepare his sermons. Finally, a man whose nocturnal rest was being disturbed, telephoned to "Mr. Fixit" of the city's SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper, and complained of the noisy nuisance.

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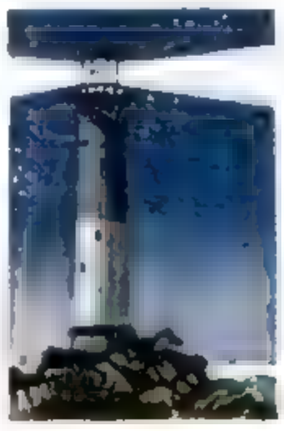

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(Continued from Page 158)

That, Coral agreed, was wonderful. "It will be perfect for me to know your father. But don't you think—since he is older it would be nicer for me to go and see him?" She was wrong about his father. "He is older, certainly," Verable admitted, "but you would hardly guess it. He has never worn glasses in his life and never been to a dentist. He walks five miles every day and last year he went in the ocean in November. His reaction was perfect. I believe, if we ask him, he will tell you how he made himself what he is. But it's character, of course. I've said to him a thousand times, 'Father,' I've said, 'you can say what you like about diet and fresh air with you it's character.' You see, he has had ideals rather than ideas."

Coral said that she saw. Her voice, she realized, together with her spirit, had drooped. "Your father must be miraculous. How old, as a matter of fact, is he?" They never spoke of that, Lee Verable corrected her. "Father thinks it is a mistake to talk or think about age. He says it's all a question of attitude. That's what it is, when you consider it—attitude. If you think you are old, that's what you are. Father never thinks it, and so he isn't old. He's as sound as a dollar. McName, the trainer, said to him only last year, 'Mr. Verable, you are as sound as a dollar. If you could keep up with your college work, I'd be glad to put you on the team.' A lot of men were passing the ball and punting and they nearly died laughing. But there was a great deal in what he said. He didn't mean that father couldn't keep up with his credits, but that he was whole and hale and hearty." Coral was sure he was. "I'm sure he is. Perhaps he might come for dinner." Verable agreed that he might. However, he was very strict about food.

She should, Coral told herself, be completely satisfied. Well, she supposed she was. Lee Verable had asked her to marry him. At the last he had cracked rather suddenly. That, she realized, wasn't quite the term to express his overwhelming love for her, but it was the one that had occurred to her. The truth was that at the moment of his surrender she had felt distinctly sorry for him. Suddenly, it seemed to Coral, he had lost something valuable. He had appeared less impressive. Already he began to look like a husband. That, however, was precisely what she had wanted—a husband. Being a husband, Coral realized, was a trade in itself. It was, for example, quite different from being a man A husband could be a man in his off moments, but when he was a husband that was all he was. She didn't, though, agree that husbands were invariably ridiculous. What they were depended on your attitude. Attitude was enormously important. It was necessary to look at a husband in the light of an ideal. It wouldn't do at all—it was simply fatal—to think of them as ideas. You had to understand what, at best, a husband could be and then sing yourself to sleep with that. If, for a moment, you opened your eyes you were sunk, your husband was lost, everything was ruined.

She would have no trouble, no regrets, because she had made up her mind to be serious and wise about the whole arrangement. She was prepared for it. She would, in other words, be a wife. That, however, was a little more complicated than being a husband, since marriage didn't change a woman—much; she kept on being a woman. She could, if she allowed herself, see the man she was married to realistically. No man, with a trace of love in him, ever did that. A husband really saw his wife as a part of himself. It was quite an accomplishment. He was one with his wife, but she—perhaps very much in love—might be several—three or four, anyhow. The reverse was usually upheld as the truth. She was prepared, Coral informed herself, for all the difficulties that made marriage so precarious; she would be entirely satisfied in Lee: she would be domestic and maternal. Against that there was one small lingering question. It was Mr. Verable, Lee's father. She hadn't seen him yet. She was prepared to be wholly charmed with him, and yet did she want him to live with them? Did she? Lee had spoken about it. He had wondered what would happen to his dear pater. He had paused significantly after his audible wondering, but she had kept still—then. Coral recognized that Lee had expected her to reassure him, but she simply couldn't manage it so quickly.

Did she want Mr. Verable? Of course she didn't. Already, she saw, she was faced with the duty of being a wife. A wife would have said at once that Lee's dear father must be with them. The trouble with that was that he seemed to be so unnaturally strong. No old man had any business to be so well. Then where in the name of heaven would he keep his footballs? Probably in the drawing-room, on a wall. And food Lee had pointed out that his father was very strict about food. He detested sauces and seasoning, Lee had explained. A Mr. Verable had not been part of her planning. It was very annoying. She was, at the same time, ashamed of herself. "Of course I'll have him," Coral thought. "It will be splendid for the children: he'll take them for walks and help to bring them up with fine sound bodies—the interfering old nuisance."

She hadn't intended to add that: it had just come along of its own accord. She was concerned with this when Lee brought her ring. It was a very nice little ring indeed. "It isn't the Star of India," he explained; "but it is what we can afford. We are starting life together rightly, keeping within our expectations. If we didn't," he asserted, "happiness would soon fly out of the window. We must talk about money, Coral; you have never been very exact about yours." Coral explained that she had about sixty thousand dollars a year. "It's perfectly safe and I can't touch the principal. Every cent of it must be yours, Lee. It doesn't mean anything to me now."

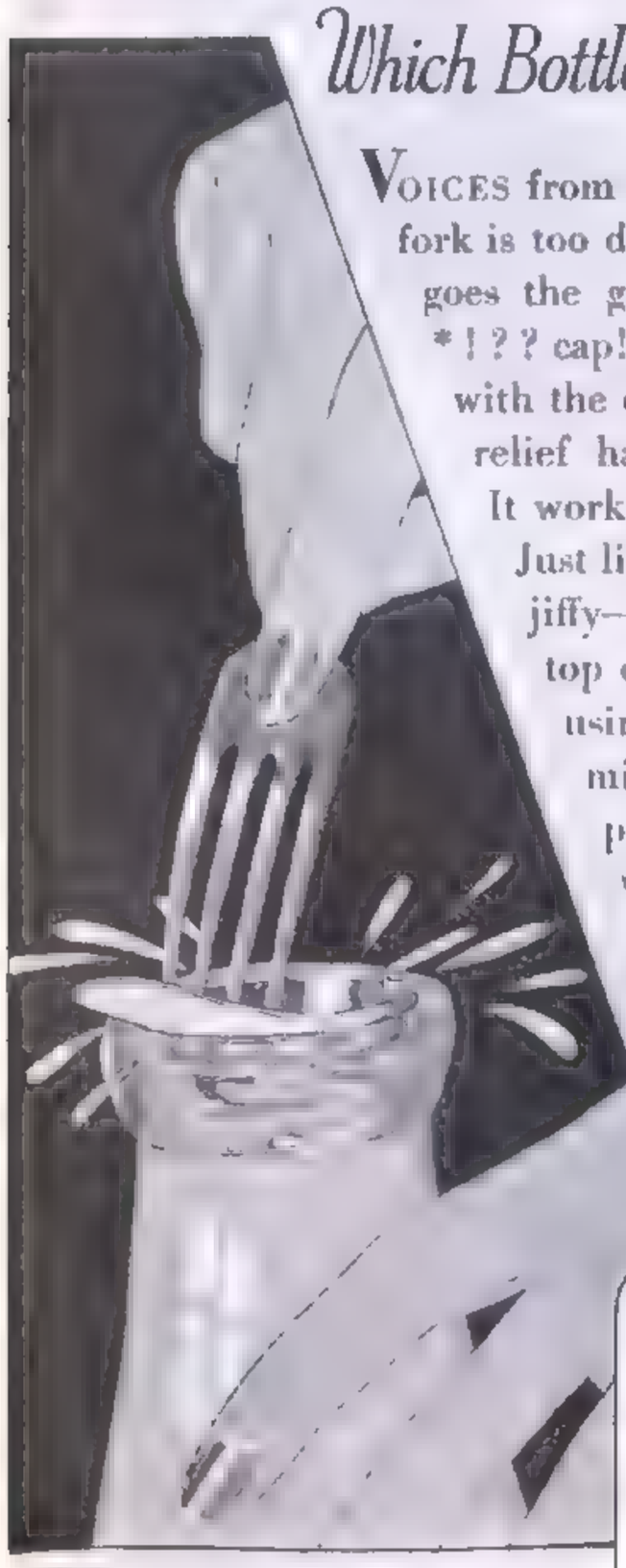
He was, clearly, shocked. "Coral! I won't allow you to use your money. We'll make a trust fund for—for the future. Whatever made you think I could touch a woman's money? No, darling, we'll get along on what I make. That is about ten thousand dollars a year the good years." Coral was appalled, but she managed to hide her feeling "That isn't too much," she commented. "We must have you doing better than that, Lee. I must say you are rather simple about the other. If we do have children, at least we can use it for their education, at first." He said firmly: "Never! I'd lose all respect for myself. If it got to be known, I'd be as good as dead with men. I could never go back to New Haven, never look the team in the eye. All that," he continued, holding her hands, "is my duty. I keep our reputation high before the world. You mustn't bother. Your duty, Coral, is in the household. Yours is more sacred than mine. There is something else—father can have supper with us tonight. It makes him happier if we don't call it dinner. He wondered if he might have codfish cakes, browned very lightly, with whole-wheat toast. The husks of the wheat should be cooked with the grains, Coral. The life-giving force is in the brown element."

"I never heard of anybody wanting codfish cakes," Coral said helplessly "I didn't really believe they existed. I thought they were a sort of joke. We can ask Ernest." Lee Verable demanded: "You weren't thinking of going to the Colony, were you? Father would never be pleased by that. It would be too late there for him, anyhow." Coral had thought they might be a little late once. "I wanted your father to have a good time—to be gay, don't you see, tonight. It seemed to me the people at the Colony would interest him. There are so many pretty moving-picture actresses and good-looking girls generally." Lee replied that his father wouldn't enjoy them. "It's their clothes," he specified. "Their clothes are all wrong. They are binding and not warm enough over the chest."

(Continued on Page 163)

IF YOU HAD YOUR CHOICE—

Which Bottle of Milk Would You Rather Open?



VOICES from the kitchen:—"Where's that opener?—this fork is too dull"—"Try the ice pick"—Splash!—"There goes the good top cream!—all on account of that *!??cap!" ¶ It's an old story—the daily struggle with the old-fashioned milk bottle cap. But now relief has come—the Sealright Liftright Cap! It works like a charm. No opener is needed. Just lift the tab, pull and cap's removed in a jiffy—without spilling or splashing the rich top cream. No trouble—no risk from using an unsanitary opener—your milk is kept pure! ¶ Millions of people are now enjoying the convenience and protection of Sealright Liftright Caps on their bottled milk. Used by leading dairies throughout the country.

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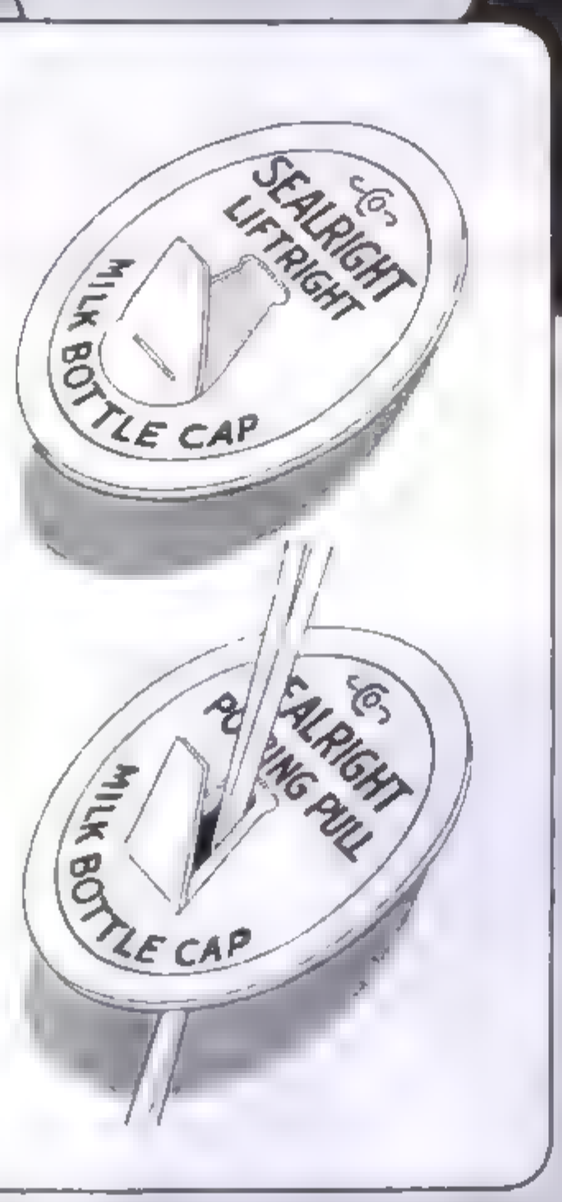

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(Continued from Page 160)

"They aren't warm," Coral agreed, "but I'd never call them binding. Very well, Lee, where shall we go? Where can we get codfish cakes?" He knew of a splendid place. "Father and I often eat there. They make the tomato sauce just right. And, Coral, I wouldn't dress too much. Something simple and plain—for father." She rose and faced him.

"I must wear the dress I must wear. Naturally, it isn't flannel -at night. As a matter of fact, it's satin, with a tulle skirt." Lee asked "Is it very ——" It was, she declared. "They are all very now. I haven't one that isn't. Believe me, darling, your father will like it. I'm certain he can't be as bad as you insist " Lee Verable, she saw, was deeply shocked. "Bad'" he exclaimed. "As bad as I insist' Why, dearest, I've told you over and over how remarkable he is! He has never had a pair of glasses on his nose and never been to a dentist. Last year, in November, he went into the sea. I wish you could have been there for his reaction. The glow of a boy. I'm sorry, Coral, I misunderstood you. Sometimes I do miss your humor. I think you ought to be careful. Humor is so close to skepticism. It ends by being funny about serious things, sacred things. It's fatally easy to laugh at everything." She asked "When is Mr. Verable coming?" Lee looked at his watch. "In a very few minutes now," he said. "He is walking. Father worked out the distance from where we live to your aunt's apartment, and it is precisely five miles, if he walks up the stairs. That, you see, will do for his daily walk." Coral went slowly in to dress. She automatically put on her pearls and then she took them off. Not, she told herself, with codfish cakes.

When, after a perfectly inconceivable calamity of time, Coral was alone with Lee in the taxicab, she said, "Don't think of telling the driver about Park Avenue. I really can't imagine going back now. Tell him —— Fifth Avenue. The Earls are having a party; it will be hardly more than started, and I want to see some careless people. A lot of them as careless as possible—about their insides. Just once more, Lee." It would, he thought, be better if she went to bed. "Once more," Coral insisted, "before it's all over. You needn't come up. I can get home easily. I have thousands of times." That, he asserted, he would not allow. Things were different—now she belonged to him. He must take care of her. If she had to go to the Earls', he would go with her. "It makes me happy, Coral, to know that you are mine, to know that I am to make you happy. Our lives are one; my interests are your interests. I promise you, Coral, that I will be patient. There is another thing and it is this: I don't want to see any men getting fresh with you—with my Coral. I am afraid your manner might sometimes be misunderstood. I am not blaming you, but the life you have led. It wasn't a very good one for your formative years." Coral laughed at him.

"You don't know my reputation. Why, I'm supposed to be the most disagreeable person alive' No one would dream of being fresh. I must say, Lee, you are a little tiresome." He accused her of avoiding his meaning. "I didn't mean really objectionable—I should have to look out for you then—but fresh. You ought to understand what that means. It means holding your hand and sitting too close to you, or even kissing you. But you know what I think about that. You are mine, Coral, do you realize it? -mine—to hold and to keep." However—"Probably somebody will kiss me," she warned him; "I don't know who, but somebody. It won't really mean a thing, Lee. You will simply have to let me manage that. I can, you know, so much better than you. A man only makes an idiot of himself. Everyone privately roars at him. It is roaring. I've roared myself. My dearest child, men don't take care of women. How could they? Women take care of themselves—when they want to. When they don't they don't, and what can you do about it?" She kissed him.

The Earls' was exactly what Coral wished for—a great many people were being as ridiculous as possible. Contract, she saw at once, had been a failure; one table was broken and there were cards and scoring sheets scattered over the floor. Coral lost Lee Verable, and a man quite as large as Lee, but better looking, stopped her. "How long have you been here?" he demanded "Not as long as you," she told him. "I can see that, anyhow " He arbitrarily led her to a small couch. "What is your name?" he inquired. "My name is Benjamin." Coral told him that her name was Coral. "Now I remember," he proceeded, holding her hand tightly. "Coral Mery. Your father is dead, your sister is in London, your mother is very beautiful and you're no good."

"That is all changed," she instructed him -"the part about me. I've become perfectly splendid." He apologized. "I did hear that. You stopped drinking. Well, I like you anyhow." She liked him, Coral reflected. She understood him perfectly. "You are so brown," she commented; "you must have been in the tropics." He said "Wrong. As a matter of fact, I've been in Canada - the Laurentian Mountains—for two years. Now I'm back in New York, but I shan't stay. Someone like you would get hold of me and I'd be ruined. It just so happens I am not married. You're not married either, do you see, and that makes it bad. But I suppose you are in love." She was at the point of denying that hotly when she remembered that she was—very much in love she was about to be married.

"More or less," she said lightly. "You are safe. If you don't mind, I'd like to smoke." He released her hand. "Of course, if you insist on being so nasty. A little warmth wouldn't be unbecoming. I must say. . . . Isn't that Rhoda Malin? She will hold my hand." He wouldn't, Coral informed him, like it. "I'm very much nicer. Rhoda might want to keep you in New York." He didn't stir. "You must promise not to fall in love with me," he warned her. "I'm frightfully attractive and don't want to make you unhappy."

Anson Earl stopped beside them. He said, "He really is, Coral, but you can hang it on him." The man with Coral Mery discovered that he was without a drink. "Who is he, Anson?" she asked. "Don't you know him? How ridiculous! I didn't realize it. That's Benjamin Kander. He organized the White River Paper Company in the Laurentian Mountains and he's just sold it in New York—for potential millions. My dear Coral, it is the biggest thing of its kind you can imagine. Miles and miles of forest and water power for paper. He has an absolute genius for organization, and all the determination in the world. You hear the most amazing stories about him—I believe he has murdered men in the interest of his holdings. Now, Coral, he would be perfect for you, simply miraculous." Coral answered dryly, "Thank you, he sounds wonderful, but I am not up—some other lucky girl." Lee Verable found her. Earl was extremely glad to see him. "It was nice of Coral to bring you. I hope you don't mind the party being such a mess."

Coral was inattentive: there was something familiar about the man Anson Earl was so impressed with. He returned. "Honest Lee!" he cried. He dropped a friendly hand on Verable's shoulder. "The great man," he went on, turning to Coral. "I haven't seen Lee Verable since I was in college," he explained; "but when I'm a thousand years old and the president of all there is, I will still think of him as the great man." Verable was plainly embarrassed.

"How are you, Kander?" he asked shortly and conventionally. "You look well enough." Kander replied, "So would you, in Canada. I wish you had been there with me. I wish you'd go up with me now. See here, what are you doing? I want you to come and have a talk with me, in the French Building. You are getting too fat in New York." Lee Verable addressed himself exclusively to Coral. "We must leave," he said decidedly. "Why did you hurry away like that?" she demanded in the elevator. "Anson must have thought it was queer. Are you going to see Mr. Kander in the French Building? I didn't realize it, Lee—you are too fat. You really will have to do something about it. In another year you will be unspeakable." She stopped suddenly.

"Kander! Lee, wasn't that the name of the boy who went to Yale—for a little while—the boy who couldn't stay on any of the teams? Don't you remember, the man you said wasn't any faint shade of good?" He nodded. "That is the one. I must say he looks right enough yet. But probably he's been drinking on yachts or in the woods. He said something about Canada." Coral regarded him thoughtfully. "No, Lee," she replied softly, "you are wrong. Anson says he is one of the most successful men in New York. He has been killing men in Canada while you were living on codfish cakes." She shuddered. "I think it was the codfish cakes, Lee, that spoiled my nice feeling for you—the codfish cakes and your perfectly outrageous old father. I don't know what he's like inside, but on the outside he couldn't be worse. I simply never had a more frightful time. No, Lee, there isn't a thing you can say. It's all my fault, actually. I'm terribly sorry. You are very fortunate, really—I'd never make you happy. Don't lose it, Lee; it's the ring: put it carefully in a waistcoat pocket. And thank you very much."

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THE DOCILE MEXICAN

(Continued from Page 41)

or Spain. The signs on the stores are in Spanish; the names are Mexican; even the blackboards that bear the offerings of real-estate dealers are written in Spanish.

Wherever one goes in the Southwest one hears the charge made that Mexicans are peculiarly subject to disease.

"From the physical point of view," says Professor Holmes of the University of California, "the Mexican is not exactly a public-health asset. He is prone to various kinds of diseases. His death rate from tuberculosis is high. His record for venereal disease is not an enviable one. He brings in various maladies from our southern border which are apt to spread in our population, such as smallpox and typhus . . . and amœbic dysentery. Amœbic dysentery is no light thing. It is a tremendously serious thing, and when we have people coming in our midst who know nothing about hygienic precautions and sanitation, the tendency for all diseases which are endemic among them to spread in our population is very great. They are a constant menace to our physical welfare."

Mrs. Agnes Lawrence, Supervisor for the Belvedere District of the Outdoor Relief Division of Los Angeles County Charities, states that the "miserable housing conditions, poor food, enormous families, sexual intemperance and congenital diseases all combine to weaken their resistance to the inroads of disease. Repeatedly, on being questioned as to why they have come here, the Mexicans tell us it is because Los Angeles County is so good to the poor. That in no other county or state is so much done for them as is done here. They stress the free clinics, hospital and nursing care, and free services of doctors. The attitude that the Outdoor Relief must relieve their every necessity is becoming more and more prevalent."

Three Schools of Thought

There are, it should be remarked, three schools of thought among Southwesterners, and particularly among Californians, in regard to the Mexican. The first school believes that he should only be permitted to enter America in order to work, that he should be herded back into Mexico when the work is finished, and that no help of any sort should be given him, lest he be encouraged to remain in the United States. The second school believes that while he is in the United States he should be given all the advantages that Americans are given, even though he is incompetent to grasp them, and helped to help himself; but that as long as he is permitted to enter the United States at all, he will be a constant source of grief, woe, distress and expense. The third school believes that any needy person, whether Mexican, American or Tierra del Fuegan, should be assisted to the limits of one's resources and that the United States is better off for an infusion of Mexican blood anyway. Each school claims that the other two schools are responsible for the social problem which the Mexican has become in the Southwest.

One flaw in the contention of the first school is that there is no possible way of forcing the Mexican to return to Mexico. This was definitely tried during the war, when the Secretary of Labor waived all restrictive laws and permitted the importation of 50,852 Mexicans, provided that the Mexicans agreed not to desert their jobs and that their employers agreed to return them to Mexico without expense to the United States Government.

The Commissioner General of Immigration reported in 1922 that 19,526 had been returned to Mexico and that 14,808 had deserted their jobs. The consensus of opinion on the border is that one-half of the Mexicans who were subject to this iron-clad agreement were ultimately returned to Mexico, either permanently or temporarily.

In Los Angeles the County Charities Board is making constant attempts to send Mexicans back to Mexico, but the relief workers shake their heads despairingly at the prospect.

"Once they're in," they say, "they're in, and you're blocked at every turn when you try to get them out. When you go to find them in order to deport them, you find that they've vanished—slipped away into the sea of Mexicans that covers so much of the Southwest. People talk lightly about sending them back, as though they could be sent back like a sack of beans. Well, we'd like to see one of these people try to put a Mexican family back into Mexico! They won't go back. They say that they get no aid in Mexico—no money, no decent treatment, no schooling for their children. They say that their children aren't going to have pick-and-shovel jobs when they grow up—and so they stay in the United States."

The Mixture of Races

Another flaw in the contention of the first school is that children born in the United States of Mexican parents are American citizens, and entitled, as such, to the same sort of treatment accorded to the children of the California or Texas ranchers.

The flaw in the contention of the second school is not so easy to find, but it probably exists, since the first school accuses the second school of being too soft-hearted, while the third school accuses it of being too hard-boiled.

The flaw in the contention of the third school is that a great many Mexican peons refuse to work for a living if they can obtain a living without working.

Outside of these three schools, there are a few people in every Southwestern community who insist that most of the conversation concerning Mexican immigration is devoted to futilities and not to fundamentals.

They declare that one school of thought wastes time in squabbling with another school of thought as to whether Mexican labor is better or worse than white labor; whether or not Mexican children are as bright in school as white children; whether or not the Mexican is more subject to insanity than the people of other races; whether or not the cotton growers and the truck farmers of the Southwest will be seriously damaged financially by a stoppage of Mexican immigration; whether or not the Mexican returns to Mexico; whether the Mexican is naturally dishonest or honest, naturally lazy or energetic, naturally clean or dirty.

The fundamental thing to be considered in regard to Mexican immigration, they insist, is the ultimate result—not the result next Thursday or in 1950, but the result on the great-grandchildren of the present generation—of mixing millions of Mexican Indians with the present native American stock and with the millions of Southwestern Europeans who were allowed to pour into the United States until Congress imposed the existing immigration law.

One of the leading doctors in the Southwest, a resident of Mexico for many years, shook his head when I asked him about the claims of the agricultural and mining interests in regard to their need of Mexican peon labor.

"Don't ask me about such things," said he. "It's a waste of time to consider any side of the question except the biological side. The Mexicans that are in the country now are already a white elephant on our hands. There's a biological reason why it should be so, and that reason can't be changed. All the great thinkers—Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Mill—all of them—advised against the mixture of races. Don't listen to the people who try to tell you that the Mexicans and our people won't intermarry. They will, and nothing on earth can stop them. Then we'll have another mixed-race problem; and as soon as a race is mixed it's inferior. Those who think otherwise are merely ignorant and uninstructed in biology. That's the only aspect of the Mexican immigration question that this country should consider."

It should be remarked in passing that the advocates of unrestricted Mexican immigration have noted, in various quarters, a tendency to protest at the viewing of immigration from a sentimental viewpoint. They have accordingly begun to refer to all biological arguments against immigration as "sentimental bunk."

It is difficult for the disinterested laymen to see the economic value in the Southwest's proposal to provide hypothetical profits for some farmers and manufacturers in 1928 at the expense of saddling all future Americans with a dismal and distressing race problem.

Edwin Grant Conklin, Professor of Biology at Princeton University, makes this statement in his recent book, The Direction of Human Evolution: "The whole world must look forward to a time, at no distant date, when the limits of population will be reached everywhere . . . and the time is not far off—only about six human generations—when the death rate in this country must equal the birth rate, or our descendants of that date must emigrate. And where will they go? By that time other parts of the world will be much more fully occupied, and other nations may choose to be more careful for their future than we have been for ours. And we thought we had room enough for all the crowded peoples of the earth for all time to come! This country will then have no immigration problem, but for hundreds of years more our descendants will have the racial problems bequeathed to them by us, in order that we might 'get rich quick' by importing cheap foreign labor and by stripping our land of its natural resources as rapidly as possible."

A Long-Time Investment

Professor Holmes of the University of California is even more specific than Professor Conklin in his remarks. "The important problem," says he, "is the problem of what kind of people we want our United States to be composed of. Immigration is a long-time investment in stocks instead of a short-time investment in cheap labor. We should regulate immigration in relation to the character of peoples whom we wish to inhabit this country after we are gone. We should look ahead and not sacrifice future humanity to present economic advantages. Nations have gone down by pursuing that policy; and there is nothing that is quite so blinding in regard to these matters as the disk of the almighty dollar held too closely in front of the eyes.

"Do we want to bring about the mongrelization of America? We are, in a certain sense, a melting pot, but if you want to see a real melting pot, go down to South America. There you will see how it works. Go over to Egypt; go over to various countries where they have had this conglomeration of humanity coming in from other lands. We have had one experiment in cheap labor that has been a great disaster and one of the greatest drawbacks in our history, and that is the importation of African slaves. We have not seen the end of that and we won't see the end of it for a great many years, possibly centuries. They had their virtues—many of the same virtues claimed for the Mexican. They were valuable; they were cheap labor fed into the pot. They have increased a great deal. And the Mexicans are a race almost as distinct as the negro, especially the Indians, who form a very large component of that race. We are inviting another race problem for solution.

"The matter of supplying labor is one which can be adjusted. It may be a hard

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problem. Other people have solved it and supplied their own labor from their own population. But as long as we continually feed in cheap labor and go lower and lower in our efforts to get cheap labor to supply our menial tasks, why, the more our civilization is going to be composed of inferior material, and the more apt our civilization is to suffer the fate of nations that have tried that same experiment in the past, to their sorrow."

For a race of people as indomitable as the American people are supposed to be, the spirit of "It can't be done" looms large in all discussions of the Mexican immigration situation.

Alien Registration

Those who want Mexicans admitted freely say that the invention of machines to replace Mexicans is impossible—"it can't be done." They also say that if a quota law is applied to Mexico, they will get Mexican labor just the same, because the Mexicans will sneak across the border. And since there is no registration of aliens, illegally entered Mexicans cannot be located. Registration "can't be done"; restriction "can't be done." Those who advocate restriction also fear that it will be difficult to keep out Mexicans because the alien interests in the United States will not allow registration of aliens. "It can't be done." Furthermore, there is no way to prevent the Southwest from importing Porto Rican negroes and Filipinos, if Mexicans are barred. Porto Ricans are American citizens, say both sides; their movements can't be regulated; "it can't be done."

Though, for example, there are hundreds of experts running around and declaring gloomily that there will never be registration of aliens, aliens entering the United States are now being registered. All immigrants entering the United States now carry an immigrant's identification card, tastefully prepared by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Each card carries the immigrant's photograph and essential history, and a copy of the card reposes in the files of the Bureau of Naturalization in Washington, where it will continue to repose against the day when the immigrant needs assistance or investigation or other attention. The card is issued and partly filled out by the American consul from whom the immigrant obtains his visa, and the remainder of the card is filled out when he is admitted to the United States. No faking is possible; and in addition to being a very excellent and useful possession for the alien who is legally in the United States, the card will be a tremendously valuable factor in immigrant control. Aliens now in this country may, if they wish, have similar cards issued to them.

It is coming to be a recognized fact that a nation may protect its nationals against steps which militate against their health or well-being. It is universally admitted that the Porto Rican, transported to this country, is out of his element and bitterly unhappy. This being the case, it is as possible for the United States to protect the Porto Rican and keep unscrupulous labor agencies from luring him away from his home with misrepresentations as it is to effect the registration of aliens.

A Blessing Once Received

A Washington official with a wide knowledge of immigration matters is not at all perturbed over the ultimate fate of the Southwesterner who is demanding Mexican labor in such clarion tones.

"It is my belief," said he, "that if one took a poll of Congress on a repeal of the quota law, and got an honest expression of opinion from each member, one would find that not more than two or three would advocate its repeal. Similarly, it would be impossible to get 2 per cent of the people in the North to advocate opening the doors to European immigration; and the same thing will be true in the Southwest if a quota law is imposed on Mexico. Within a very few years after it is imposed, 95 per cent of the population of the Southwest would be against opening the doors to Mexicans again."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr Roberts on the Mexican immigration situation

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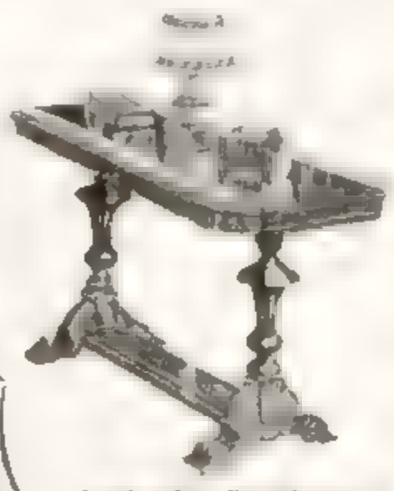

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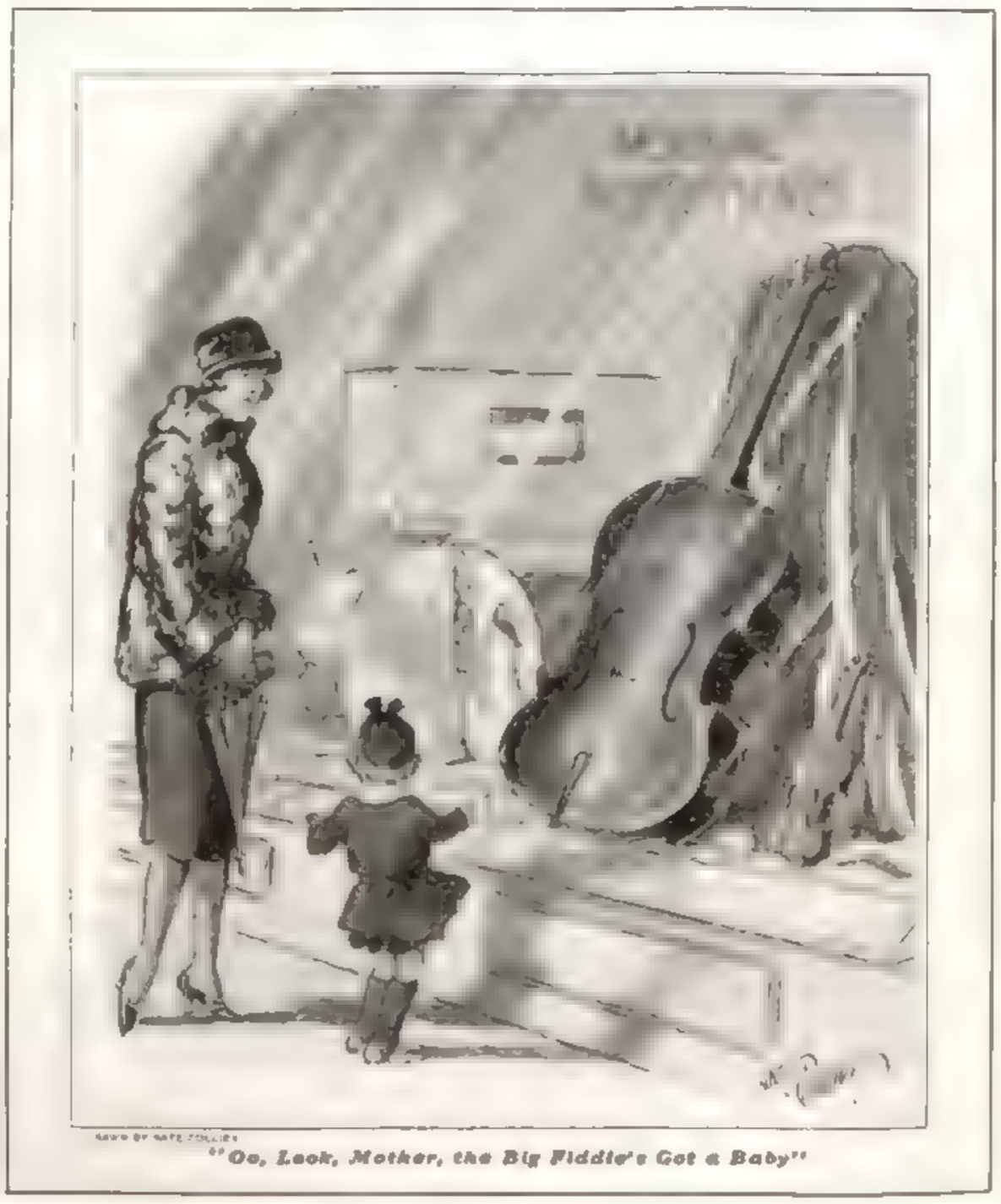


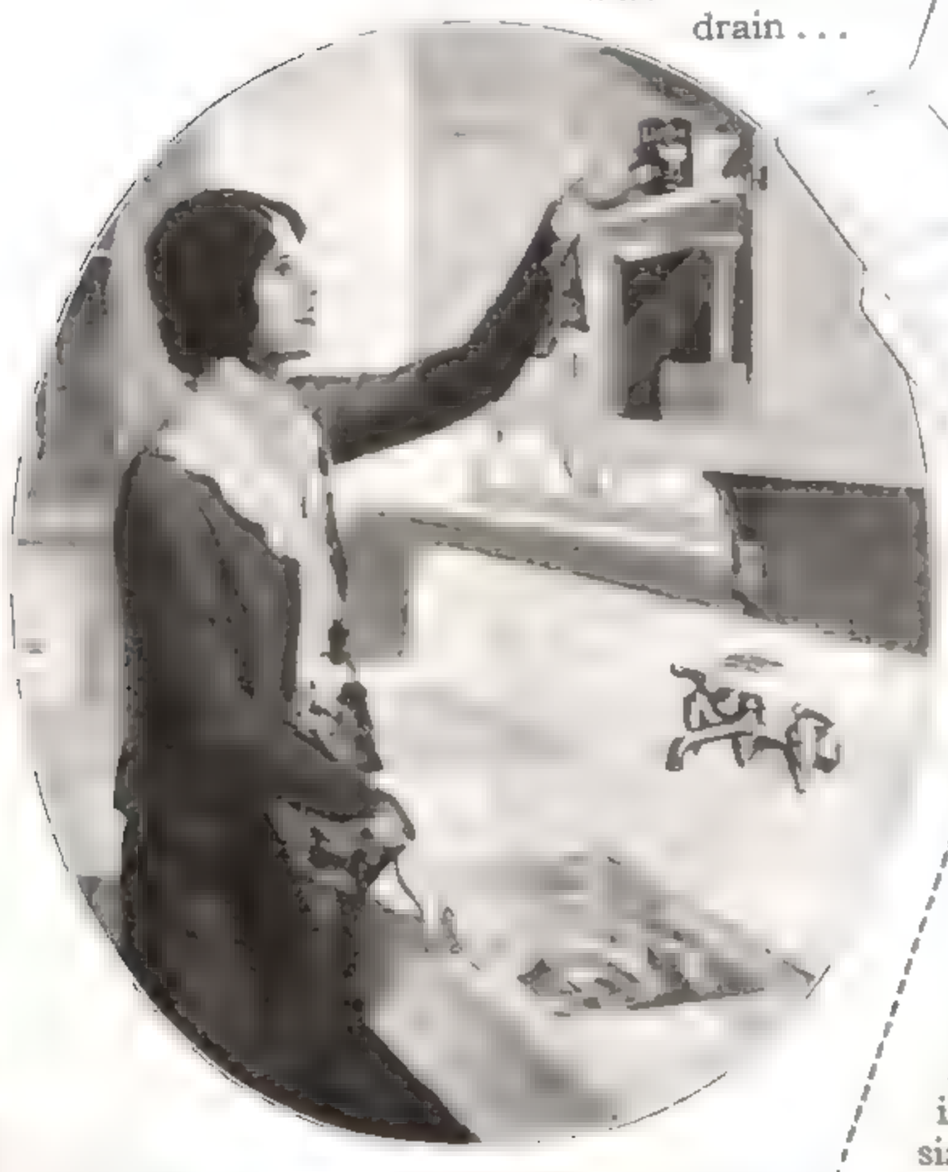
"Oo, Look, Mother, the Big Fiddle's Got a Baby"

A lazy drain? Just reach for Drāno...*in a jiffy it will be free-flowing again!*

WHAT a relief! None of the old-time poking and prodding when a drain-pipe clogs . . . no more splashing and slopping over . . . no more waiting on waste-water!

Not, at any rate, in the three million and more modern households where Drāno is regularly used.

Have you ever watched Drāno make slow-running waste-water take to its heels? It really *is* surprising how thoroughly and quickly it does its work. All *you* have to do is make sure that there is about a cupful of water in the drain . . .



then shake in Drāno and rinse it into the trap with a little more water. The instant that Drāno and water get together, there is a boiling and bubbling as grease, lint, hair and other obstructions are dissolved. Give it a few minutes to do its work . . . then a flushing flood of clear water . . . and the drain is clear—clean—free-running! Actually scoured and sterilized on the inside!

Drāno *keeps drains free-flowing*

In millions of homes the weekly use of Drāno is a matter of household routine—it takes so *little* time and saves so *much!*

A few seconds for each drain in the house (for Drāno, you know, *can't harm enamel, porcelain, or plumbing*)—and you can be certain that no lazy drain will ever waste your time and try your temper.

And do you know, there's nothing better than Drāno for removing burned-on crust from iron pots and pans and oven-glass? Or cleaning grease off garage floors? Or deodorizing garbage cans?

Your grocer has Drāno. So have your druggist and hardware man. And now is as good a time as any to start the Drāno habit! Or, if you will send us 25c, we will mail you a full-sized trial can. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. States
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Drāno

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. . . keeps them free-flowing

To remove baked-on rims from pots and pans

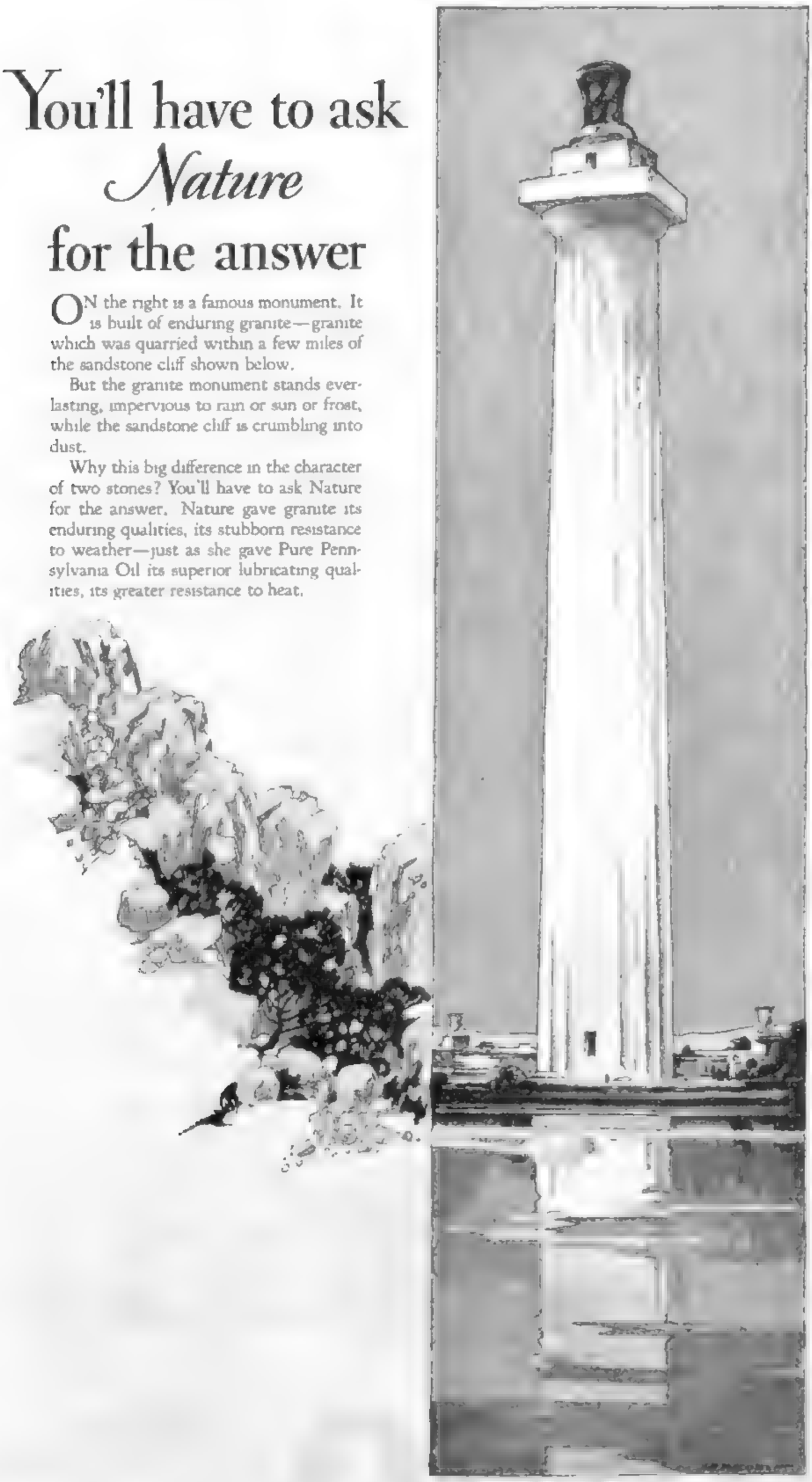
Put utensils to be cleaned in a large pan or basin. Sprinkle well with Drāno. Cover with water. Leave until clean, then rinse Works as well for oven-glass.

You'll have to ask *Nature* for the answer

ON the right is a famous monument. It is built of enduring granite—granite which was quarried within a few miles of the sandstone cliff shown below.

But the granite monument stands everlasting, impervious to rain or sun or frost, while the sandstone cliff is crumbling into dust.

Why this big difference in the character of two stones? You'll have to ask Nature for the answer. Nature gave granite its enduring qualities, its stubborn resistance to weather—just as she gave Pure Pennsylvania Oil its superior lubricating qualities, its greater resistance to heat.



Yes... nature showed the same sort of favoritism when she created Pure Pennsylvania Oil

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. . . characteristically greater resistance to heat—consequently a low consumption under extreme heat;

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With this emblem to guide you, it is folly to take a chance on unknown oils—a chance that may cost you anything from a fouled spark-plug to a ruined motor.

Instead, find the dealer near you who displays the Pure Pennsylvania Oil emblem. Have your crank-case drained and filled with Pure Pennsylvania Oil. Then see what sweet motoring it gives you! Maintain the oil level, of course. But it won't be necessary to drain again for at least 1000 perfect miles!

Think of it... at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication from every filling of Pure Pennsylvania Oil, even without an oil filter!

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A STATEMENT ON MEXICAN IMMIGRATION

By Charles C. Teague

President of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange and Vice President of the California Development Association

THE problem of the Mexican labor immigrant in California is a many-sided one and subject to interpretation from several viewpoints. Ordered consideration of this problem is decidedly complicated by the lack of authentic figures from nonpartisan sources.

Federal immigration figures are worthless in the tally both on ingress and egress of Mexicans, because (a) since 1924 an unknown number have been "bootlegged" across the border, and (b) check on Mexicans leaving the United States by train takes no account of the fact that any Mexican within two hundred miles of the border buys his railroad ticket only to the border and then buys another ticket to destination on the other side of the line. A social worker in San Francisco, gathering material conscientiously from every source, puts the number of Mexicans at present in California at 250,000; Los Angeles social workers insist half that number alone are in Los Angeles County. One guess is as good as another.

Here again, available data are confusing and far from conclusive. Clerk of the State Prison Board, Mark E. Noon, asked by the California Development Association to give a survey of the proportion of Mexican-born population in San Quentin and Folsom prisons, with a record of the several crimes under which conviction was found against them, reported this: That it was impossible to give an exact census of Mexican-born prisoners because many of them lied about the place of their nativity to escape possible deportation at the conclusion of their terms; that the majority of all Mexicans in the prisons were incarcerated for crimes against property.

There is another consideration in this context. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Mexican is the Ishmaelite in the eyes of officers of the law. He "goes up" where the white offender is often given the best of it.

The Mexican Influence

The major arguments advanced by those who would see quota restrictions applied to Mexicans are arguments of a sociological nature. It is set out that Mexicans are undesirables; that they are cheap labor, taking work away from Americans; that their presence in large numbers constitutes a menace to the Anglo-Saxon strain and dominance; that they are of a lazy, thriftless class calculated to become public charges, and so on. No one of these charges is even measurably true. The most convincing proof of the fact that Mexicans constitute no sociological problem in the Southwest lies in the fact that the entire region supposed to be menaced by the Mexican influx and from which this projected law would bar most of it was itself originally Mexican territory, populated almost exclusively by Mexicans. Many parts of the border states of the Union are still predominately Mexican. New Mexico has today something like twice as many Mexican residents as Americans. The same is true, to a less extent, in Southern Texas and Arizona. Less than fifty years ago the population of Los Angeles was 60 per cent Mexican; whereas it is estimated that not more than 5 per cent of the population in Los Angeles County today is of that race.

Not only in population has this vast area felt the shaping influence of the Mexican. The whole country is steeped in the romance and traditions of the race it is now proposed to bar therefrom. Seven out of every ten of the older cities of the Southwest bear Spanish names given them by Mexicans who long constituted their chief population. Mountains, rivers, highways, harbors, vast stretches of highly developed lands—the whole geography of the country is in the liquid, musical Spanish nomenclature.

It would be a hardy advocate of the quota law who would maintain that the Southwest has suffered, sociologically or otherwise, from this strong Mexican influence. Many of the oldest and most substantial families of the Southwestern United States today are Mexican—not Spanish but Mexican—wealthy owners of large interests, heavy taxpayers and public-spirited citizens. To them and to their forebears the Southwest owes much of its present wealth and prosperity.

Do They Go Back?

Though it is true that the itinerant Mexican laborers who would be chiefly affected by the projected exclusion measure are not of this class, they are so far from being undesirables that the Southwest would experience great difficulty in getting along without them. Most of the great development work of this area has been accomplished and is maintained by Mexican labor. The great industries of the Southwest—agricultural, horticultural, viticultural, mining, stock raising, and so on—are to a very large extent dependent upon the Mexican labor which this law would bar out. This region's railways were built and their roadways are maintained by Mexicans.

If, as it is claimed, the city of Los Angeles is devoting much of its charitable funds to Mexican relief, it is probable that the funds are not as carefully handled as they should be, as it is a significant fact that El Paso, with a Mexican population of from 60 to 70 per cent, devoted but 6 per cent of its charitable budget to Mexican relief in 1926. Los Angeles' Mexican population, as stated above, is but 5 per cent of the total.

Dr. George P. Clements, manager of the agricultural department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and a close student of the Mexican both in Mexico and California, says that misguided and unconsidered charity makes an habitual indigent of the Mexican. As long as he is "being taken care of by the Government"—the Mexican's primitive conception of food-and-clothes dole—he need not work. He won't work, consequently.

Congressman John N. Garner, of Texas, in a statement before the House Committee on Immigration, in 1926, said: "My observation is, living right there on the border, or within fifty miles of it, that 80 per cent of the Mexicans that come over for temporary work go back."

Observations by California farm advisers, labor agents and large employers of Mexican casual labor confirm this statement.

There is little evidence anywhere in rural California of a Mexican disposition to acquire land and make permanent settlement. There is no large body of Mexicans on the soil as citizens and landholders such as the solid units of Europeans in the Northern Middle West.

There are around 136,000 farmers in California. Of these, 100,000 have holdings under 100 acres; 83,000, farm tracts under forty acres. With these small farmers their project is a one-man affair until harvesting period is reached, then they need ten, twenty or fifty hired hands to get their crop off and into market. Fluid, casual labor is for them a factor determining profits or ruin. Specialized agriculture has reached

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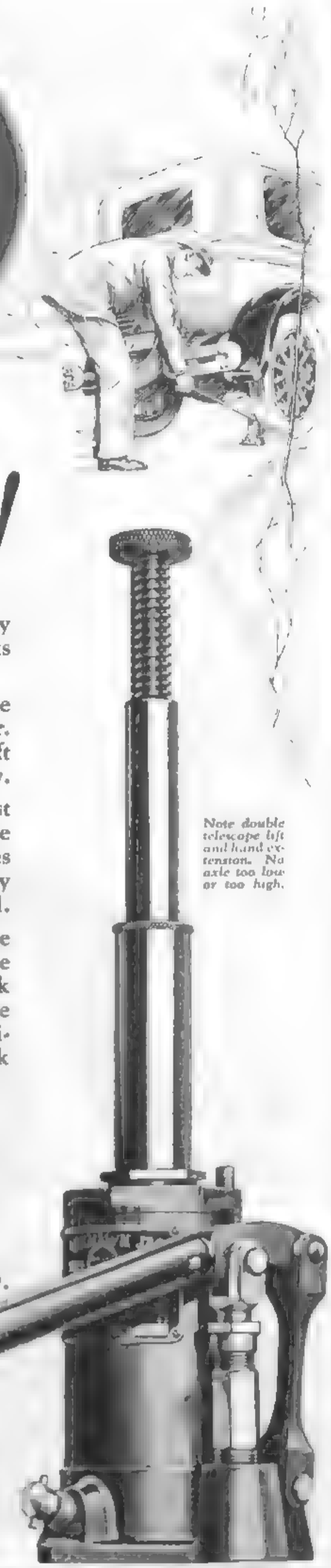

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Note double telescope lift and hand extension. No axle too low or too high.

This jack is our B7.5 "Hi-Way"—2-ton model for all cars, especially the low chassis. Lifts from 7¾ up to 18 inches. Has 14-inch 2-piece handle. Sells at $20.00. Other models from $7.90 up.

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its greatest development in California. The more specialized our agriculture has become, the greater has grown the need for a fluid labor supply to handle the cropping.

Mexican casual labor fills the requirements of the California farm as no other labor has done in the past. The Mexican withstands the high temperatures of the Imperial and San Joaquin valleys. He is adapted to field conditions. He moves from one locality to another as the rotation of the seasonal crops progresses. He does heavy field work—particularly in the so-called "stoop crops" and "knee crops" of vegetable and cantaloupe production—which white labor refuses to do and is constitutionally unsuited to perform.

W. E. Goodspeed, superintendent of the California Orchard Company in the Salinas Valley, says: "Our peak harvest demands run from 400 to 500 employes as against a normal labor demand of from 75 to 100. We have tried out every form of transient labor except the negro, with the result that we have found it necessary to confine our surplus as nearly as possible to Mexicans." This statement is typical of growers' experience on both large and small properties. Farm advisers, labor agencies and ranch managers in the San Joaquin Valley, in the citrus and walnut districts south of Tehachapi and the irrigated districts of the Coachella and Imperial valleys agree that at present Mexican casual labor constitutes between 70 and 80 per cent of the total of that class.

California agriculture is not wedded to Mexican labor because it is cheap labor. According to statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture, California paid the highest farm wage—ninety dollars—in the country in 1926. Where white labor is available it works with Mexican and at the same wage. According to the same statistics the average United States farm wage is fifty dollars.

It has been increasingly demonstrated that in certain production areas, notably in the growing cotton acreages of the San Joaquin Valley, white casual labor refuses to work at these jobs. Of 2000 whites from Oklahoma who came to the San Joaquin cotton areas two years ago, less than 2 per cent finished the season.

If, as some claim, there is some social problem connected with the immigration of Mexicans, those who are proposing the closing of the door to them will bring to the Southwestern states a much more serious one by forcing the agriculturists to bring in Porto Rican negroes or Filipinos—which they certainly will do as a matter of self-preservation before they will let their industries perish—and certainly no one can maintain that either of the races mentioned would be as desirable as the Mexican. A large percentage of the Mexicans return to Mexico after the harvests are over. The most of the balance are alien and could be deported should any serious problems arise On the other hand, if either of the other races mentioned are brought here in numbers they would have to be supported through the periods when there is no work to do.

A step is being taken in the mitigation of any problems that arise from concentration in the cities, in the first of a projected chain of coöperative farm-labor bureaus—the Agricultural Labor Bureau of the San Joaquin Valley—designed to facilitate the constant distribution of the farm-labor stream.

California agriculture is convinced that a sudden shutting off of the only reservoir of dependable farm labor left to it—Mexico—would create a disastrous labor vacuum entailing ruinous bidding as between section and section, and all growers in competition with industry and the railroads, with results reflected in higher freight rates, a sharp rise in the prices of all farm products and disturbance in the field of rural finance.

It, therefore, is united in asking that Congress shall not pass restrictive measures on Mexican immigration until, through congressional committees or presidential commission, that body can posseas itself of all the facts involved in the problem.

A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page 42)

This makes an extraordinary soup. The ingredients resemble the contents of a wastebasket, but the Austrian chef utilizes the head and bones of carp to get the essence, in exactly the same manner that you boil a knuckle of beef to extract the stock. The chicken was Back Huhn, which can be translated as spring chicken fried in bread crumbs:

Cut a small spring chicken in quarters, and skin. Clean liver and gizzard. Roll in flour. Then dip all into a light egg batter. After this, roll in bread crumbs and fry slowly in lard. About ten minutes will suffice.

Next was Salat Sacher, a vegetable salad in the Sacherian manner. The vegetables are cut in small cubes, and consist of carrots, potatoes, red beets, hearts of artichokes and very small pearl onions. The dressing is mayonnaise and cream, with a little sugar blended into it. This makes an appetizing salad. This is not a raw salad, as all the vegetables are first cooked thoroughly. It is served on dainty leaves of lettuce.

I haven't seen these tiny pearl onions in twelve years. Their exportation stopped with the war. They are delicate and not the least bit oniony. You can eat a handful without affecting your breath. They are almost as small as the French pea and are a dandy flavoring for a salad. The asparagus was just plain asparagus with bread crumbs and melted butter.

Sachertorte, or a tartlet, seemed to be a cake soused in apricot marmalade and drowned in chocolate icing. Recipes for pastry are very complicated and depend entirely on the chef's ability and judgment. The pastries and rolls of Vienna are noted the world over. This is not due to superior flour or preparation, but entirely to the magnificent water piped down from the Styrian Mountains, more than two hundred kilometers away. Water means everything in the mixing of flour.

The same Styrian water is an important factor in Vienna coffee. As you travel east in Europe the coffee gets better, and reaches its climax in Turkey, which country is responsible for Viennese coffee. During a Turkish siege of Vienna many centuries ago, a renegade Turkish officer so far forgot his oath to the star and crescent as to desert from his sultan one dark evening and make his way over the city walls, where he surrendered to the Austrians. He asked to be taken before the defending general and told that gentleman he would impart a great secret provided he got a reward. The promise was given and the voluntary Turkish ambassador spilled the news that the Turks were digging a great mine under the walls of Vienna. The subterranean bombing expedition was surprised and captured. The reward for the tattler was the right to open up coffee shops in Vienna, which he did in the approved Turkish manner.

The Turk buys none but the finest brand. As it is roasting in the pan he dusts it with powdered sugar. The melting sugar forms a coating around each bean and it is this coating which prevents the aromatic oils from evaporating from the bean. The bean becomes very dry after the roasting and this brittle condition is a preparation for the second stage. Before the days of the coffee grinder the coffee was pounded in a mortar by slaves. Each bean was pounded into one hundred bits. That was the set rule, and is still the rule today, even though machinery has replaced the slaves. The pounding

(Continued on Page 173)

Testimony from the Tall Timber

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Since writing this letter they have added six more 5-ton Internationals.

The Little and Paul letter is typical of many that come to us, written in the plain language of men who work and live with International Trucks. It is much easier not to write, but, somehow, thousands of men are prompted to tell us how good the trucks are. Such opinion may well guide your investment in International Trucks.

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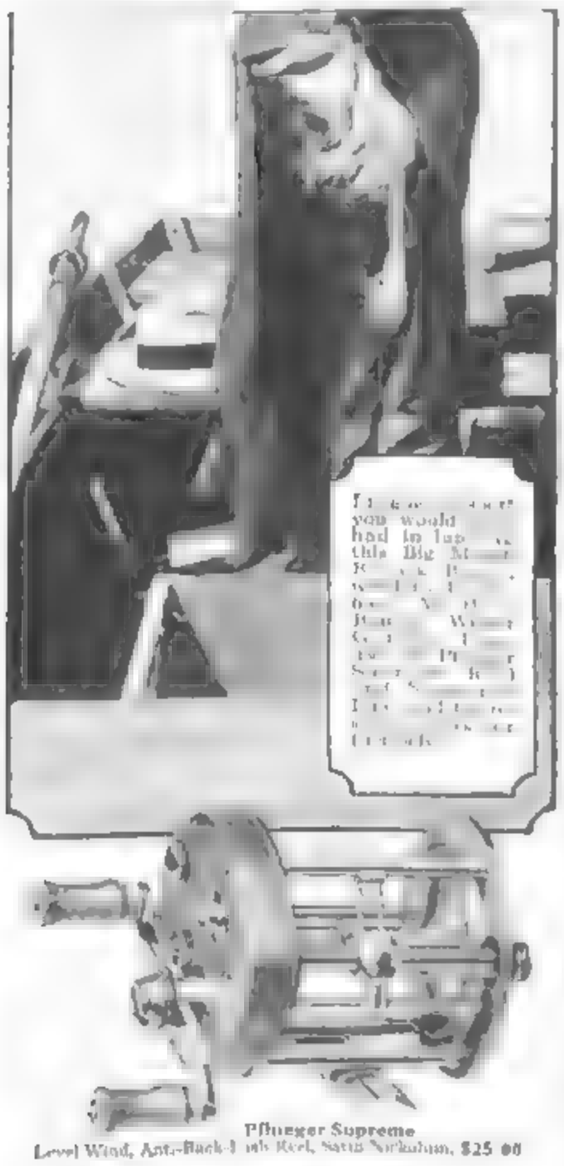

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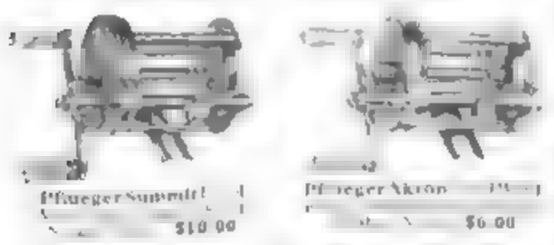

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Continued from Page 170

results in a powder. Very often, burned figs are also pulverized and mixed with the powdered coffee, but I think this is an Austrian improvement. It makes the coffee sweeter and little sugar has to be added to the drink. The Turk allowed his coffee to come to a boil three times, never more, never less. Then he drank it from a small cup, sweetened to taste. There was a separate brew for every pot of coffee, and grounds were used but once.

Of the two items of information furnished by that deserting Turk, the recipe for good coffee now looms more important than the warning of the proposed dynamiting. The walls of Vienna have crumbled long ago, but the coffee still bubbles in its porcelain arsenal. For one secret of Vienna coffee is that it is rarely allowed to touch metal in the brewing. It is poured into china cups as quickly as possible and served immediately, for coffee is like a bottle of perfume. Allow it to remain uncorked and the aroma diffuses into the air.

A Practical Cooking School

Madame Sacher regards Madame Schoener as a mere upstart backed by no traditions and weighted by no authority. Schoener's started as a tiny lunchroom and has grown into one of the best restaurants in Vienna. Like Frau Sacher, she is in full charge and oversees her women assistants in the kitchen. The best of food can be secured at very moderate prices. Three of us had a very good supper there and the total amounted to but twenty-eight schillinge, or about one dollar and thirty cents a head. Since the stabilization of Austrian currency it is no longer necessary to barter in telephone numbers, as one schilling is equivalent to ten thousand kronen. But even Schoener is too expensive for the average resident of Vienna, for Austria is a geographical tragedy. It has no mines, no seaports and no industries. It is reduced to a population of less than 7,000,000, and about 2,000,000 of the population live in Vienna, which makes Austria all head and no body. Only the tourist can afford to dine with Sacher and Schoener, and the native is forced to be content at the Heumühle, which is patronized by the bourgeoisie of Vienna and is famous for its plain, wholesome cooking and the immense size of its portions. For the Viennese are heavy eaters, fond of boiled beef and hot and ponderous desserts. When they arise from the table their vests are always a little tighter and their arches a trifle less arched. An Austrian told me: "My people eat too much. They don't put in food. They put in ballast."

The Heumühle is run by Miss Hess, a middle-aged lady, and, although now but a restaurant, was once the cooking school attended by the daughters of the highest Austrian families, who went there to study domestic science. Now no one can afford to study cooking. It was there they learned to concoct the illustrious Wiener Schnitzel, Paprika Huhn and Apfelstrudl.

The Wiener Schnitzel is a slice from the shoulder of veal, and is a breaded veal cutlet much lighter in bulk than its American representative. Its secret is in its crispness and lightness. Its preparation is as follows:

From the shoulder of the veal, slice, not too thick, a piece of the meat. Flatten this a little with a cleaver and season with salt and pepper. Make a light batter consisting of an egg and very fine bread crumbs. Dip the veal in this batter and fry in lard. No sauce is ever used in Vienna for Wiener Schnitzel, except mayonnaise on the side in a small boat. I prefer the American habit of having the Schnitzel swimming in tomato sauce, for it is much tastier.

Paprika Huhn is secured by taking a young chicken and cutting it into four pieces. The skin is removed. Some fat bacon is sliced into small pieces and placed in a pan, along with a little lard, which is allowed to simmer. Then the chicken is put in to cook in the bacon fat and lard. After five minutes the chicken is soused with plenty of paprika, which blends all through the ingredients in the pan. When the chicken is thoroughly cooked a good cupful of sour cream is poured over it and stirred slowly around to enable the cream to mix with the sauce. The sour cream makes the dish, which is snatched off the fire and poured out on a plate.

I suspect that most everybody has tasted Apfelstrudl, or apple strudel. The following recipe is a good one, except that the weights are confusing. I got it from Madame Schoener, who thinks that everybody knows what a dkg. and a kg. are. My metric system failed to graduate with me when I left college, but I am sure that a dkg. is a dekagram and a kg. is a kilogram. A kilo is a fraction over two pounds and a gram is one-thousandth part of a kilo. A dekagram is ten grams. Here is an exact translation of a Schoener recipe for Apfelstrudl. It is rather like a cross-gram puzzle, but do your best:

Put one-half kilogram of flour on your board, take a whole egg, ten dekagrams melted butter, a pinch of salt, about one-half to three-quarters of a liter lukewarm water and work till it is smooth and comes off your hand. If it should turn out to be too hard, then add a little more water. Sprinkle flour on the board and work your paste into a round loaf and leave it to rest for an hour, covered up with a dish.

Spread a tablecloth on your table, sprinkle again with flour and begin to pull the paste till you get it nearly as thin as paper, then put your sliced apples, bread crumbs which have been fried a little in butter, raisins, powdered sugar, cinnamon over the top of the spread-out paste. Take two corners of tablecloth and roll up the strudel. Grease your pan with lard or butter and bake slowly.

After the strudel is baked in a long loaf it is sliced up for the table. There are many kinds of strudels—flat, long and dumplings—but the secret of the process is the rolled dough which holds in the spices and juices of the fruit. It is not a bad dish, but rather heavy for a dessert and a little out of the line of light pastries. The Austrian likes it smothered with Schlagobers, sometimes called Oberschaum or Schlag Rahm, all of which means whipped cream. The little sons of German-American families got many a schlagging, but without the cream. A literal translation of Schlagobers would be "whipped over," and the whip is laid over everything. You get your coffee with Schlagober setting serenely on the top, like a white silk hat on a lump of coal. All pastry is ambushed under Schlagober, and ice cream, tarts and pies are camouflaged under the heavy, sweet Schlag. You have to dig down through it with your spoon until you strike bedrock. After having spent two months in Italy and France pulling off artichoke leaves in an effort to get something to eat, I found that I was forced to learn an entirely new set of motions to conquer Schlagober. It is a sticky, cloying substance that gets on your clothes, hands and face. It makes a fine lather if you happen to have your razor along.

The Vienna Sandwich

But when you are in Vienna you must schlag as the Schlagobers do. I think they carry it to excess with a cream puff which is not only stuffed with cream but Harveyized in a thick coating of chocolate and then topped off with the schlag. That is carrying pastry out to the unforgivable decimal.

The sidewalk cafés are open for business at nine in the morning. All I saw served in the heat of the day was well-schlagged coffee and small sandwiches. The Vienna sandwich is apparently a Swiss toymaker's idea of what a sandwich should be at its best. It consists of but one slice of bread, which is used as a tiny platter for beef, tongue, ham, pâté de foie gras, sardines, shrimp and crayfish, garnished with little slices of beet, onion and highly colored gelatin. You can get a sandwich for around thirty groschen, or not quite five cents. About fifteen of these sandwiches

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are equal to one Coney Island hot dog. They are popular when washed south with Gespritzen, a small dash of Rhine wine flooded with seltzer. It is the *apéritif* drink of Vienna. The sidewalk restaurants furnish the morning Jause, equivalent to the English snack at eleven A.M. The Jause headquarters is Zykan's, while Demel's, which has been in existence for one hundred and twenty years, is fashionable for afternoon Kaffee Klatsch. Demel's is on the Kohlmarkt, and at twilight you are forced to wade through knee-deep Schlag to get a table. They don't drink tea in this town except when they are sick.

There are kitchens where the working class can secure a big bowl of goulash soup for fifty groschen, exactly half a schilling. This is really a full-course dinner in a tureen, for the bowl contains beef, gravy and several vegetables, such as onions, carrots and potatoes. The gravy is first spooned up and then excavation work starts on the alluvial deposit on the bottom of the dish. It's a full meal for seven cents. The pendulum of circumstance has swung back heavily in Vienna, which, once the capital of music and gay living, is now a workingman's town. There are no Hapsburgs in the Hofburg, where once Francis Joseph tugged at his sideburns as he ate his boiled beef at eleven in the morning. All his meals were served on his desk, where he sat with his quill pen in his hand, for he never stopped working while he ate. He was a hardworking king who loved to sign his name. So much so that his ministers were very discreet in furnishing him with documents. They gave him only proclamations to indorse which required a royal affirmative.

All others were kept out of the regal writing radius, for he was a yes man. He had one smart idea which I think would benefit many busy Americans. He never ate at a state banquet. He dined at his writing desk before the dinner, drank Pilsener beer and smoked a Virginia cheroot. His favorite dish was Mehlspeise, which covers anything in the pastry line, sweetened or unsweetened. The banquets were all served swiftly, much to the guest's chagrin, and even the historic dinner to the Kaiser lasted but twenty minutes. Dishes were snatched away as quickly as served, but Francis Joseph didn't care as he gazed at his reflection in the blade of a silver knife which was especially polished to serve him as a mirror. The blade of the knife was his vanity case, and while his guests struggled to grab a mouthful of food Francis Joseph sat placidly on the dais tugging away at his white whiskers.

A Dinner to the Kaiser

Mehlspeise is very heavy pastry, and the Emperor loved it hot and soggy. He ate it while he broke all records for signing documents, for he doted on his microscopic signature. Mehlspeise is still served in fifty different forms in Vienna restaurants. I spoke to an Austrian cavalry officer who had been salted plenty with five Russian bullets when the Russ was knocking at the gates of Vienna in the early days of the war. He was invalided home to be decorated by the Emperor, and when he was ushered into the imperial presence Francis Joseph was at his desk signing hopeful ukases and munching Mehlspeise. The wounded officer was an Austrian baron, and as he limped toward Francis he saw that the emperor wore but one decoration on his uniform. And that medal was one given to him by a former Czar of Russia fifty years before! Yet he wore it while the Cossacks were rapping at the door of his capital. They didn't get in, but Mehlspeise didn't help to keep them out.

The baron attended the famous court dinners in the old days when French was the court language of all Europe and the royal kitchens were exclusively under the direction of Parisian chefs.

The dinner given to the Kaiser on the twenty-fifth of November, 1909, by the Emperor of all the Austrias, was an example of the luxury of the old days. Here is the menu as served:

Potage à la Reine
Petits Timbales aux Champignons
Roast Beef à l'Anglaise
Pâté de Foie Gras aux Truffles
Punch Romaine
Selle de Chevreuil Rôtie
Salade et Compote
Choux-fleurs Hollandaise
Charlotte Rechte
Dessert et Fruits
Café

This menu is interesting because of one which is to follow later. For there is no doubt there was one subject predominant in the conversation. And that subject, if the date, 1909, means anything, was war and the Berlin-Bagdad railway. You can almost visualize the venerable Francis Joseph tweaking away at his plus-four whiskers and gazing admiringly at his reflection in the polished knife. If he came to an agreement with the Kaiser during that period, then we can say that Francis Joseph signed his name once too often.

After the War

There is another dinner some years later, which Francis Joseph did not attend, even though it was an aftermath of the 1909 banquet. This repast was served at Brest-Litovski on January 17, 1918, and, if my history isn't curly, neither the Kaiser nor Francis Joseph was present. Francis Joseph was either dead or dying, around then at the unripe old age of eighty-seven. The Berlin-to-Bagdad railway was fading rapidly and the Kaiser was choosing his board of directors for the Marne-to-Holland railroad. The Frenchified menu had been discarded in favor of good old German, and though one of the wines seems to be French, there is no mention of Roast Beef à l'Anglaise. There had been too much of that served at Mons, Ypres and the other western playgrounds. Here is the menu of the Brest-Litovski conference attended by Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Turkey and Soviet Russia:

Hauptquartier Ost, den 17.1. 1918.
Abendessen
Karotten Suppe
1913 er Durkheimer Frohnhof
1911 er Chat. Segonzac
Gewürzfleisch mit Reis
Gemischte Fleischplatte mit Brechbohnen und Gebackenen Kartoffeln
Feist Cabinet
Wein-Törtchen
Kaffee

Ten months after the serving of that dinner the war was over. Hauptquartier Ost means Headquarters of the East. Karotten Suppe is plain old mangy carrot soup. Gewürzfleisch mit Reis translates into beef stew with rice. It is not even goulash, for goulash has paprika in it. The imposing Gemischte Fleischplatte mit so-and-so und whoozus is nothing more than cold meats with beans and baked potatoes. Wein-Törtchen is a tartlet oiled with a little wine gelatin. Incidentally, the wines served at that dinner were of the cheapest. Kaffee explains itself.

You would imagine that the royal boys who were fortunate enough to be able to eat that kind of a dinner in 1909 would have sense enough to behave themselves in order that the good cheer and provender might continue at the people's expense and labor. But no, they had to have their fun, for they seemed determined to enjoy cold pork, army beans and plain potatoes at Brest-Litovski in 1918. The war is over now and all the cities have recovered their old-time gayety and pepper—except Vienna. The music has gone, nobody dances and the only people who can afford to eat at Madame Sacher's are tourists—who pay—and ex-royalty—which does not. The town seeks mild forgetfulness in many cups of coffee, for it never was a booze-fighting city. Even the municipal beer is only 7 per cent, against 12 for the German brand. And saddest of all, the conference at Lausanne deprived Vienna of its goose-liver market! Which is a terrible blow, for your Austrian

(Continued on Page 177)

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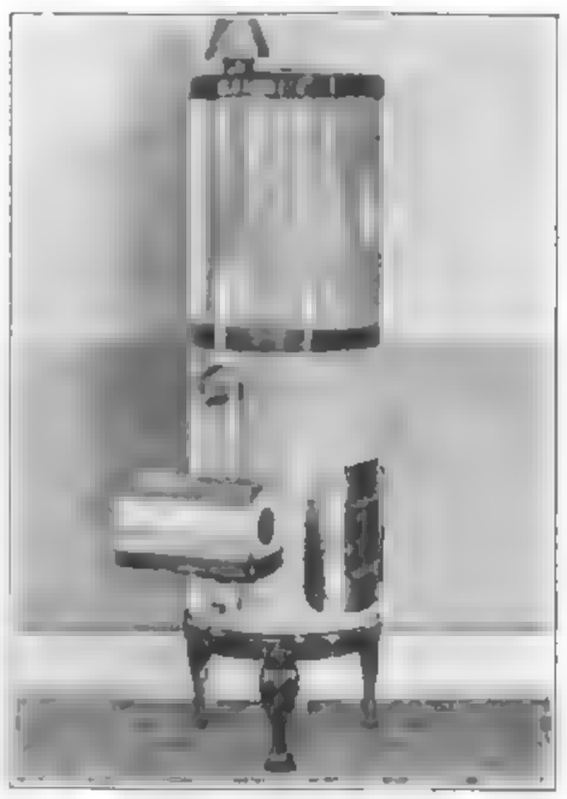
This Florence pressure stove is actually hotter than city gas and just as easy to control. There are no wicks and no chimneys—just a simple valve for each burner and for the fuel supply. A turn of the valve gives you any degree of heat from simmering to the maximum and the flame is right up close under the cooking.

It is safe, clean, economical and utterly efficient. And the famous Florence Oven with the patented heat distributor enables you to do the best baking you have ever done in your life.

Like all Florence products, the new pressure stove is staunchly constructed and beautifully finished. It has an all-grid top, extra wide.

To complete the modern Florence kitchen you should also have a Florence Automatic Water Heater. The one illustrated is the very newest type and is a complete water heating unit all in one piece. It burns kerosene, at an almost nominal cost, and keeps a constant supply of hot water available all the time. It operates under thermostatic control with a pilot light and takes care of itself indefinitely, with an occasional filling of the fuel tank. Ask your plumber about the Florence water heater; he can install it at very moderate cost.

As it will be difficult at first to supply the demand for the new pressure stove, may we suggest that you get an order in with your dealer as early as possible. Florence Stove Company, Boston, Massachusetts. Division Offices: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Atlanta, Baltimore, New Orleans, Dallas, Detroit, Columbus, Kansas City. Sold in Great Britain by E. W. French, London.



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FLORENCE
OIL RANGE

(Continued from Page 174)

requires his pâté de foie gras like an airplane needs a landing field.

The goose livers—that is, the best—are supposed to come from Strasburg. But Austria-Hungary packed a very fine gooseberry for many years. Then the last fatal peace conference with the Fourteen Points split the empire into twice fourteen portions. Hungary is now a separate country and Vienna moans because Hungary was the land where the goose livers grew as they grew nowhere else. Vienna has lost its liver.

And what goose liver you can get over at Budapest, only four hours from Vienna! I never saw such gigantic foie in my life. Each liver is the size of both your hands clasped together. The method of enlarging the liver is interesting, but very cruel. The goose which is to be livered is confined when only a gosling in a narrow, cramped compartment. He cannot fly. He cannot waddle. Six or seven times a day a huge cartridge of corn meal is forced down his throat, whether he is hungry or not. The excess of food and the lack of exercise result in the big liver so admired by gourmands. It is really a diseased liver. The same thing would happen to you if you stuffed cartridges of corn meal down your throat and took no exercise for a year or so. When I get back home I expect to organize a society for the prevention of pâté de foie gras to young Hungarian goslings. The Hungarians eat all the livers they can and then export the rest to Strasburg, for further exportation under a Strasburg label. But this is not a deception, for the Hungarian foie is even superior to the French stuff. Anyway, few livers escape from the Hungarian appetite. They are great eaters and hot weather does not slow them up.

You have never seen such entertainment as the citizens of Budapest lavish on the tourist within their gates. When they heard that I had arrived to write about food, they saw to it that I got plenty of information right off the dish. The invitations came fast and thick, and right here I want to say something for Hungarian banquets as served in Budapest. There is no toastmaster to spill his ancient wheezes and bewhiskered gags. There are speakers, of course, but only of the guests' choosing. They indicated their choice of me by shouting, "Rector." After I finished speaking the ones who were awake shouted for another speaker. There were but three speakers at the long table, but once in a while a guest arose unannounced, spoke loud and long, and then sat down. I do not know what he said and the others didn't seem to care, so I guess I can claim a tie game, at the worst.

Goose Inside and Out

Goose was served at that banquet, which is a mark of respect. If you don't care much about your guest of honor you serve chicken, turkey or goulash. But when the roast goose is smoking on the table, then you have been accepted by the Budapestians. After the banquet I learned what one of the unbidden speakers had said in his oration. During my talk I had asked for the recipe for roast goose. He had thereupon written it out on his tablecloth and recited it with gestures later in the evening. Here it is, translated into cooking English. The Hungarian method is so simple that it is almost foolish:

Draw and wash a goose. Remove all fat, put goose in frying pan with a little water and place in hot stove. Take fat out from time to time, but not all, pour the remaining fat and water over the goose from time to time, until it is brown and crisp.

That's a rather confusing recipe, but I think it calls for the goose to be placed in a very hot oven after the fat has been removed. Then you separate the fat and set it aside. I used to sew up the fowl with needle and thread and tie a large slab of larding pork over the breast. The goose should then be placed in the roasting pan, a little water poured over it and a good-sized piece of the goose's fat put in the pan. When the goose begins to cook, start basting and keep that procedure up all during the cooking. From time to time place more fat in the pan. Another feature of the Hungarian recipe is that no time limit is set for the roasting. I used to allow three or four pounds to the hour. The Hungarian apparently leaves this matter to the discretion of the chef or the goose. Try roasting a turkey instead. It's easier.

The peculiar thing about goose is that the best stuffing you can cram into it is its own liver, in the shape of pâté de foie gras. This is also the finest stuffing for quail and partridge. It is made by grinding up Melba toast into brown crumbs, with a little butter and a small portion of onions, minced exceedingly fine. Add the pâté de foie gras and mix it in a bowl. The stuffing is ready.

Hungarian Goulash

The eating in Budapest starts in the morning when the sleeper wakes. He has his coffee with Schlag, bread, butter and cheese. Then he knocks off a second breakfast around ten, which consists of more coffee, salami, possibly some fish and a different kind of cheese. That holds him until one in the afternoon, when he sits down to a midday snack that keeps him busy to three o'clock. This meal starts with a thick soup and is followed by a ragout of meat, salad, ham, cheese, and coffee. Dessert is usually an Indianer Tort, something like a cream puff, with very thick sides, sliced in half, stuffed with cream, then sealed again under a heavy coating of chocolate and finally crowned with the inevitable Schlag. That's a dish for a king and the reason why there are so few kings left. The six o'clock meal, which is the big one in America, is the smallest in Budapest. Coffee, light sandwiches, English tea and pastry. This is because the theaters and the movies start at 7:30 in Hungary. There is a theater buffet where you can eat between the acts. Then home again for the meal of the day, which is served at ten in the evening. Soup with nockeral, which are little dumplings, fifty different kinds of pickles, marrowbones, sausage, a choice of meats, and always dessert and coffee. And Hungary boasts of the world's greatest wine, Tokay, conceded by the epicures to be the finest of the still wines.

Don't forget goulash. I guess that no other dish is so widely advertised as this mixture. In America, veal, pork, mutton, beef or anything that will goul is known as goulash. But the right name is Gulyas of Beef, and only beef will do. A Hungarian doesn't know what you mean by the word "goulash." In preparing goulash, lard is used instead of butter. Many tests show that butter will not improve the dish nearly so much as lard, so lard it is. Here is another recipe for the goulash album:

In a large saucepan, cook, partially in lard, one dozen sliced onions. Now add about two pounds of beef, preferably cut from the round steak. This meat must be cut into medium-sized cubes about an inch to two inches square. Cook very slowly in the oven. Shortly after the meat has started to cook, season with a liberal amount of paprika, a pinch of caraway seed, a few leaves of bay, one-quarter cupful of vinegar and a little finely chopped garlic. A little water should be placed in the pan at the start of the cooking and more water added when required. When the meat is well cooked and tender add a small quantity of beef broth, and if the sauce or gravy is too thin, thicken with flour. Add to this dish some freshly boiled potatoes similar to the size of the meat. Stir the potatoes in with the goulash and it is ready to serve.

Because of the liberal amount of sauce in this dish, rice is usually served as a garniture on the plate with the goulash. It makes a delightful combination. Goulash contains almost everything necessary to sustain life. Meat, butterfats and vegetables are all in it. Only one vinegar is known in Hungary, and that is made from red wine which has turned sour. Paprika is

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Aids the arch! Defeats fatigue! Gives support where you need it . . . and freedom where your foot should have it. Relieves and strengthens the weakened arch . . . comforts any normal foot. Scientifically built . . . with style retained.

Twelve Dollars

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

The Perfect Anti-Acid

Why Doctors are all Decided in favor of ONE *product*

Many ailments start in the stomach, most of them from too much acid. Take an anti-acid, is frequently the doctor's advice. But why does he tell you to take *Phillips?*

First, because it's harmless in anybody's hands; it is used for a score of childish ills; and even in infants' milk. Next, because Phillips Milk of Magnesia is in *perfect suspension.* Because fifty years have proved that anything short of this perfection does not achieve the same results.

Because it has such an enviable record as an anti-acid, laxative, and corrective.

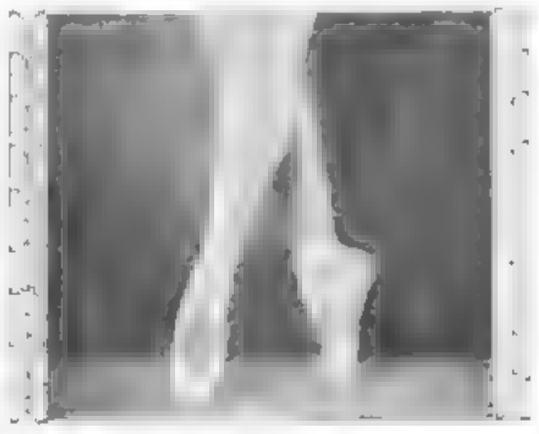
The physician specifies Phillips. The druggist fills prescriptions with Phillips. If the public were as careful as either there would be no imitations of Phillips.

It's PHILLIPS *that's always used for Prescriptions*

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns



DOROTHY DILLEY'S *Famous Feet*

"Dancing with a corn is like attempting a trans-Atlantic flight with a grand piano. Let Blue-jay check your excess toe-baggage."

So writes the charming Dorothy Dilley, who is leading ingénue in the new Broadway hit, "Take the Air."

. . . .

Blue-jay has been starred for 28 years as the safest and gentlest way to remove a corn. The "longest run" of any corn-remover . . . and going stronger than ever. To its millions of friends, the new Blue-jay offers some pleasant surprises. A creamy-white pad instead of the old-style blue one. A more flexible disc and an improved package. Now at all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue-jay

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THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

He Mailed a Coupon Like This

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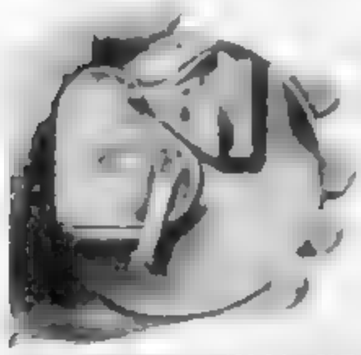
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated explanation of KRISS KROSS Stropper and your gift offer of a 3 Way razor without extra charge
Name
Address
City State
☐ Check here if interested in becoming representative

—and it Brought Him 1129 Cool Shaves from One Single Blade!



SHARPENS ANY MAKE OF RAZOR BLADE

KRISS KROSS works on practically any razor blade, single or double edge (except Durham) and puts new life into them a surprising way.

Another Triumph for KRISS-KROSS—The Amazing Shaving Invention That Makes Old Razor Blades Keener Than New! Mr. T. Liddle, of Illinois, writes:—"I have been using one of your stroppers since May, 1924 I shave every morning and am STILL ON MY FIRST BLADE!"

NO wonder KRISS KROSS marks such a radical increase in shaving comfort and economy! For now at last it has captured a secret that has baffled inventors for years. Reproduces barber's flip-flop diagonal stroke with more than human accuracy. Gives a razor blade the keenest cutting edge its steel can take! And in 11 seconds you are ready for the slickest shave of your entire career!

Special Advertising Offer

Right now—to advertise KRISS-KROSS—we are making an exceptional offer of a surprising new kind of razor without extra charge to every new booster for KRISS KROSS! This "mystery razor" is absolutely unique (really 7 razors in one) and cannot be bought in stores. Find out about it today. Send the coupon *above* for details of free offer and illustrated explanation of KRISS-KROSS. No obligation. Mail it now!

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KRISS KROSS pays as high as $30 a day and more to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities. Spare-time workers often earn $6-$12 extra an evening. Generous bonus and commissions—requires no capital to start—and is paying others as high as $5000-$7500 a year! Investigate *now*! Check bottom line of coupon *above* for details. Mail it today!

DO IT NOW

made from the sweet red pepper. You can add as much paprika to your goulash as you desire without making it any hotter. There is another Szekely goulash which is very popular, as it has cabbage cooked in as an ingredient.

Hungarian pastry is known all over the Continent and Budapest boasts of Europe's only pastry and candy university. Students come from all the prominent hotels and restaurants to study the Hungarian methods of making the mouth water. I don't approve of sending a boy to college and having him come out a cake eater, but it has happened before in better universities.

The finest feature of the restaurants in Budapest is the gypsy string music, no brasses, no noise and no jazz. Europe is Black Bottom mad at the present time, but the gypsies stick to the old melodies. The best of the eating places in Budapest are Gundle's, the Hungaria, Diofa, Spolarich, Erbely-Borozo and Gerbeaud's in the Park, where gypsy orchestras furnish the dining tempo. Rigo, who died a short time ago in New York, was the most famous of all the Hungarian gypsies. He married the well-known Princess Chimay many years ago. Rigo didn't know any more about music than a mine mule does about surf bathing, but he could improvise weird Romany laments on a sagging E string as nobody else could. All gypsy music is by ear and very little by request.

Tourists dining in Viennese restaurants should remember that the tip is included in the addition of the check. The service is 10 per cent, and an addition calling for thirty-three schillinge means that you ate thirty schillinge worth of food, and the extra three schillinge are for the waiter. I didn't realize this at first and many a waiter collected an extra tip of three or four schillinge before I tumbled to the scheme. If you have had a good dinner and the Viennese coffee impregnates your inner fabric with its genial warmth, there is nothing to hamper you from giving your waiter an extra schilling or so. But it is not compulsory and everybody seems to be thoroughly satisfied with the 10 per cent rake-off. I think they should be, for if we had to pay an extra 10 per cent to the salesman who sold us a hat, shoes or underwear, we would soon be singing The Anvil Chorus. But *l'habitude* is prevalent all over Central Europe and even the Hungarians seem to think that American pocketbooks are enlarged goose livers.

A TALE OF THIRTEEN BILLIONS

Continued from Page 7)

character of the undertakings that do beckon us impatiently, and, second, to suggest a scale by which to measure in equivalents the value of the enormous sums of capital we are lending away to foreign countries.

When you read that last year we lent $1,750,000,000 abroad and that this year we may lend $2,000,000,000 more, what do you see? A row of figures. What do you think? Something more or less vague about world trade. Who has ever seen $2,000,000,000? It is a mathematical quantity. How shall one imagine it? With some notion of this difficulty the statistician descends to put his figures through absurd antics. Our loans to foreign countries for a year equal a taxi fare of four dollars a mile to the moon and back. So! Well, what of it?

But if you will relate the figures that express our investments abroad to figures that express the estimated cost of such national works as have been enumerated, you will be coming to a sense of value in equivalents. The cost of these works would be $2,500,000,000, distributed as follows:

For the Great Lakes project	$ 500,000,000
For the Mississippi River system	500,000,000
For the intercoastal canal	250,000,000
For the Colorado River system	250,000,000
For the Columbia River system	300,000,000
For the Nicaraguan Canal	700,000,000
Total	$2,500,000,000

In the year 1927 we increased our foreign investments by $1,750,000,000. In the year 1928 we are expected to increase them by $2,000,000,000 more. Total in two years, $3,750,000,000.

An Indefinite Distinction

This is measurement only. As illustration it would possess a serious fault. A large proportion of the $1,750,000,000 invested abroad last year was in these modern circumstances necessary. That must be said also as to roughly the same proportion of the $2,000,000,000 we are thinking to invest in foreign countries this year. Therefore you cannot say literally there is a capital sum of $3,750,000,000 that could be or might have been translated into works of our own.

Take it differently. By the end of this year the total of our private investments in foreign countries will be at least $15,000,000,000. It would be rash to say that as much as two-thirds of this vorticular sum was for what bankers and economists call productive purposes. There is a distinction, theoretically definite but practically indefinite, between uses of capital that are productive and uses that are unproductive. Capital devoted to the further creation of wealth is called productive. Capital loaned to industry is supposed to have that character generally. Capital loaned to foreign governments may or may not have it. One is never sure. The government may say it will use the capital to develop electric power, railroads or waterways and may in fact do so, whereupon the capital is said to have been used for productive purposes. Nevertheless, capital borrowed for those purposes may serve only to release other capital of that government's own to be spent for unproductive purposes.

Where the Money Could Go

However, suppose two-thirds of all that $15,000,000,000 of American capital invested abroad to represent productive purposes, tending to increase the wealth and trade of the world. Then what of the other third, amounting to $5,000,000,000? It passes through the hands of governments and municipalities, and is spent for all manner of things—in part for subsidies, for doles, in strife, directly and indirectly for armaments, to pay German reparations to the Allies, to build stadiums, to pay old debts, to balance budgets, to restore the value of national currencies, and so on. A great deal of it has been and will be wasted and lost. We shall be very lucky as investors—luckier than we deserve to be—if some of it does not turn out to be unrepayable.

Well, now apply the scale to this $5,000,000,000 loaned abroad for presumably unproductive purposes. Deduct first that $2,500,000,000 worth of works that have been priced, including the Nicaraguan Canal. They are paid for. You have $2,500,000,000 left.

Various housing commissions seek ways and means to provide model tenements for people of small incomes in the cities. Give them the capital necessary to procure this blessing for 100,000 families at $10,000 per family, and still you have $1,500,000,000 left.

The United States Shipping Board, through which we have been trying, with a fumbling, stingy effort, to found a merchant marine, says it needs a lot of big new ships to meet the competition of European ships, not a few of which by our loans we have assisted Europe to build. Give the United States Shipping Board 100 new ships at a cost of $10,000,000 each, or 200 at a cost of $5,000,000 each.

There is still $500,000,000 left. What shall we do with that? With $500,000,000

(Continued on Page 181)

MALLORY HATS

"Cravenette"

THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

Sold By Stylists, Not Mere Store-Keepers

Have a Mallory Merchant show you how to "put your best face forward" this Spring. He will exercise his art to suggest or select the shape truly flattering in the color most becoming. Mallory Hats are invisibly "Cravenette"-Processed.

SIX TO TEN DOLLARS

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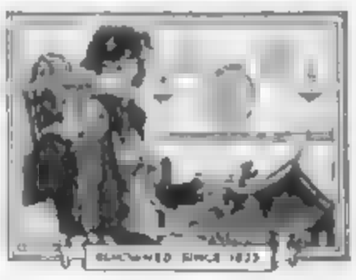


WHERE TO BUY—Watch for the announcements of merchants who feature Mallory Hats this season.

FIND THE LABEL—The Mallory label is stamped in the crown and on the sweat-leather of every hat.

Are you sure baby's food is *safe?*

Every time you open the door of the Alaska

HOW careful mothers must be to properly safeguard baby's food! But scientists now tell us food cannot be considered safe alone because it seems beyond suspicion.

For danger often lies, they say, in *fine shades* of food spoilage which give no warning sign.

You might give such food to baby without a thought of its menace to health.

* * *

Years ago Alaska experts determined to build a home refrigerator which would keep food *utterly* safe! . . . One that would keep fruits and vegetables firmer and more appetizing; meats, broths, milk and other foods more wholesome and delicious.

So they gave it extra thick walls, insulated with high-grade cork. They fitted this pure, clean cork so tightly and solidly between the sturdy walls that even tiniest niches and crevices were snugly filled.

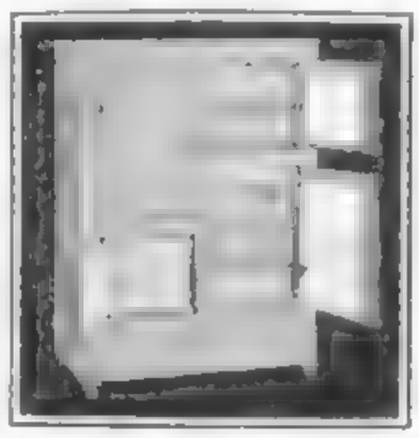
Cork was selected because it is endowed with millions of microscopic air cells. In the Alaska each of these myriads of tiny air cells does its part to keep the cold *in*, heat *out* and ice bills *down*.

That's why the Alaska prevents even those *fine shades* of food spoilage. That's why there's a lifetime of *complete* food safety and finer food flavor in its uniformly frigid, circulating dry air.

So you may be sure *your* Alaska has this better insulation, a small cork wall window is provided, through which you can actually *see* the cork.

This little window lifts Alaska's insulation above all suspicion—enables you to buy with complete confidence. Look for this little window, found only on the Alaska. It is the sign of the *genuine*.

Alaskas also offer immaculate interior and exterior finishes of smooth porcelain or enamel; easily cleaned round corners; rugged construction and hardware; beauty unsurpassed, obtainable in all sizes, styles and prices.



Do you desire electrical refrigeration?

Late model Alaskas adapt themselves perfectly to either ice or electrical refrigeration and are scientifically designed to maintain lowest temperatures.

Your dealer can quickly and easily install an electrical refrigerating unit in an Alaska, and he will gladly recommend the Alaska to you. He knows there is 50 years of successful refrigerator-making experience and a precious reputation behind it. And that it must be dependable else it would never have the Alaska trademark. See your Alaska dealer at once. The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Michigan

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

DESIGNED FOR *ICE* REFRIGERATION OR *ELECTRIC* REFRIGERATION

(Continued from Page 178)

we might build a motor highway from Texas to Argentina and treat it as a foundation in Pan-American relations. Would it pay? Ask a motor manufacturer, a diplomat or an exporter if it would pay. Though not one dollar of the capital were ever returned, still it would turn out to be an economic resource of enormous value. For the ultimate reactions upon industry, commerce and politics we could well afford to build it and then give a quitclaim deed of it to the separate countries.

To such feats of imagination, apparently extravagant, is one driven who undertakes to find physical equivalents for the amount of national wealth we are lending away in the name of surplus capital—and for only that part of the total which may be taken to represent unproductive expenditure on the part of the borrowers. And we are lending it with no sense of policy, no national vision and almost no experience. Back of Great Britain's lending policy lies a century of experience, acquired at a cost which American investors would not like to contemplate. We have only ten years of experience and a general idea that if loans will do what they are supposed to do—namely, promote the wealth and amity of the world—it will all turn out to be good at 6 per cent.

To the suggestion that we might think of turning some of this power of surplus capital upon ourselves, Wall Street has a strong reply. No work of our own is waiting for capital. That is true. Moreover, these works you speak of are public works. Wall Street cannot move them. Private investors cannot act upon them by their own initiative. That is the Government's part. Meanwhile private investors are every day coming with surplus funds to place at interest. What shall a banker say to them? And that makes common sense.

It may be that we are a Colorado River unawares, invisible to ourselves; a capital force running wild. It may be that what we need is a kind of flood control of our capital, so that some of it may be pent up as it tends to overflow, against a time inevitable, though presently unimaginable, when we shall be wanting it. All this might be argued from the state of facts.

Anywhere But Home

If the Boulder Dam site were in Italy we should be lending the Italian Government the capital to develop it as a magnificent resource of power, and think it very intelligent of Mr. Mussolini to take such forethought for Italy's future. If the Great Lakes were in Europe we should be buying bonds on them and calling it a sound investment. If the German Government wishes to assist German agriculture, we are anxious to lend the German Government large sums of capital for that purpose.

Why, in general? Because American investors have a surplus of capital to invest and Wall Street must supply the quantity of bonds necessary to absorb it.

Here is our own country presenting original and unlimited opportunities for the employment of capital. Its undeveloped resources are the richest in the world. Here is the greatest market in the world. Here capital is safer than anywhere else because the capitalistic principle works better, more efficiently and with an increasing mind to social ends.

Here, in twenty-five years, which is the short life of a bond, the population will be about 40,000,000 more, and there will be no surplus from the land. Here, in fifty years, which is the long life of a bond, the population will be 200,000,000, and no room to spare. America, briefly, is the incomparable business.

And yet if it were proposed that the American Government should borrow $5,000,000,000 for a systematic development of economic means, regarded as an investment in national plant and equipment for the future—ships, waterways, highways, power, reclamation—we should all be properly stunned.

Is state enterprise organically sound? We do not ask that question if it is the enterprise of a foreign government. It is notorious that the difference between red and black ink in the line that balances the book of profit and loss has not the meaning for governments that it has for private enterprise; if the line is red, as it generally is, the government has only to borrow more or increase taxation. Therefore, can a government be trusted to lay out enormous sums of capital in the economic design?

But we do not ask that question if it is a foreign government. When American capital is loaned to foreign governments for ships, power plants, railroads, public utilities and such things as we think belong rightly and more safely to private enterprise, the investor understands that he need not worry; the general credit of the borrowing government is pledged, beyond the works, to secure the loan. Is the general credit of a foreign government, then, any better than our own? We freely lend capital to foreign governments to be used in ways which we should seriously hesitate to have it used by the American Government. As you regard it, this is a singular fact. In one case, if anything happens, we have lost our capital and that is all; in the other case, even though at the worst we lost our money, we should have the works. Ultimately they would redeem the loss.

Leaving Egypt for Jericho

There are two principal objections among us to the thought of turning our surplus power of capital into the hands of the Government for the purpose of exploiting new sources of national wealth perhaps just a little in advance of actual needs. One is the prejudice, instinctive and well founded, against extending the activities of government in the economic domain. There is the case of ships, where the Government is competing with private enterprise or substituting for it, and the preference is strong for a privately owned merchant marine. In the development of water resources there is always the question of how the by-product of hydroelectric power shall be handled. In the instance of any great productive undertaking, though it may be that the Government intends only to create the instrumentality, sooner or later by force of circumstances it seems to come into conflict with the doctrine of private initiative on which we are founded

The other principal objection is fear of taxation from a tremendous increase of the public debt.

But from all such excursions with difficulty one must return to the fact—a new fact in a new time—namely, that a tremendous power of surplus wealth, a large proportion of which ought rationally to be invested in our own tomorrow, is running away into foreign investments; and this, as we shall learn, is in many cases like leaving Egypt for Jericho. Apparently we are not thinking, as we once did, of our own future. When we built the first transcontinental railroad we were thinking nationally. Whether it would be self-supporting as a railroad from the start was immaterial; that its construction had to be subsidized by the Federal Government was a slight obstacle. We were still thinking nationally when we built the Panama Canal. Until about fifteen years ago this was the natural way of our thinking. We were twitted on our failure to think internationally; we were not international minded. Well, now we are thinking internationally in a grand manner, or think we are. And as to national works, we are still thinking in terms of simple arithmetic, whereas the scale of things and the measures of our power have become mathematical. This apparently the borrowing world sees much more clearly than we do.

Certainly it will not seem to be taking either horn of a household controversy to make two observations. First, as to the feeling, strong in the American mentality, against state enterprise in principle. Irrigation at first was left to private enterprise,

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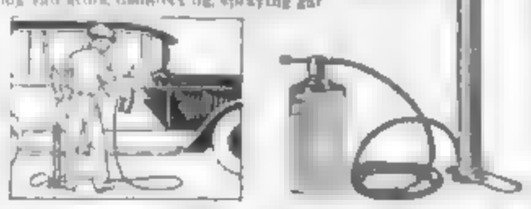

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No. 77—$1.00—Fine quality. Soft, all elastic mesh front. Cool. V-seam gives extra stretch. Large, small, medium sizes.

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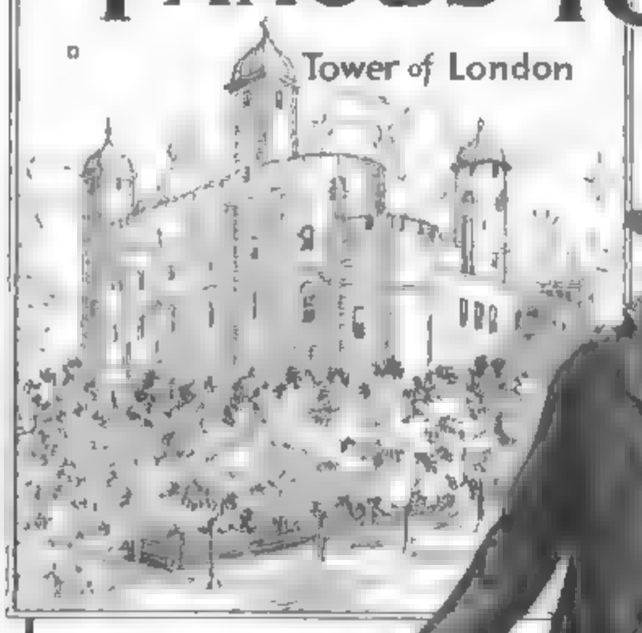
FAMOUS TOWERS

Tower of London



Begun by William the Conqueror in 1078, continued by the Norman Kings and completed by Henry III, situated on the bank of the Thames in the southeast angle of the old walled city. Historical associations make it the most interesting structure in England. Now a government storehouse and arsenal, the crown jewels being kept in one of the towers.

Keep a Tower's Fish Brand Slicker handy for use when it rains. There are several styles and colors to select from, for men, women and children. Ask your dealer for Tower's Fish Brand and insure quality and satisfaction.

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and a great deal of land was so reclaimed. But private enterprise could not be expected to see a drainage system as a whole. It saw one ranch or one small area at a time and brought water there in the easiest way. The result was that when reclamation began to be studied scientifically with reference to immense geographical areas, the choice water rights had been individually preëmpted, and either such prior rights had to be bought out or there was no possibility of developing the water resources of that district scientifically on a large scale. There is no longer such a thing as simple irrigation. There is, in place of it, reclamation in the engineering sense, with gigantic dams and water storage, such problems added as navigation, flood control, water for cities and enormous quantities of hydro-electric power, affecting in one scheme the rights and fortunes of several states and scores of municipalities. This obviously is beyond the power of private enterprise, not necessarily because of the amount of capital involved but principally because there are too many private and public interests to be reconciled. More and more great works designed to conserve and exploit sources of national wealth swing into that aspect, and it cannot be avoided. The instrumentalities logically are national.

Secondly, as to the fear of debt and taxation, this is to be said—that there are two ways of reducing taxes. One way is to spend less public money. That is to reduce them actually. The other way is to spend public money in a manner to increase the national income. That is to reduce them relatively.

For example, it can be proved that Federal expenditures in aid of highway construction actually cost us nothing. True, the money is raised by taxation. But given a certain density of traffic, the saving of gasoline to the users of the improved highway will in about five years equal the cost of the road. After that the road represents a pure addition to the national wealth, and a saving which in effect is an increase of national income.

A Present Festival

Saving as the founders saved is no business of this generation. Our problem is how, schematically and with creative imagination, to increase our national expenditures—to increase them enormously. What else could be the meaning of the phrase we are saying—surplus power of capital?

What does it mean to say that we have a surplus of power, a surplus of capital, a surplus of goods—more than we can use from day to day? It means only that of wealth in its consumable forms we have more than one people ever had before, and that toward wealth in its social, future and colossal forms we are contributing much less than we should, much less than posterity expects of us. It means that we are living a present festival, behaving as if freedom from want were the American epic; not at all as a people who, having achieved this freedom, are now in a position to make an advance in wealth unparalleled in the dreams of the human race. We have the means and the light necessary not only to make this advance but to make it in a manner to solve at the same time several of our major economic problems, especially that one of keeping order, balance and continuity in the economic affair.

The possibilities are quite obvious. Firstly, a program of national works commensurate with our powers. Secondly, a method for causing the demands of this program for labor, materials and capital to accommodate themselves quickly and rhythmically to changes in the state of industry—falling as industry's demands increase, rising as these decrease. And, thirdly, a synthesis to this end of our political, financial and scientific intelligence.

Even so, the subject of foreign investments would remain to be rationalized. The employment of American capital abroad in very large amounts not only is a use established; it is necessary and will continue to be. That is to say, the rôle of world creditor and enterpriser is permanent. This is at no point a thesis against foreign investments; but in order to understand them and to be able to discriminate among them, we need to know clearly what we are doing and why we are doing it.

The individual who buys a foreign bond is not likely to take more thought about it than is necessary to persuade himself that he has made a good bargain. He must assume that the principal is safe; beyond this he is interested chiefly in the rate of interest. If the buyer be a bank or a board of trustees it is the same. Object, income. All individual investments have that limited meaning.

But when the money of many thousands of individuals running together makes a mighty stream, the subject of foreign investments enters a second dimension, and there is the question of how surplus capital regarded as national wealth ought to be employed; and when the stream has assumed proportions of immensity there is a third dimension, touching the internal and foreign policies of nations. How that may be is easily recognized by anyone who will give reflection to it; and one who does will not escape the uneasy thought that we are pursuing a course in that third dimension for which no one is or may be held responsible, though the consequences are bound to be significant.

An Anxiety Exclusively American

Take, as an illustration, the matter of German reparations. Our national policy in respect of that complicated European problem has been strictly defined. First, we shall not become entangled in it, for it is Europe's business; secondly, German reparations owing to the Allies and war debts owing by the Allies to the United States Treasury shall not be related. The Allies have insisted that they should be treated as all one problem; we have insisted to the contrary, and this position is written clearly in the American Government's correspondence with Europe since the war.

Yet one is not surprised in Wall Street to hear a banker say "This country will write the reparations ticket."

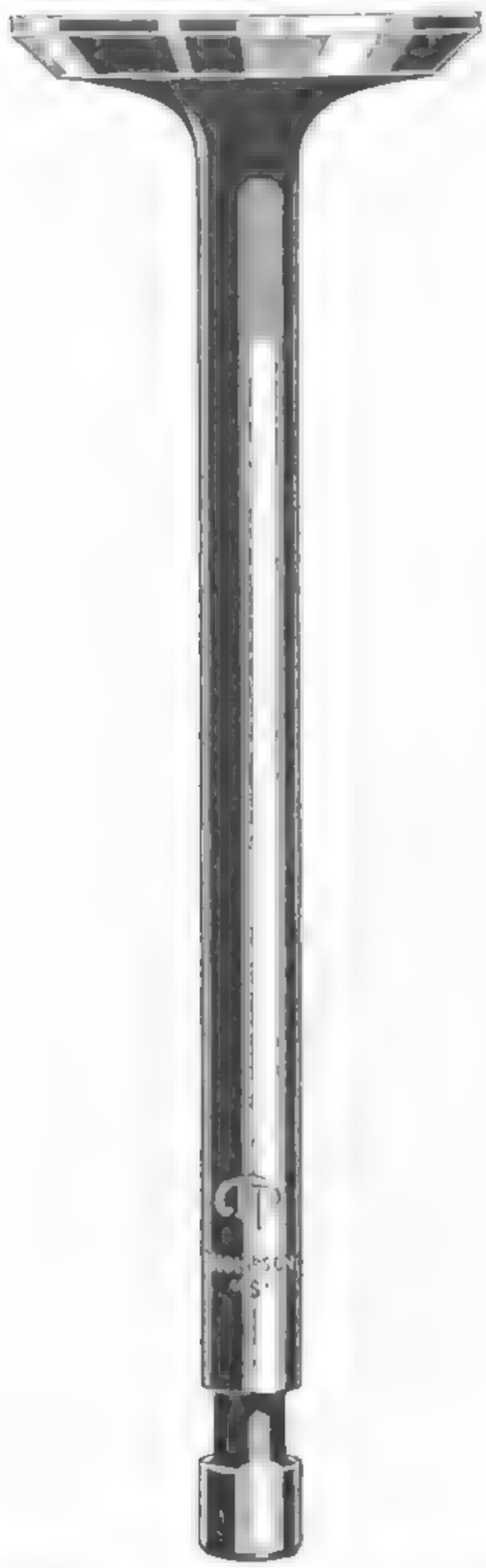
This is simple realism. Private American investments in Germany now amount roughly to $1,000,000,000. Out of the proceeds of American loans Germany has been paying reparations to the Allies, and out of German reparations the Allies have been making payments on account of their war debts at the United States Treasury. Our war debtors, of course, wish to be rid of their debts. They have never abandoned the idea of ultimate cancellation; and they are willing to forgive Germany her reparations debt in proportion as we forgive them their war debts, according to the famous Balfour formula the last act in the chain of forgiveness to take place at our expense, inevitably, because we owe nobody anything to be forgiven of.

Now Germany, wishing to get rid of her reparations debt, or to get it very much reduced, aligns herself politically with the Allies at this point, and is in a position to propose this singular dilemma—namely, unless she goes on borrowing money in Wall Street she cannot continue to make reparations payments as she has been making them under the Dawes Plan; on the other hand, if she does go on borrowing money in Wall Street to pay reparations with, a time will soon come when she will be unable to pay both reparations to the Allies and interest on her American loans. At the same time the Allies are in a position to say that without reparations from Germany they cannot pay their war debts to the United States Treasury. Thus Germany's capacity to pay tends to become exclusively an American anxiety.

In view of these facts any banker would say that reparations, war debts and private American investments in Europe are bound to be tied together in one problem. It is the logic of the case and there seems no escape.

(Continued on Page 185)

If your engine's power fades look to your VALVES



You couldn't run races or climb hills with a weak heart—neither can your motor car. Leaky heart valves deprive man or motor of power, inevitably. You can't put new valves into a man's heart and give him back his youth. You *can* restore an engine's youth by new valves—if they are Thompson Valves.

Ask Colonel Lindbergh, who flew with them to Paris. Ask Charles Lawrance, who built the world-famous "Whirlwind" engine of a hundred daring flights. Ask the leading builders of automobiles, trucks, tractors, or motorcycles. Ask your own mechanic—and then, act on the information.

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The Thompson Products trade-mark identifies Thompson Valves, Bolts and Starting Cranks.

These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.

Engine power depends on perfect sealing of this VALVE

in this HOLE

If the valves do not seal perfectly, you will not get proper compression before the spark, and will lose part of the *force of the explosion* when the spark ignites the mixture.

Only the highest grade valves, like Thompsons, can endure the fierce heat and high speed of modern engines and continue to seal perfectly without frequent regrinding and early replacement.

LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER
Fully explained in our booklet, *The Valves at the Heart of Your Motor.* Write for it.

"Sunset Trail" of Padre and Conquistador is the Sunset Route of today

SUNSET ROUTE of today with its "Sunset Limited," famed round the world, and its "Argonaut," another fine train daily, follows the Sunset Trail of yesterday—pathway of the Spanish friars, grim-visaged captains and early-day explorers

Anza, with the colonists who founded San Francisco, trod that path in 1776. Every mile is historically significant. Every mile is scenically interesting. The old life and the new—prehistoric structures, crumbling Missions, typical western ranches and virile modern development jostle and crowd for attention.

You can board comfortable Southern Pacific steamship at New York for New Orleans, "100 golden hours at sea" (berth and meals included on steamer). Or cross the Old South to New Orleans by rail. Tarry in New Orleans, picturesque city that has lived under five flags. Thence continue across Louisiana, Texas with its Magic Valley of the lower Rio Grande, the picturesque Southwest (with its Apache Trail Highway of Arizona—a recommended one-day side-trip by motor stage), and on into California via Phoenix and famous Salt River and Imperial Valleys

Old Spain brought civilization into the American Southwest with sword and cross. Her crumbling Missions, built from one to two centuries ago, dot the Sunset Route from San Antonio clear to San Francisco.

this choice. Stop over anywhere. In addition to Sunset Route:

GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line via Kansas City between Chicago and Los Angeles, San Diego and Santa Barbara. Operates daily the fast "Golden State Limited," one of the fine trains of America, the "Apache" and the "Californian".

OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line), straight across the mid-continent, Chicago to San Francisco via Ogden, across Great Salt Lake by rail, over the Sierra Nevada, past Donner Lake and American River Canyon Offers daily the fast "San Francisco Overland Limited," unsurpassed for speed and appointments, the "Gold Coast Limited" and the "Pacific Limited".

SHASTA ROUTE, to San Francisco via Portland, Ore., for travelers via northern lines Operates daily the "Cascade," fast new train of unusual appointments; the "Shasta," the "Oregonian" and the "West Coast" Choice of two lines of scenic grandeur through Oregon and California

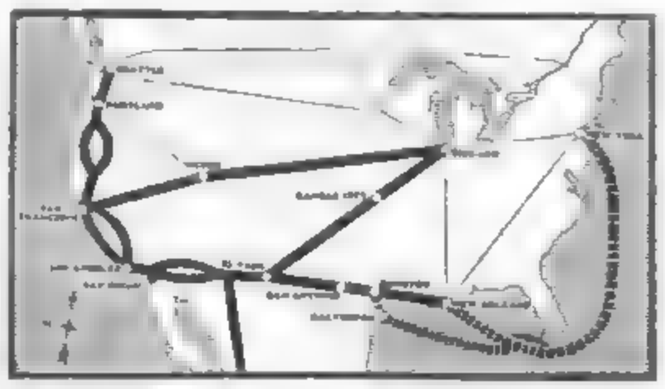
Distinctive dining-car service at moderate prices is a feature of the twelve trains on these four routes. Fresh produce of the countryside is obtained daily along the way. Oil-burning locomotives (no cinders) and heavy steel rails set in rock-ballasted roadbed add much to the comfort of your journey

Southern Pacific agents are in most large cities. They will help you plan your trip, attend to reservations, and otherwise assist.

Write your name and address in margin, tear off, and mail to E. W. Clapp, Traffic Manager, Dept. A-3, Room 1022, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, for illustrated folder, "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast*".

Four great routes to the Coast

Yet Sunset Route is but one of *four* great Southern Pacific routes to the Coast. Each follows a natural pioneer pathway of historic interest, the best natural route in its territory. You can go west by one of four routes, return by another, and see the whole Pacific Coast. Only Southern Pacific offers



Southern Pacific

(Continued from Page 182)

The irony of it is that we have brought this dilemma upon ourselves. A line of financial conduct, heedlessly pursued, is apparently defeating the foreign policy of the American Government.

When in 1924 we loaned Germany the gold with which to establish a new currency and set herself going under the Dawes Plan, nothing more gratuitously absurd could have been imagined than a prediction of what has happened. Now bankers everywhere—even the head of the German Reichsbank—speak calmly of the fact that Germany continuously since has been paying reparations out of the proceeds of American loans—that is to say, with the money borrowed from private American investors. The reason the Germans themselves speak of it is that they fear Germany's capacity to pay out of her own resources might otherwise be grossly overestimated.

The Dawes Plan now is in its fourth year. All who think coherently about it, including Germany's hitherto irrational war creditors, now admit that reparations will have to be fixed at some terrestrial total, which has not been done, and that this total must be payable by Germany. They might have come to that point of view before. Only, of course, why should they so long as the reparations wheel could be kept turning with American money? At least we might have insisted upon it before putting $1,000,000,000 into Germany.

Three years ago we might have written the reparations ticket as lenders. It had been necessary only for Wall Street to say that with the Allies holding an unlimited claim against Germany's assets and earning power, it would not think private loans to Germany a good investment. Now, if we write the reparations ticket, it will be as creditors who have already parted with their money.

Our investments in Germany are bound up with Germany's political necessities and the reasonableness of the Allies. To speak of it is a kind of heresy in Wall Street, regarded as an attack upon the credit of a great nation. What political necessity can one imagine that might jeopardize the integrity of a German bond? Well, it is only four years since Germany repudiated both her currency and her public debt on grounds of political necessity.

Incentives for Foreign Loans

It is fairly clear that the only financial policy we have is one of impulse. It might well be otherwise. The incentives to make loans in foreign countries are, after all, very few. They would appear in the following order:

First, income and profit.

Second, to develop and perhaps control sources of raw material, such, in our case, as rubber, wood pulp and oil.

Third, to increase foreign trade.

Fourth, to assist nations whose progress in wealth is hindered for want of capital, especially to hasten the postwar recovery of Europe, with the general idea that loans tending to increase other people's prosperity will make better neighbors, better customers, better economic conditions in the whole world.

The first incentive is the axle on which the business really turns. Simply, foreign investments offer a higher rate of interest than native investments supposed to be of comparable merit, and the bankers' commissions are much higher. What remains to be said touches the theory of investments.

An elderly Scot, preparing his exit, handed over his estate to his son, saying: "Here are my investments in two lists. In one the interest is only 3½ and 4 per cent. But these things have caused me no trouble at all. I've never had to look at them, and they would bring today more than I paid for them. In this other list are things to yield interest at 5½ and 6 per cent. They have caused me a great deal of trouble; I've had some sleepless nights about them, and if they were put to sale I doubt if they would bring altogether two-thirds of what I paid for them."

There is the fable. The rate of interest is higher and the banker's commission is larger exactly in proportion to the risk.

The bond of a foreign corporation is liable to all the risks of a native corporation's bond, plus the awkwardness that if anything goes wrong the assets are far away, in strange hands, in a country where the law of equities may be very different from our own. Recently the bond of a foreign industrial concern defaulted within two years after it had been sold here; the holders have been offered a settlement of fifty cents on the dollar. They will probably be wise to accept it.

Unpenalized Repudiation

The bond of a foreign government, city or state has in variable degree what may be called the normal risk, which is in everything, and then, besides, these two—namely, that it may be repudiated with impunity and that, if it is repudiated, the creditors are helpless. They cannot put the debtor through bankruptcy; neither can they seize its assets. There is no way to collect from a sovereign state a debt it does not wish to pay. It cannot be done even by force, as France discovered when she tried to make Germany pay reparations over the point of the bayonet. Impunity is a strong word. Bankers would say a government cannot with impunity repudiate a debt, for if nothing worse happens its credit will be ruined. In theory, yes; in fact, no. Germany's credit was apparently not injured in the least by her act of repudiation four years ago.

Loss of credit is the one penalty that can be enforced against a defaulting state. Only the banking world can enforce it.

The Soviet Government of Russia in 1918 declared: "All foreign loans without exception are absolutely repudiated." For that reason among others, the American Government has steadily refused to recognize the Soviet Government, with the result that it cannot publicly float loans in Wall Street. But there is no financial ban upon Russian bonds. It recently appeared as a piece of financial news that several large banks in New York, Chicago and San Francisco were receiving by mail and distributing to private American investors Soviet Government railway bonds. Enough of this and the American Government would perhaps be obliged as a practical matter to change its ground and recognize the Soviet Government. Again a line of financial conduct touching national foreign policy in a contrary manner. And what was to be said for that line of conduct? The anxiety of the Soviet Government to borrow foreign capital is such that in time it may be willing, as a condition, to recall its decree of repudiation, thereby restoring the value of Russian bonds already in the possession of American investors. The American Government was insisting that it should do so, these banks did not insist. They did in this particular case receive a reminder from the State Department that there was such a thing as public policy together with notice that what they were doing was thereto inimical.

American investors, mostly unawares, are now buying the bonds of a European country whose supreme court last August decided that any commune might declare itself bankrupt and stop paying its debts. Six have already done so. In offering a new issue of bonds for the American Government, for a Federal Land Bank, for an American city or state, or for an American railroad, it is not necessary for the bankers to disclaim responsibility for the representations. But in the case of foreign bonds they think this very necessary and invariably do disclaim responsibility for the statements they publish to sell the bonds, as in the two following forms, which are typical:

"The above statements are obtained partly by cable. We regard them as reliable, but in no event are they to be regarded as

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Your teeth are the sunshine of your smile—that's why they're always noticed. Be proud to show them in your smile. Keep teeth sparkling white. Dentyne is a delicious quality gum that makes smiles more attractive. It keeps teeth snowy white. Chew Dentyne . . . and smile.

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Would YOU sell a day for $12.00?

"I wrote you for your offer because I thought I could make a little 'side money' during my vacation," writes Shirl H. Stewart of Montana.

"I do not know yet what my best day's profit will be (he had bonus still to come when he wrote) but I think it will amount to between $12 and $15. Perhaps I will do better with more experience."

IF you have a few spare hours that you would exchange for CASH, let us outline the Curtis subscription agency plan for you. Is there any reason why you should not do as well as Mr. Stewart? Experience not necessary.

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City State

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Big business uses these pens by the million. For samples of most popular pens and "Personality in Handwriting" send 10c to Department SE-2
Esterbrook
ESTERBROOK PEN CO., CAMDEN, N. J.
or THE BROWN BROS., TORONTO

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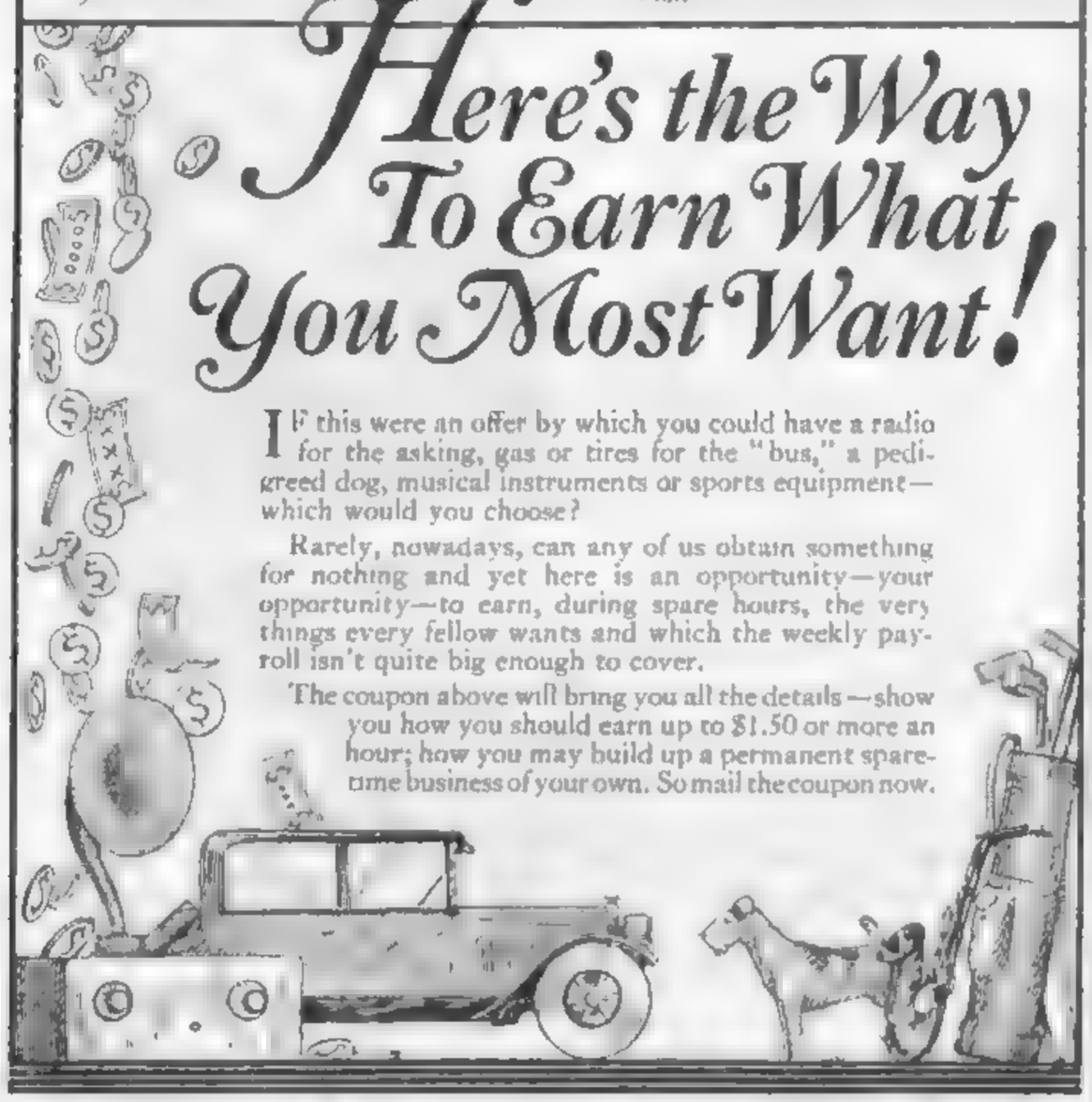
402 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me about your plan by which I can earn extra money for the things I most want.

Name ..... *Age*
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street ..

City *State*


Here's the Way To Earn What You Most Want!
IF this were an offer by which you could have a radio for the asking, gas or tires for the "bus," a pedigreed dog, musical instruments or sports equipment—which would you choose?
Rarely, nowadays, can any of us obtain something for nothing and yet here is an opportunity—your opportunity—to earn, during spare hours, the very things every fellow wants and which the weekly payroll isn't quite big enough to cover.
The coupon above will bring you all the details—show you how you should earn up to $1.50 or more an hour; how you may build up a permanent spare-time business of your own. So mail the coupon now.

representations by us," or, "The statements contained herein are based on information obtained partly by cable and from official and other sources and are necessarily subject to correction and are not to be construed as representations by us."

In the Wall Street language these are called hedge clauses. They signify that if the representations turn out to be wrong the banker shall not be held accountable.

The English know. They were much more discriminating than we are, yet in the year 1875, of the $3,000,000,000 worth of foreign issues listed on the London Stock Exchange, more than one-half stood wholly or partly in default. In 1927 the showing was much better, only 30 per cent, and that included $2,000,000,000 of repudiated Russian securities. The private American investor, with so much experience ahead of him, might profitably peruse the record of the British investors' losses. On the list of defaulters he would find the name of the Southern Confederacy. That is not so bad. The British put their money on the wrong horse that time. But on the same list, much to his chagrin, he will find the names of eight sovereign American states, all now rich and prosperous. Their British creditors think them very immoral not to pay; they think differently about it themselves, each with a perfect excuse of its own. And there is no way to make them pay.

Certainly on the facts one would hardly say that the financial morality of states was any higher than that of corporations; and there is this difference—that you cannot distrain the assets of a state or send a sheriff for your bill.

Lending for Future Profits

However, the British, notwithstanding the money they lost in bonds, made enormous profits in this country. That was so for the reason that along with the bonds, often as a pure bonus, they also acquired equities. By equities one means shares, or proprietary rights in future profits and the growth of assets. Such equities turned out both badly and well, but those that turned out well multiplied ten, twenty, one hundred, sometimes a thousandfold in value. Thus, on the whole, the British investor got his profit, and a fabulous profit it was. He has always understood the art of combining with his risk the possibility of unlimited gain. We know very little about that art. Our private investments abroad are principally in bonds. All that a bondholder can ever get back is the interest and principal. Even in cases where our investment is in shares, it sometimes is that the shares were created expressly to let us in, with very little power of ownership, if any. What caused Great Britain's foreign investments to turn out so well was that a very large proportion of the capital she exported to other countries was proprietor capital, whereas the great proportion of what we export is creditor capital.

The second incentive—to develop and control sources of raw materials—is already old and sound. Under this head there is nothing new in principle; only the magnitudes and specific purposes are new. Generally such investments are made by corporations and represent direct extensions of American capital and American methods to foreign countries.

The third incentive—to increase foreign trade—has been tremendously inflated by financial and economic jargon. To say, with no qualification whatever, that foreign loans increase foreign trade is nonsense. They may or they may not. They undoubtedly do, for a time at least, provided stipulations of trade are pinned to the loan, as is the ancient European practice. A country borrowing capital in London to build a railroad may be required to buy the railroad in England. That makes trade, immediate and continuing, for of course repairs, renewals, service and additional equipment will be bought in the same place.

As a rule we put no such stipulations to our foreign loans. The liaison between industry and finance is casual. Recently a Latin-American country borrowed capital in Wall Street to build a railroad, then placed the order in Germany, and the German concern in turn borrowed capital in Wall Street to perform the contract. This is not a unique occurrence. Loans of that character cannot be said to increase our foreign trade. It is difficult to see how American capital loaned to German banks that use it to give long credits on Russian contracts placed in Germany increase our foreign trade, or how loans to foreign governments to pay old debts and balance their budgets can increase it.

Money Out of the Till

As a fact, the direct effect of foreign loans upon the foreign commerce of the lending country is extremely obscure, as every student of economic perplexities well knows. One who likes to argue the negative case has the fact to cite that during twenty years before the war, when we were lending no capital abroad, this country's foreign trade increased faster than that of any other country in the world. Simply, we had a surplus to sell of things other countries desired and others had an equivalent of things we wished to buy and that was trade.

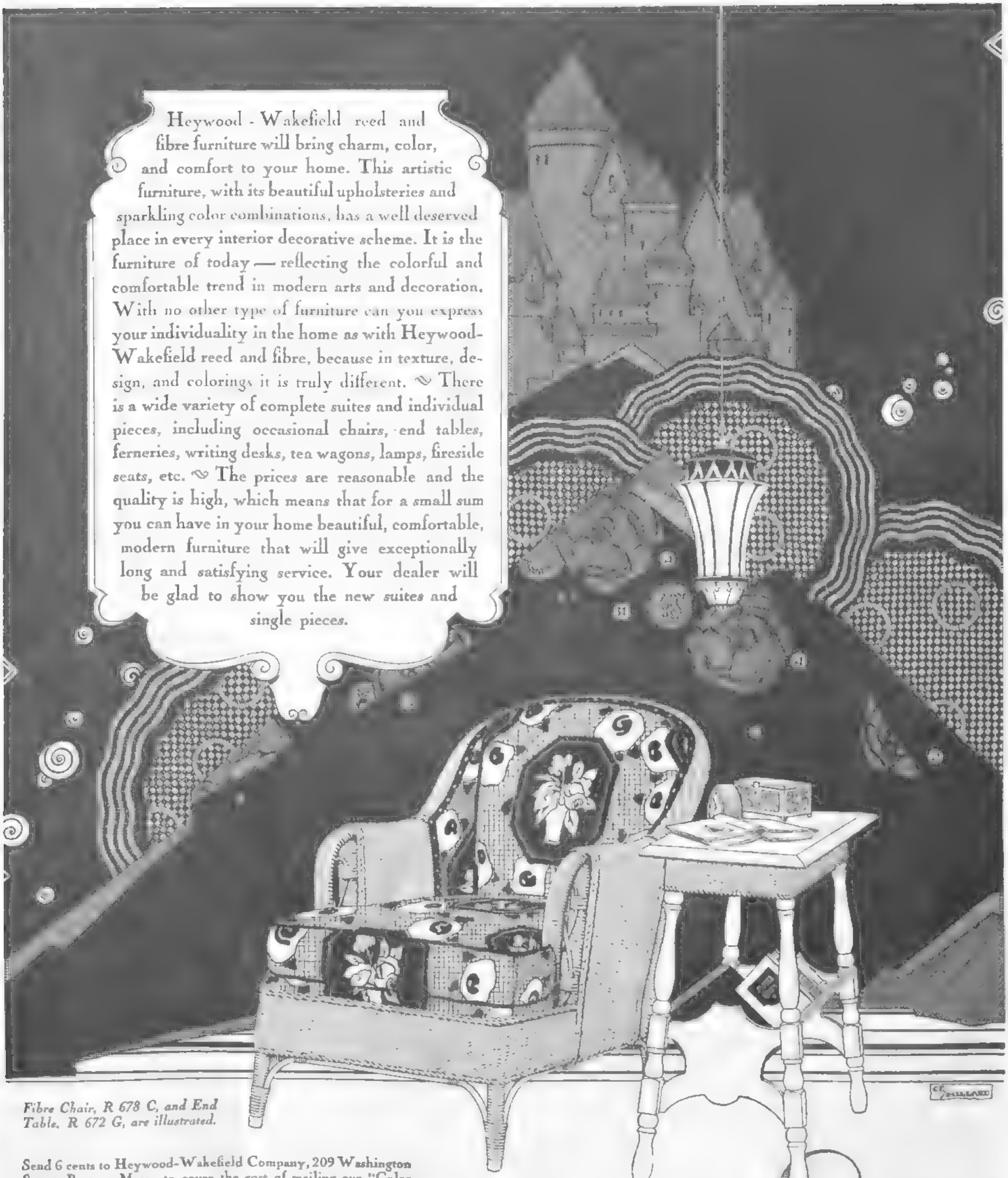
Much vogue is found nowadays for the idea that we are obliged to make large loans abroad in order to enable our foreign customers to buy our surplus of food and manufactured products; if we did not lend them the money to buy with they could not buy at all. Well, besides being controversial, that is quite another matter. Whatever else you may say about it, continuously to lend your customers the money out of the till to buy the goods off your shelf is not trade. At all events, an increase of foreign trade from making foreign investments is nothing to be taken for granted; nothing that is bound to follow without systematic measures beforehand to insure the effect. How strange that we should talk so much about it and bind so little to it!

For the incentive named fourthly there is much opinion. To assist the economic self-development of other nations for the general good of the world may be largely regarded as an obligation, a privilege and a mark of enlightened selfishness on the part of a people having the fortune to possess a surplus of lendable capital. The extent to which our foreign investments have been influenced in direction or character by that view is debatable. It is partly a theory after the facts and partly a generalization that would perhaps not bear a great deal of cynical criticism. Chivalry is not a common financial motive. Nevertheless, there is a sincere impression among American investors that our foreign loans have done a great deal of good, especially in Europe. Undoubtedly they have. It is possible that they have done also much invisible harm

What loans is one thinking of? There have been many kinds—for reconstruction, for the stabilization of currencies and politics, for social purposes, for productive works. Certainly the general recovery from postwar conditions was assisted. At the same time, no doubt, American loans have tended to sustain forms of economic and political obsolescence that might otherwise have disappeared, altogether for good. In a philosophic sense it is arguable that what Europe needed much more than capital was to break with traditions of monopoly and economic feudalism and those habits of class conflict that do frustrate her intentions. There is no evidence that American investments have had any bearing in that direction. Have they not enabled her to increase the physical means of production? That is conceded. Yet deeply and in general Europe's problem has not been lack of industrial capacity; she has more power of capacity than she can set free.

Her real problem—one that borrowed capital cannot touch—was indicated in a ruthless manner by M. Gustav Cassell, professor of political economy at the University of Stockholm, in a memorandum submitted to the Preparatory Committee

(Continued on Page 188)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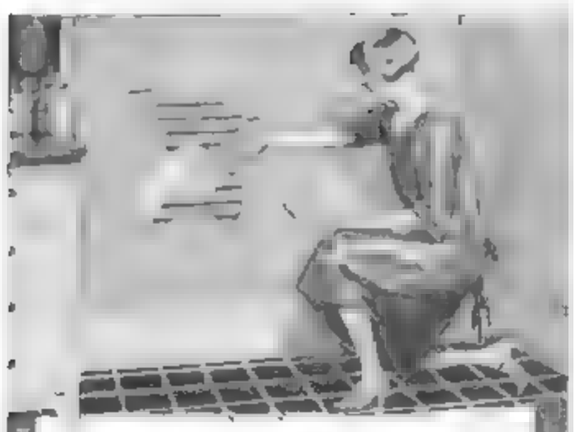

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(Continued from Page 186)

for the International Economic Conference at Geneva, 1927. He entitled it Recent Monopolistic Tendencies in Industry and Trade—Being an Analysis of the Nature and Causes of the Poverty of Nations. Therein he said:

In the world's present distress monopolism plays a great part. . . . The endeavor to curtail production in different branches of industry nowadays shows such a marked tendency to universal application and gets so much support from political forces that it seems a matter of urgent necessity that the real purport of such endeavors and their ultimate consequences should be made clear to the public. It is all very well for a single enterprise, perhaps even for a single trade, to say, "We produce more than we can sell, let us reduce production"; but if the same is said in all trades and the same conclusion drawn the world is driven to a general curtailment of production and must inevitably become so much the poorer. It is absolutely necessary to stop the movement at some point. This can be done only by abandoning as far as possible the device of curtailment and substituting for it the device of producing more cheaply and thereby acquiring a market for a larger output. If all branches of industry act in this way, the result will be an increase in social production and a corresponding increase in the purchasing power of society. Indeed, the choice between the two devices is a choice between death and life. . . . Only a consistent endeavor to make complete use of all productive powers . . . can be in full accord with the ultimate principles of life itself.

American loans to Europe in many cases have tended to support this principle of monopolism. We have found ourselves actually making loans to European monopolies that were raising prices to American consumers instead of cheapening their cost of production. Lenders exploited as consumers!

There is a different picture when you turn to Canada or to Latin American countries, where the factors necessary to produce and multiply wealth, such as railroads, power plants, highways and machines, are notably inadequate, and where immense natural resources for that reason lie almost untouched.

There American loans, provided they are for productive purposes, do undoubtedly increase the trade and wealth of the world. It is a fine investment.

Summarily, it is to say that so far our foreign investments have been guided by no wrought intention, no shrewdness of imagination. We have not regarded our surplus capital as national wealth, with the potency innate to externalize itself in any form or sign of power we like, but more as we might regard the surplus outfall of our industrial mass production. Experience will school us; only, experience is costlier than judgment and discrimination. It is after all the business of lenders, not that of borrowers, to exercise those faculties.

TRAILING GEMS IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 46)

fact that from the earliest times fresh-water pearls have been found in large quantities in native rivers. All tales of the lavish use of pearls in Russia, however, pale before the tales of India and Persia—for ages the scene of the greatest Oriental pearl fisheries. There is, first of all, the Peacock Throne, which even 200 years ago was valued at more than $60,000,000. But that is an enormous piece of furniture. There are simple little accessories of dress in these countries that cost—— Well, the Shah of Persia had a tippet, or shoulder covering, made of velvet, on which the pearls—not a single one of which was less in size than the largest marrowfat pea—were set so close together that none of the velvet was visible, and about 200 of the pearls were the size of a wild plum. The tassel was formed of pearls of the most uncommon size and beauty, and the emerald at the top was one of the largest and most perfect in the world. And Sir Harford Jones Brydges, an expert in such matters a century ago, estimated the value of this airy trifle at £15,000,000.

And if that does not stagger the imagination, glance for a moment at the pearl shawl of the present Gaekwar of Baroda—a confection ten and one-half feet long by six feet wide, entirely covered, in intricate and beautiful design, with fine pearls, except for an eleven-inch border of—not so highly valued in the East—diamonds. This likewise is valued at millions of dollars and is probably the most costly pearl ornament in the world today; yet here in America there are single necklaces worn that are worth a million dollars.

If not such treasures as these, yet single pearls, ranked among the most valuable, beautiful, and romantic in the world, have been in the possession of the Russian nobility, among them La Pellegrina and La Régente. A list of the principal great pearls of history would include about fifty gems, ranging in weight from the smallest of thirty grains—the two Van Buren pearls presented to President Van Buren by the Imam of Muscat in a necklace consisting of 148 pearls, and now in the National Museum at Washington—up to the great Hope pearl—the largest in the world—weighing 1800 grains and measuring two inches in length and four and one-half inches at the broadest circumference, but good in neither form nor color. When one remembers that the next largest pearl to this in the world weighs 500 grains—Shah Sofi's pearl—and the third largest 337 grains—La Régente—and that thereafter there are only two which touch 200 grains, and the rest of the fifty tail off to thirty grains, one has some idea of the incredible proportions of this Hope gem; the value of which, however, is not in proportion to its size, owing to its irregular formation. Indeed, it was recently held by a London jeweler for only £9000—a price which many lesser pearls would reach.

Other pearls of only a fraction of its weight are, due to their perfection of shape, color, and luster, far more beautiful than the Hope; as, for example, La Pellegrina, or even the very much smaller pearl, weighing only forty-eight and a quarter grains, which the greatest of all traveler gem experts, Tavernier, who had unsurpassed opportunities for comparison, declared in 1670 to be the most beautiful pearl in the world. It belonged to the Imam of Muscat who, one evening when Tavernier attended a dinner which this prince gave, drew it from a small purse suspended about his neck and showed it to this prince of jewelers. Tavernier, accustomed as he was to the beauty of gems, yet rubbed his eyes on seeing this—so clear, so lustrous as to appear translucent. Though it is only one-thirty-sixth as large as the Hope pearl, the Imam even then refused to take for it the same price at which the Hope was recently offered.

And concerning La Pellegrina—which was stated to have been in the possession of the Princess Youssoupoff of Russia before the war, and which I am somewhat inclined to believe is the same gem as that called La Reine des Perles, belonging at one time to the French crown jewels—concerning this pearl one dazzled beholder has written a whole book; doubtless the only time that a single pearl has been so honored.

This connoisseur, in company with several other distinguished persons, visited La Pellegrina in 1818 when it was in the possession of Zozima, an antiquarian of Moscow. One called on this pearl as on royalty. One saw it as rarely as one glimpses a favorite of the harem. One must be well-placed and have unimpeachable credentials and powerful connections to be admitted to an audience with La Pellegrina. Then, with almost regal ceremony, the Queen of Pearls, like a jealously guarded beauty, was ushered in. An attendant carried a cushion on which lay a casket studded with gems. From him Zozima takes the casket, setting it on the table before his guests. He opens it, and the beholders lean breathlessly

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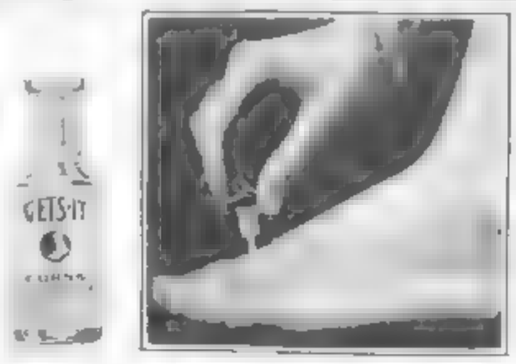

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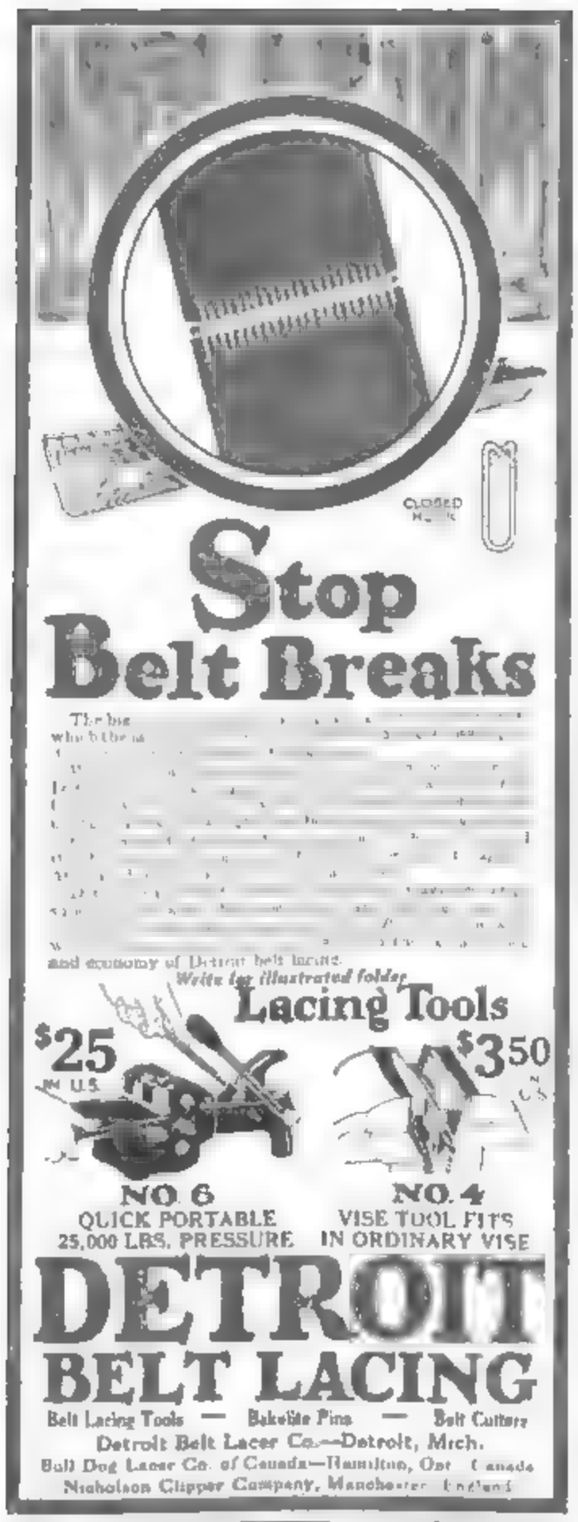

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forward, thinking now at last to see La Pellegrina.

But no! Zozima takes from the casket a silver box and opens it. Surely here at last is La Pellegrina! But no, again Zozima removes from the box, not the breathlessly awaited pearl, but a sea-urchin shell mounted in gold, with a convex lens as a cover. And then at last, when this is opened, out rolls La Pellegrina, like a globule of quicksilver, which it surpasses in whiteness and brilliancy.

"Everything that is beautiful and perfect takes such possession of the beholder that words become insufficient to express his feelings," says this connoisseur. "One must have seen an object of this kind in order to appreciate the impression it makes. Admiration and attention were depicted on every face; a perfect silence reigned. It was only when the pearl had been removed and was again triply inclosed that we recovered the power of speech."

This pearl, called by some the Moscow Pearl, I have here assumed is the same gem as La Pellegrina, for, though we have no substantial proof to that effect, there is so strong a resemblance between the two histories and descriptions that it is reasonable to assume they are one and the same.

La Régente, which likewise was once among the French crown jewels, was also bought for this same Princess Youssoupoff. This was the third largest pearl in the world and was originally in the tiara worn by the Empress Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon I, but Napoleon III had it mounted in a great brooch for the Empress Eugénie, who likewise owned the famous diamond of the same name.

The Cap of All Work

These are a few of the great pearls that have lived in Russia, but, at least in olden times, it was the quantity rather than the quality that mattered. Enough small pearls to cover a velvet or brocade gown with an elaborate all-over design was the ambition of the great ladies of the past, rather than a single large jewel to glow slumberously on the ring finger—which is the desire of the lady of fashion today.

And if one couldn't have gown, or stomacher, or even ruff, touched off with pearls, at least one could have a headdress of these gems. Nothing more elaborate than the headdresses almost entirely covered with intricate designs in pearls—a peculiarly Russian fashion—could be imagined.

The Jewesses of Little Russia have always been particularly devoted to a little, baggy, black velvet cap completely incrusted with pearls which is called the *mushka*.

Whether they still wear it, I don't know, for it is many years ago that I was in Russia, but so firmly established a tradition as this does not easily die out among the conservative peasantry. This cap was worn by rich and poor alike, with only the size of the pearls marking the difference in rank and wealth. They cost anywhere from 500 to 1000 rubles, and many were worth 5000 or 6000 and even more. The peasant women wore them all day long, strutting about their kitchens and cellars doing a hard day's washing or baking with a fortune in gems on their heads. They would spend their last penny on one of these caps, so indispensable that even a woman clad in rags would yet possess her *mushka*.

"Are you not afraid of robbers?" one of these Little Russian girls, serving at table in a tavern, was asked.

"No; for I wear it all day, and I should like to see anyone try to take it from me! And at night I keep it in a box beneath my pillow. At the slightest sound I should waken, ready to protect it."

The whole life of these Jewesses of the steppes revolved around their pearl cap as the earth around the sun. And well it might, when it has been estimated that in this region the total capital invested in *mushkas*—at the lowest possible price per *mushka*—was 76,000,000 rubles! In those good old days when money was not put into the bank, since investing money at interest was considered usury and was therefore illegal, the entire family fortune was often carried about in the form of personal adornment by these peasant women.

In Russia I found also the true topaz, green garnets, aquamarine, and yellow beryl, all of which are included in the various collections I've made. But far and away beyond these gems in interest are the platinum mines and the gem-stone lapidary works of Russia, wherein this country is well-nigh supreme.

A Clumsy Original

I recall one hectic afternoon in what was at the time called St. Petersburg, when I was violently hailed—and by violently I mean with leaping and semaphoring and shouting—by an unknown gentleman who was determined at all costs to attract my attention above the turmoil of the street. But so great was my hurry I would have tried to escape him had he not overtaken me and seized my arm. He burst into a torrent of Russian to which I was inadequate and which I only understood when he thrust upon me letters signed with the magic name of Prince Demidof. To the average person the name means something, since this noble was one of the leading princes of Russia, but to the gem expert it means infinitely more. Just a moment to remark that the prince had heard of my mission in Russia and had courteously sent me letters giving me permission to examine the Demidof appanages so that I was thus enabled to write the first report that ever appeared on the Russian platinum mines for the United States Census Bureau—and I'll explain why this name of Demidof means so much to the mineralogist.

Its fame began way back in the time of Peter the Great. That first Demidof lived in Tula, and one day the Czar, being in that neighborhood, inquired for the greatest metal worker of those parts, having a highly prized revolver—a gift from an Englishman—which he desired to have repaired. The reply was that one Demidof was the most remarkable master of metals within many a verst. Peter commanded his presence, turned over to him the revolver with many a recommendation and many a warning—for he was no mean craftsman himself, and this was not only a fine weapon but a work of art as well—and departed, saying he would return within a month.

On the Czar's return Demidof took the weapon to him. It had been well and duly repaired, and the Czar handled it lovingly, and smiled approvingly.

"My man," he said, "you've done an excellent piece of work. It looks, if anything, more beautiful than before."

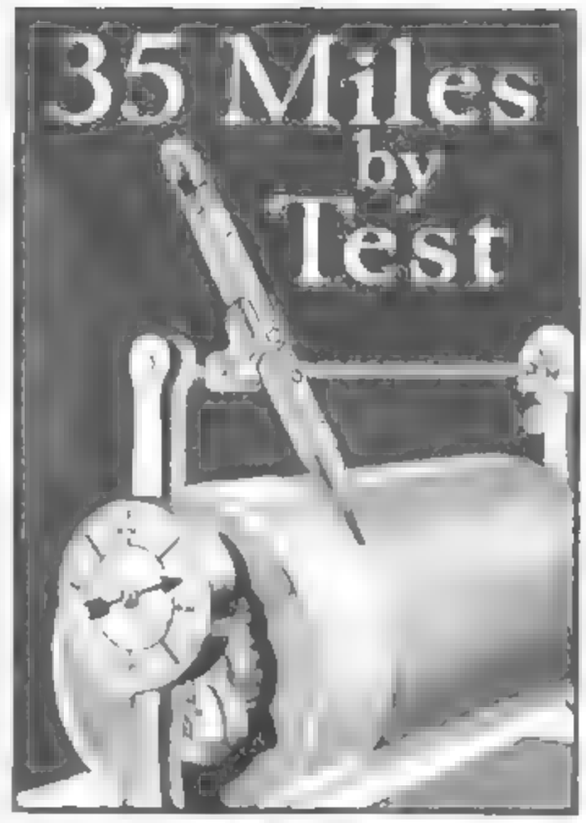
Then Demidof bowed and drew from beneath his cloak a second weapon, in all respects like the first, except that it was, as Peter saw at a glance, by no means so fine as the one he held in his hand.

"What does this mean, Demidof?" he said, not quite so approvingly. "Why have you copied my revolver in that clumsy fashion?"

Demidof bowed.

"Sire," he said, "the weapon you do me the honor to hold in your hand is my copy, and this, which you call clumsy, is your Imperial Highness' original revolver."

Peter looked closely and saw that this was so; and thereupon, or almost thereupon, the Czar commissioned Demidof to



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go to the Ural Mountains and open up the vast, untouched mineral resources of that region iron, copper, platinum, malachite, rhodonite, jasper, and many other minerals and gems; though not all of these, of course, were mined in the first Demidof's time.

This Demidof established the first eight-hour day of which I've ever heard, produced his own coinage, opened up the iron and copper mines, established the great iron works which produced the finest sheet iron in the world, and in one lifetime did the work of 100 men and 100 years. And all this Peter the Great foresaw when Demidof laid the two revolvers before him.

The iron from these mines is still of unsurpassed quality. On one occasion a gentleman from these parts called upon me and sent in his card. When I took it I saw that it was a very fine thin sheet of native iron engraved with his name—just a bit of local pride.

As Peter was great in opening up these resources, so was Catharine great in developing them. At Ekaterinburg she established her famous gem-cutting works, importing for that purpose two of the master lapidaries of Italy. Since then these works, and two others like them at Kolyvan and Peterhof, have produced, at least until the revolution, the finest things of their kind in the world—vases, *coupes*, statues—most of them of heroic proportions, carved in the native gem minerals. It was the ambition of the czars to make these works one of the wonders of the world and the glory of Russia. It strikes one dumb to see the marvels that have, in centuries past, come and still do come from these appanages where men work as though they lived in eternity—a lifetime, often, to a single *chef d'œuvre*.

When, in accordance with Prince Demidof's letter, I visited the appanage at Ekaterinburg I was dazzled by the wealth in gems and beauty on every hand. Naturally I wished to include examples of this art in my various collections, and I bought several pieces—one a jasper *coupe* which is in the Morgan collection, a marvel of delicate workmanship, considering that this hard mineral cannot be cut with knife or chisel nor abraded with sand, but must be shaped with diamond dust and emery—an infinitely more difficult process.

The Reward of Silence

Outside of the royal appanages there are individual artists who carry on this type of work independently. Such a one was the great Kalugin, one of the finest lapidaries of Russia. I had heard of this wonderful artist, and desired before all else to find one of his rare pieces.

Everywhere I made inquiry, and little by little I narrowed the circle until I felt sure that it inclosed a marvelous *coupe* of jasper owned by one of Kalugin's relatives. At last the day came when I finally saw this gem—a vase ten inches in diameter and about seven inches high, all of gray jasper of the finest texture and most harmonious color, with innumerable flutings, and not a fraction of an inch difference among them, which, considering the hardness of the material, is in itself an achievement.

I have always made it a practice never to tempt anyone to sell a rare work of art, for it is irreplaceable; but when I saw this piece my morale was, I admit, shaken. However, in this case my principle was not only a matter of ethics but also of diplomacy. Had I made an offer I should doubtless have been refused. My undemanding admiration drew its own reward. The vase was offered. I bought it and it is now one of the prized pieces in the Morgan collection.

And now for the jade of Russia. Alibert had the concession of the great graphite mines and until recently many graphite pencils bore the name Mine Alibert.

At the great International Exposition of 1878 in Paris, I met a great Frenchman, Alibert, who was one of the most charming men I've ever known. We took a great liking to each other. Every time that I met him I felt that the charm of his personality had increased rather than diminished. He was a dentist; and a good dentist, as I've already remarked, is one of the really distinguished things to be in Paris.

Alibert was dentist to the court of Napoleon III—that Napoleon who, at one point in his checkered career, lived in the comfortable but certainly not fashionable Hotel Dos in Hoboken. On one occasion when the Czar Alexander III, father of the late Czar Nicholas II, was in Paris, he required the services of Alibert.

A Star in the Hand

Alibert entered into lively conversation with his imperial patient and, with his usual engaging manner, had soon reduced the Czar to the level of a mere fellow human. After all, imperialism must drop away from a man sitting before you swathed in a rubber apron and with his mouth wide open. At any rate Alibert evidently found it so. During their conversation he touched upon Russian mineral resources, learned from the Czar that there were graphite mines in Siberia, supposedly inaccessible and unworkable, and, before his patient left the chair, had obtained from him the franchise to these mines. A long way from Paris, a far cry from dentistry, a forlorn hope at best. Who among us, hearing casually of a graphite or even a gold mine, admittedly inaccessible, in the Himalayas, say, would at once set forth to work it? But Alibert had nothing if not imagination and, after that, enterprise. He did set forth, he found the mines, he worked them, he made a fortune.

Now—and this is where my gems come in—Alibert had great difficulty in getting things done in a thoroughly efficient way in Siberia; and whenever he wanted something especially quick or especially good, as, for example, a swift pair of horses to carry him to the next village, he would say to the innkeeper:

"Now, see here, my good man, you fix me up with the best horses in this village and I'll show you something that will make your eyes pop out. Well, to be quite frank with you, it's a star. No, not from up there. This is midday and there's not a star in the sky. This star belongs to me. I can hold it in my hand and it doesn't burn or melt. A living star—what do you say to that? You and your good wife and all your friends shall see it when I see your horses."

Then the best horses of the village would be led out and Alibert would put his hand in his pocket and draw forth, and ceremoniously unwrap, a great star sapphire. And it never failed to produce its effect of reverent, frightened awe on these ignorant and superstitious people.

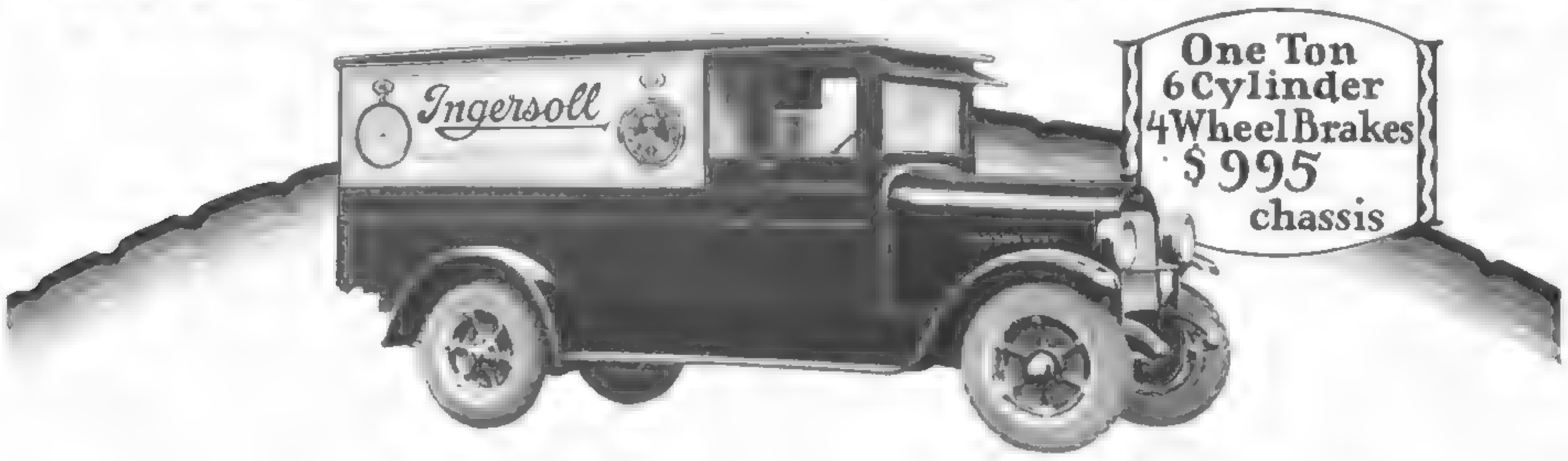
This was a trick Alibert had learned from Sir Richard Francis Burton—the great Burton of India, who possessed a remarkable star sapphire which worked wonders with the imaginative and mystery-loving Hindus. Its fame traveled before him, like an advance courier, preparing his way, for it was only in places where he received excellent attention that he would show it.

The explanation of the star in the asteria is interesting. To begin with, there really is no star there. You know how, on a rainy night, if you hold your umbrella between you and a distant electric lamp, intersecting rays of colored light will appear, one on each segment. This is due to the fact that each segment is made up of parallel lines of silk thread running at an angle to every other segment and condensing the light into these rays.

Well, as the crystal of this sapphire—and it is remarkable that the finest star sapphires are bluish gray instead of deep blue—slowly grew from a minute nucleus, from the beginning assuming its typical hexagonal form, it was built up in parallel lines, just as the silk of the umbrella is; and these lines of growth met one another

(Continued on Page 194)

THE 1928 STEWARTS



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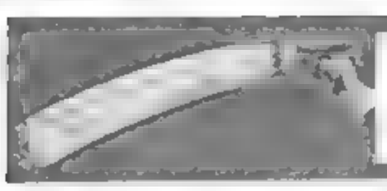

"LOOKED LIKE A NEW CAR"

"He finished it with KYANIZE Motor Car Enamel between breakfast and luncheon, and the very next day we started off on our tour in what looked for all the world like a NEW car! I've always been a KYANIZE fan—now I'm doubly so!"—Mrs. Edna M. Hinds, Syracuse, N. Y.

From Kitchen to Attic *Kyanize* Brightens and Beautifies

IF you have used KYANIZE Floor Finish you already know the pleasure of transforming the old into the new, of bringing out the beauty of the wood grain and markings and keeping your home charming and attractive with this delightfully easy-to-apply and economical finish. KYANIZE Floor Finish is a perfect finish for furniture and woodwork, as well as for floors. It is transparent, yet it comes in several beautiful shades from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany, as well as in the "clear" or natural.

In applying KYANIZE Floor Finish you need not even stir it. Simply brush it on. It will dry overnight, brilliant and smooth and even.

KYANIZE Decal Transfers—fully described in our book, "The Charm of Painted Things", add the final touch of beauty to articles refinished with KYANIZE. These exquisite floral and silhouette decorations can be applied in a minute or two, by just slipping them off the moistened paper directly onto the surface you have finished. They are as amazing in results as they are simple in application.

Special $1.00 Offer

Send 10 cents for our new booklet, "The Charm of Painted Things," or if your dealer cannot supply you with KYANIZE, send $1.00 for a special trial pint can with brush and booklet included.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and we will forward, charges prepaid, a full pint of KYANIZE Floor Finish, a good brush to apply it, and our new Instruction Book, "The Charm of Painted Things"—all for $1.00. Mention color desired. Light Oak, Walnut or Brown Mahogany, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Golden Oak, Colonial Green, Cherry, Natural or Clear, Rosewood or Dark Mahogany

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
34 Everett Station
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER
OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

Now the *New Improved* McCRAY Cooler

FOR FOOD MERCHANTS everywhere, an end to spoilage losses . . . Lower operating expenses... Bigger profits! There, briefly, is the service of this new improved cooler, No. 185, now offered by McCray.

Thirty-eight years of close contact with food merchants' needs, and our whole life-time of experience in building highest quality refrigerators, have gone into this new cooler.

Beneath its handsome oak and opal-glass exterior is the staunchness which marks every detail of McCray construction. The famous McCray system insures circulating cold air in every compartment. Extra heavy walls. Pure corkboard insulation, hydrolene sealed. Corners and top lock-jointed and bolted. Sturdy bronze hardware, heavily nickelled, with improved fasteners. These are some details of the McCray quality which insures life-time service —keeping food better, longer, at less expense.

For Electric or Mechanical Refrigeration, or ice. No remodelling or changing required to install any type machine. With either ice or machine McCray construction insures efficient, economical operation. More than 250,000 satisfied users attest McCray quality.

Send the Coupon Now for further information about the new improved cooler, the new Display-all refrigerator case, *and other models to meet your specific needs.* Remember there is a McCray for every refrigerator purpose — in stores, markets, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, florist shops and homes.

FOR FOOD MERCHANTS, A NEW FREE BOOK:
"How to Make More Money in Food Retailing."
Full of facts and figures about real profit possibilities, touching every phase of store operation. Send for your copy now. No obligation; use the coupon.

SALESROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
(See Telephone Directory)

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
For
Grocery Stores·
Meat Markets·
Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals·
Institutions··
Florist Shops·
Homes · · · ·

Picture this new cooler in your store, Mr. Food Merchant. Remember, its fine appearance is matched by efficiency and economy, proved in service for more than a third of a century. Ask any McCray user.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

McCray Refrigerator Sales Corporation, Dept. B, Kendallville, Indiana
Gentlemen: Please send free book [ ] "How to Make More Money in Food Retailing."
Also, without obligation, send information about refrigerator for
No. 185 Cooler, [ ] other refrigerators for
restaurants and hotels, hospitals, institutions, florist shops, homes.

Name _____
City _____
State _____

(Continued from Page 190)

at an angle, again as they do in an umbrella or as if you drew one hexagon inside of another down to one that is infinitely small, the first crystal of the sapphire. Each of these layers contains myriads of minute foreign crystals. As each of the rays of light from this six-sided crystal meets every other ray at the apex of the stone, and as the gem is always rounded, never faceted, so that the light is concentrated on the surface, a perfect star appears. In very fact there is no star at all, but because of its domed shape and the fact that the apex of the top surface is directly over the center of the stone, the light is condensed in such a way as to make it appear that there is a star. In other words, it is the manner of cutting that produces the illusion of a star—an elusive, tender star such as one sees on a silvery, misty night. The largest and finest star sapphire in the world, known as the Star of India, which has a historical record of 300 years, is now in the Morgan collection.

Now when Alibert was in Siberia he not only worked the graphite mine but likewise discovered certain old, rolled bowlders. Altered almost beyond recognition on the surface, evidently thousands of years old, and having come to Siberia from hundreds of miles north during what we call the glacial drift, these old, worn bowlders were nevertheless found to contain a heart of intense, translucent green—the true jade! And after that Alibert devoted himself to traveling north, south, east, and west in search of these bowlders.

So even here, where we find the jade untouched by the hand of man, we are still defeated. It is not, any more than is that which we know in Mexico, China, or Europe, found *in situ*—where it was formed by Nature. So the origin of even this virgin jade which Alibert gathered in Siberia is unknown.

In addition to his exhibit of graphite at the exposition, Alibert had a wonderful exhibit of this jade. Some of it had been cut in incredibly thin slices which were three feet long by a foot and a half wide. Placed against the light, they were almost emerald green, translucent, and occasionally almost transparent—the true nephrite.

Under this general name of jade are included two quite distinct minerals: Jadeite with a hardness of 7, crystalline, with an alumina base, and often of a brilliant emerald color; and nephrite jade, with a hardness of 6.5, a felty structure, and dark, oily, green color. The white may be either jadeite or nephrite, but is more precious, oddly enough, when it is nephrite, because then its texture is that of fine mutton fat. Ordinarily the most highly valued of the two varieties is the translucent emerald-like jadeite, the Stone of Heaven—imperial jade.

I think I can promise you in the next article the most interesting story we have yet had concerning this most elusive and mysterious of gems.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Dr. Kunz and Mrs. Ray. The next will appear in an early issue

Promptness

IN ACCEPTING your premium, Ætna guarantees that it will protect you in time of trouble. When trouble comes Ætna acts quickly, taking pride in the prompt and full settlement of every just claim.

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ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

A letter from Conrad S. Tronerud of Topsfield, Mass.

Gentlemen:

For several years I have been thinking of writing you, telling you how grateful I am for your "Pebeco" —which I have used for years, calling it a man's tooth paste. I am a farmer and I hate to think of starting my day's work in the morning at 5 o'clock without the pleasant, clean taste "Pebeco" brings me. When I arrived in the United States about 15 years ago, I tried very many tooth powders and pastes, and when I at last found "Pebeco" my search was ended and now I surely enjoy the wonderful clean, pure-tasting paste of yours.

(Signed) CONRAD S. TRONERUD

Men like its clean honest flavor

A fresh taste in your mouth · · *teeth sound and white*

A FRESH healthy taste in your mouth. How it starts the day right.

Every morning men who pride themselves on keeping fit banish any trace of staleness with the salty tang of Pebeco. They like its clean, honest flavor, its refreshing after-effect.

Pebeco's flavor is due to a special salt which stimulates the mouth fluids. A great medical authority developed it to keep the mouth fluids constantly at work protecting the teeth.

Day and night they bathe the teeth, wash away debris and keep the whole mouth safe from acids.

Begin your day with Pebeco. See how it sets you up for the day, how your mouth stays fresh for hours. Your teeth keep white and free from decay.

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Keeps the mouth young · ·

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Johnston's gift assortments come in a wide variety of packages . . . one to ten pounds

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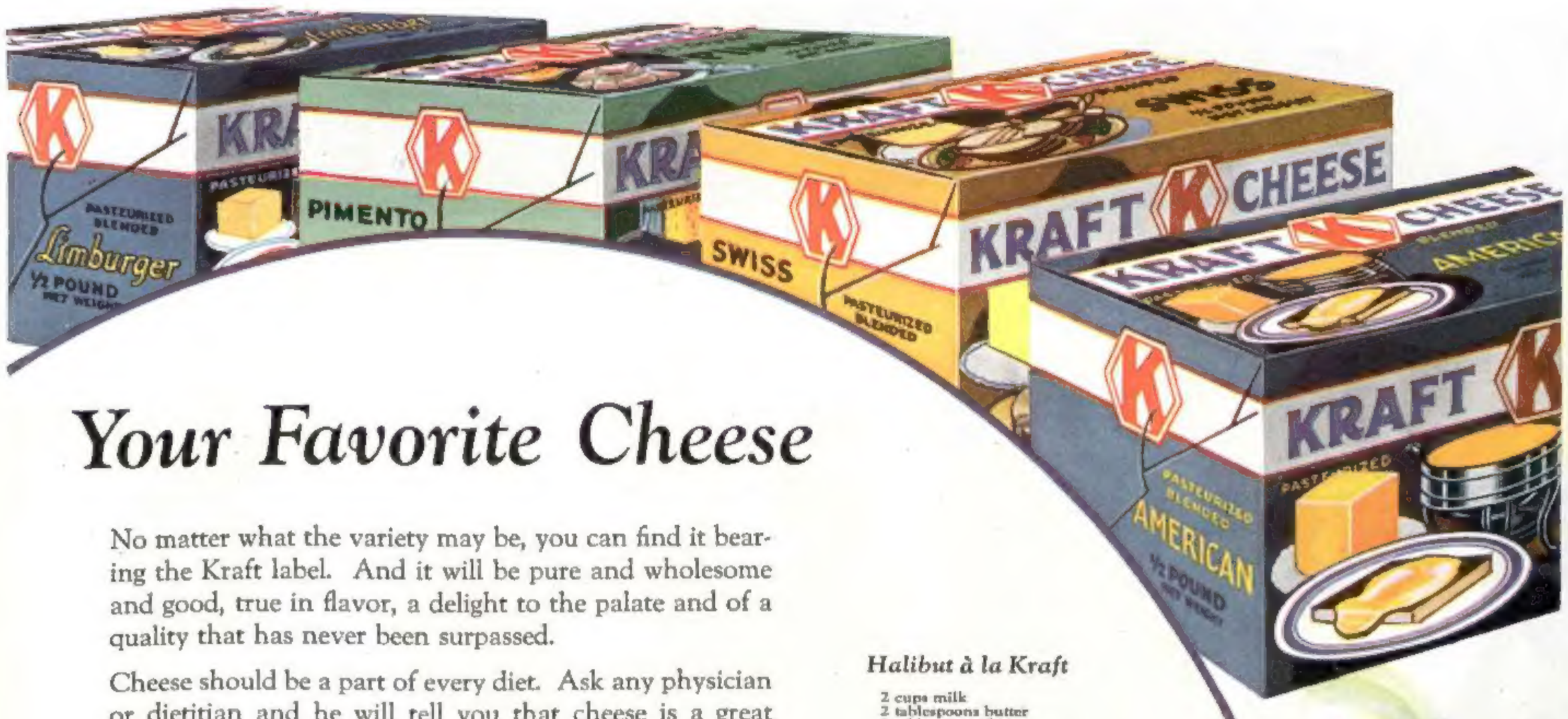

Your Favorite Cheese

No matter what the variety may be, you can find it bearing the Kraft label. And it will be pure and wholesome and good, true in flavor, a delight to the palate and of a quality that has never been surpassed.

Cheese should be a part of every diet. Ask any physician or dietitian and he will tell you that cheese is a great builder of bone and tissue—especially rich in proteins. You never fully appreciate the delicious variations that can be made in the diet by the use of cheese, until you have become acquainted with several of the different kinds of cheese. Each variety of Kraft Cheese comes to you in its neat, distinguishable package, easily identified, and you can always avoid any disappointment when buying if you will just say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

Sold by the slice, and in half and quarter pound cartons, packages and jars.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices*, CHICAGO

KRAFT K CHEESE

Halibut à la Kraft

2 cups milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
Salt, pepper and paprika
2 cups Kraft American Cheese, grated

Make a sauce with the milk, butter and flour, seasoning to taste. When thickened, add the grated cheese.

Arrange half-inch slices of halibut in a buttered baking dish, pour the cheese sauce around them and bake in a moderate oven until the halibut is tender.

Remove the fish to a crystal service plate, surround with the sauce and garnish with parsley.

For free Recipe Book send to 406 Rush St.

Old Dutch Cleanser chases dirt –

and safeguards your family with

Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser homes are healthful homes

Old Dutch Cleanser protects your home with *Healthful Cleanliness* because it removes the dangerous invisible impurities as well as the visible uncleanliness. Old Dutch chases all dirt—none is left behind.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. To the eye it looks like a fine powder, but through the microscope you see thousands of flaky, flat-shaped particles of distinctive character. These particles possess natural detergent qualities—they erase the dirt, and by a process similar to "adsorption" take up and carry away all impurities.

This drawing of a highly magnified Old Dutch particle illustrates how completely and safely Old Dutch works. Being flat-shaped, these particles make a perfect contact with the surface and do not scratch. With a clean sweep they leave the surface smooth and free from uncleanliness.

Old Dutch doesn't scratch. Avoid damaging grit. This drawing shows a highly magnified particle of hard, scratchy grit at work. Being of irregular shape the sharp, hard points dig into the surface and leave scratches which not only mar its beauty but are lodging places for dirt and impurities.

Old Dutch chases dirt—protects the home

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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